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Frontier Times

January, 1968
35¢

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By AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

FASTEST GUN IN PHOENIX
By MAURICE KILDARE

"GIT FER VEGAS, COWBOY!"
By S. OMAR BARKER

OLD DINAH OF DEATH VALLEY

HEYDAY OF THE FRASER RIVER

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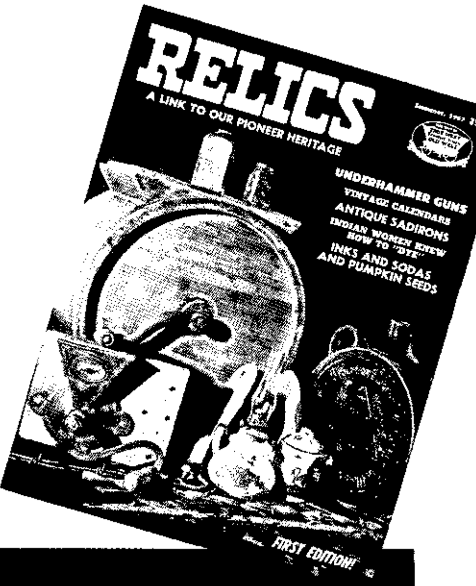

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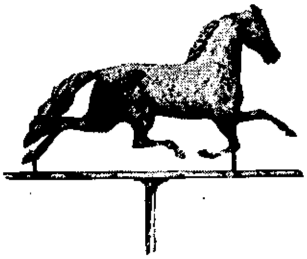

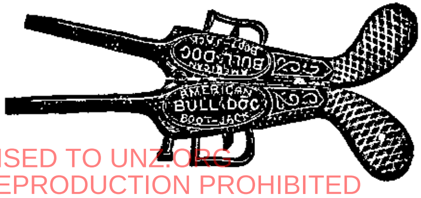

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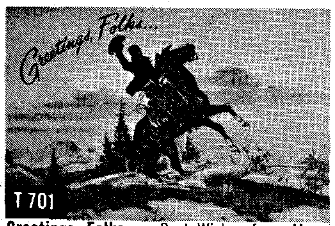
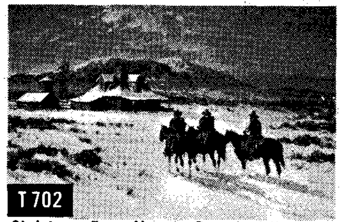

Greetings Folks...
T 701

Greetings, Folks — Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas to your outfit from ours — **Hampton**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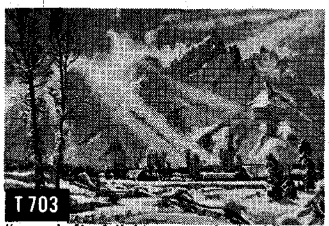
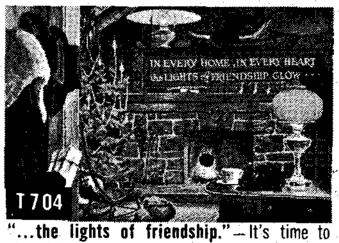
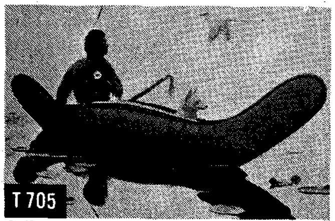
Christmas Eve — May the Peace and Happiness of Christmas be with you all the Year — **Warren**


T 703

"...a shaft of light across the land." — With Good wishes for Christmas etc. — **Schwiering**


IN EVERY HOME, IN EVERY HEART
THE LIGHTS OF FRIENDSHIP GLOW
T 704

"...the lights of friendship." — It's time to greet friends, etc. — Merry Christmas — **Nicles**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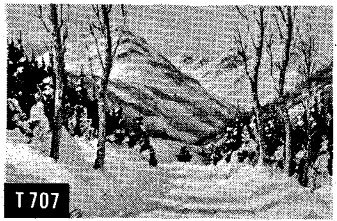
Solitude — May Peace be your Gift at Christmas and your Treasure through all the Year — **Delano**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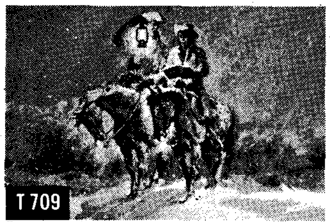
Sleighbells in Christmas Tree Land — Greeting is a cheery, 4 line verse — **Kerswill**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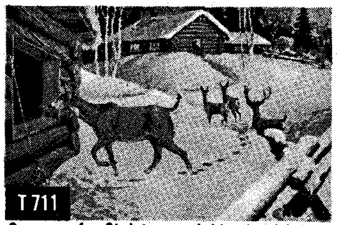
From the Two of Us — to you and all you hold dear, a Joyous Yule and New Year — **FitzSimmons**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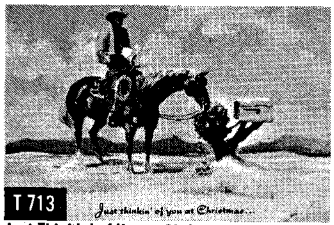
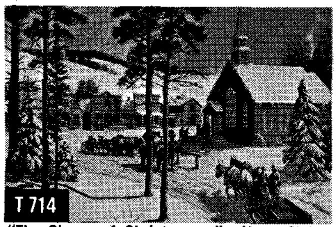
Company for Christmas — A friendly wish for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Hopkinson**


Just thinkin' of you at Christmas...
T 713

Just Thinkin' of You at Christmas — and wishing you a Happy Holiday Season — **FitzSimmons**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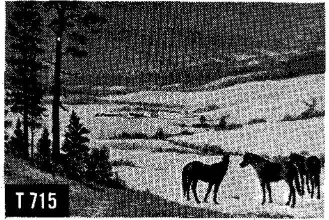
"The Charm of Christmas..." — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Thomas**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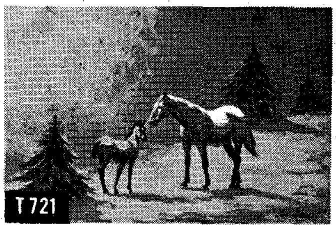
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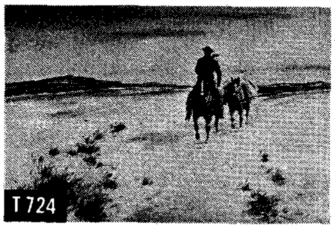
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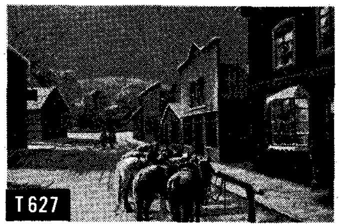
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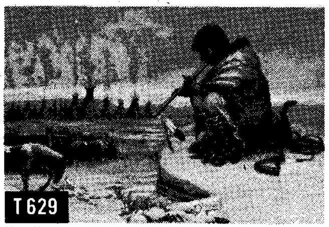
Comin' a'calling... — May the warmth...of the Christmas Season be with you all Year — **Thomas**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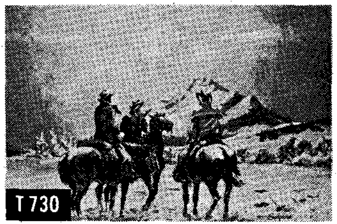
Herdboy and his flute — May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you all the Year — **EchoHawk**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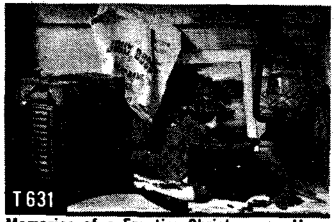
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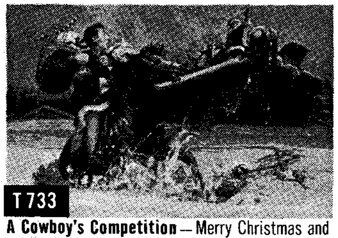
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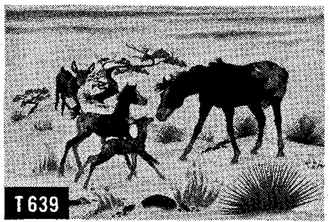
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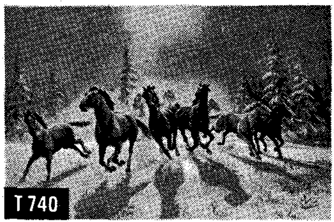
A New Friend for Christmas — May the warmth ...of Christmas be with you all the Year — **Lee**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The Wonder of Christmas fills the World — May the Peace and Joy of Christmas, etc. — **Thomas**

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A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

December-January, 1968
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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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TRUE COW!

IT WOULD take a separate magazine to publish all of the good stuff our readers send in! We cull and we cull (because of space, of course!) and still we are not able to use 1/20th of it! The following little gem just can't perish because of no space so I'll run it in my little corner. It was sent to me by J. B. Hughes (who doesn't claim he originated it!)

Nobody Is Perfect

Each one of us is a mixture of good qualities and some perhaps-not-so-good qualities. In considering our fellow man we should remember his good qualities and realize that his faults only prove that he is, after all, a human being. We should refrain from making harsh judgment of a person just because he happens to be a dirty, rotten, no-good sonofagun!

By golly, this is what we have been trying to tell you gents and gentresses for a mighty long time—that we ain't exactly perfect but we're getting so dadburned close it's almost embarrassing at times . . .

Well, I don't mean that we are even near perfect, of course, but we sure must have stirred up something since there is a "nettle rash" of new "true" westerns on the stands now and probably more to come.

Mainly I am writing this to let our readers know that we are fully aware of what is going on. We are receiving an increasing number of letters drawing our attention to the "imitators." One reader asks if it really wasn't us that started the first true western and when you have to explain that TRUE WEST was the first of its kind in the history of the world it sort of makes you feel funny. You also get a slight fizzpuffsco feeling when a new reader writes in that he thinks we are the best by far, the most thoroughly researched, without any comparison, and he did think we were the most original until he noticed we were using on our contents page, as a subtitle, the title of another western in the field. We merely pointed out that we had that same subtitle in 1953 when this other western wasn't even a gleam in the publisher's eye!

An old-time reader wrote, with some indignation, "Dammit, man, they're stealing you blind! They are even taking part of one of your titles and putting it with part of another and using the combination as their title!"

Did you know that the really big companies spend as much as five and ten million dollars a year merely trying to IDENTIFY their products? For gosh sakes, keep this a secret, but we don't have five or ten million! Therefore, we depend on *you*—just look for that cotton-picking covered wagon with the three titles on it and it's as easy as telling the difference between a blonde, a brunette or a redhead—just pick the one you want!

Another wrote, "Some of these so-called western magazines are writing along the same way I read stories in your magazines years ago. They sure change them up to read more like the old pulps, though. It's a shame to take good fact stories and make fiction out of them. A friend showed me one of these so-called true stories that I had read in TRUE WEST years ago and it is the same thing but with fiction added in an attempt to make it more exciting. I don't want fiction, else I could buy it by the tons! So, I'm going to quit experimenting —I am sticking with TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST from now on."

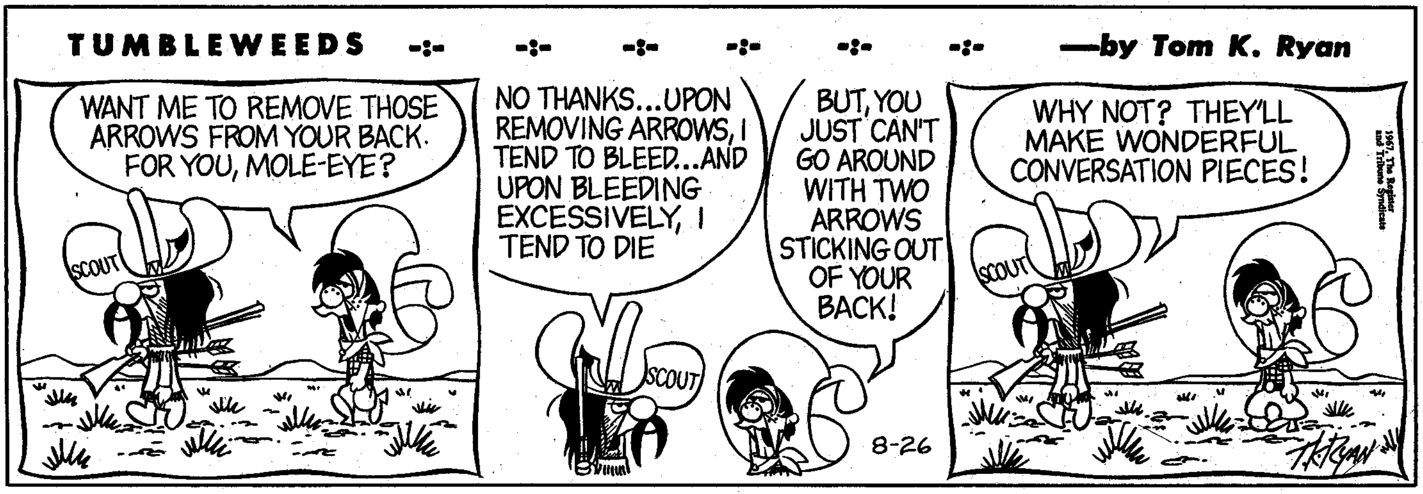
WE KNOW most of these things but appreciate your letters always. In fact, if we told you everything we do know, you wouldn't believe it! Like the author who actually wrote us that he was asked to take old copies of our magazines, rewrite the stories, jazz them up and use different by-lines on each. All I can say is that we have covered practically every important character in the West and if you folks want to read about them all over again, fine. We welcome clean, quality, *authentic* competition but the "false fronts" do nothing to help the field. You folks who buy the others to compare their quality with ours (that's what most of them survive on) and write us those blasting letters about errors, etc. in others—and you ask what shall you do about it—quit reading them if they do not suit your taste; keep on if they do. It's as simple as that.

For some reason, publishers think that the true western field is a ripe plum; they see that we are selling over 70% of all western magazines and so the field must be wide open!

Some years ago, there were thirteen westerns on the stands, one of them put out by one of the biggest publishing companies in the country. We only had TRUE WEST then and were just starting FRONTIER TIMES as a quarterly. Our circulation wasn't ¼ of what it is now. Yet, they dropped out one by one and it seems nobody knew why. We think we do but we ain't telling!

So, folks, don't be so concerned—just go on reading what your convictions tell you are the best. It will work down to survival of the fittest and if we are not the fittest we certainly deserve what will happen to us! What keeps us going strong is the *confidence* you readers have in us and by durn we are working our hunkuses off to not only keep that confidence but strengthen it.

Sad thing is, however—we planned on coming out with one more title to bring you a type of Western Americana that you haven't got yet. But where would we find a title? We did think about "True Cow" but then some joker would come along with a magazine called "True Bull." See you later.—Hosstail.


TUMBLEWEEDS —by Tom K. Ryan
WANT ME TO REMOVE THOSE ARROWS FROM YOUR BACK, FOR YOU, MOLE-EYE?
SCOUT
NO THANKS...UPON REMOVING ARROWS, I TEND TO BLEED...AND UPON BLEEDING EXCESSIVELY, I TEND TO DIE
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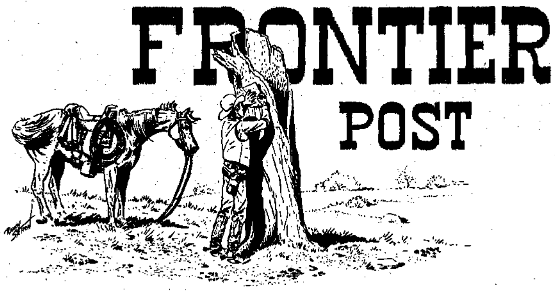
SCOUT
8-26
WHY NOT? THEY'LL MAKE WONDERFUL CONVERSATION PIECES!
SCOUT
1967, The Register and Tribune Syndicate
TKRYAN

FRONTIER POST



Decals for Treasure Hunters

Hello:

The other day I was reading a letter sent from a treasure hunter in Louisiana. He noted that there wasn't any way that one treasure hunter could identify another one. I've been thinking that an automobile bumper decal would fill the bill. This decal could be identifiable in every state and even outside the United States. It would be helpful for those treasure hunters who can't make it to meetings every year. What do you think? —James Nemm, P. O. Box 852, Myrtle Beach, South Carolina 29577.

Horn, Ringo, Holliday Fan

Dear Sir:

I am interested in the Old West characters Tom Horn, John Ringo and Doc Holliday and would like to correspond with pen pals who could provide me with information concerning them. I am willing to reply to every letter received. Also I would like to get in touch with someone who could provide me with secondhand books on gunsmithing, Colts, and like topics. The cost of these books over here is rather high and those of a second-hand nature are as easy to find as gold.—Norman D. Haigh, 103 Longfield Avenue, Golcar, North Huddersfield, Yorkshire, England.

"Ozark Jack"

Dear Editor:

I have a .44 Starr revolver. These percussion revolvers were produced for the U. S. Government during the Civil War. After the war the Government sold them as surplus. Many found their way to the West.

This particular revolver was converted to cartridge use. It is hand-stamped: A. J. Berlin "Ozark Jack." I would appreciate receiving any information your readers might have on this person.—Robert H. Sorgel, 871 Crescent Boulevard, Glen Ellyn, Illinois.

Bank Robbery—Train Wreck

Dear Editor:

Could someone help me? Recently I found some old letters that my father wrote to my mother. One, dated September 20, 1906, in Union, Missouri, told about a safe which had been blown up in the great bank robbery there. He said the robbers were caught in the East and returned to be hanged. I would like to know who those robbers were.

In another letter, dated December 5, 1906, he told about a train wreck on the branch line between La Grange, Texas, and San Antonio in which five of Hagenbeck's flatcars went "down in a pile" as the train crossed a bridge. The cars were carrying the lions' and bears' cages and the ticket wagon. I would like to know more about this wreck. I do remember that he told me once that a lion got loose.—Josephine Blades, R.R. #3, Rancho Framasa, Nashville, Indiana 47448.

Doctor Grandma French

Dear Pat:

Maurice Kildare sent me a copy of FRONTIER TIMES with his story of Doctor Grandma French, to which I had contributed a small paragraph. I enjoyed the magazine very much. The story on Will Rogers and Charley Russell was very good. I especially enjoyed it because I used to spend Sunday afternoons watching Charley paint.

One Sunday while I was there an old lady dropped in to visit with Charley. She had not seen him for a long time and they had a lot to talk about. Before she left, she asked, "Charley, do you remember when you worked for us on our ranch? In the evenings when the other cowboys sat around playing cards, you spent the time making sketches. You would leave them on a table and every few days I would gather them up and put them in an old trunk. I had almost a full trunk of those sketches. When you left, I put the trunk in the attic and forgot all about it. Eventually you became famous and I thought of all those old sketches but by that time we had sold the ranch and moved away. One day we drove back and I went to the attic to see if the sketches were still there. They were gone. I asked the new residents what had happened to that old trunk. They told me they had cleaned out the attic and burned all the stuff in that trunk!"—Charles Kelly, 124 S. Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84103.

"Saddled, Bridled, Ready to Ride"

Dear Sirs:

For several years three friends and I have been planning a cross-country ride. The only things stopping us have been time and money. We hadn't decided on any route until we read an article in your January 1967 FRONTIER TIMES. "Saddled, Bridled, Ready To Ride" startled me because of parallels between their ride and ours to be. There are four of us, as there were of them. Among our horses is a pinto with the exact marking on the left side of her neck as that of Beck's pinto. My horse is a half-Arab and, by a strange coincidence, has the exact leg marks as Pinto. The only differences between our ride and theirs is that we'll be starting fifty-seven years after C. C. Beck, J. B. Ransome, R. G. Rayne, and George W. Beck started—and the fact that we are four women instead of four men.

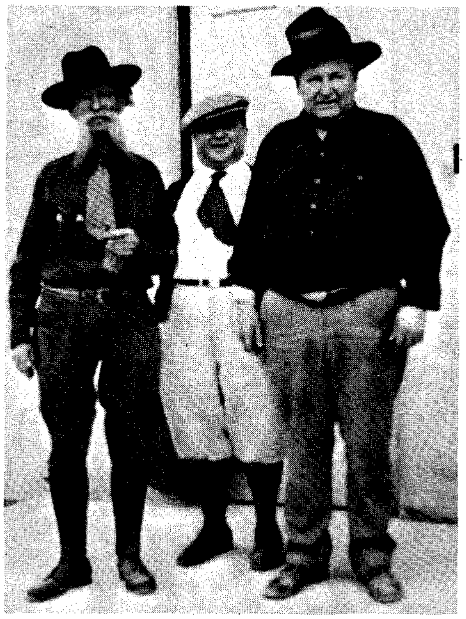
If there are people reading your magazines who could send us any information concerning the four men who made that ride—their horses, the problems they encountered, etc.—we would greatly appreciate it. Especially we would like to get a copy of Beck's diary or the manuscript he wrote after making the ride. Maybe we, fifty-seven years later, will be able to bring the Overland Westerners the fame and recognition they deserved and never got.—Overland Westerners 1969, 5112 Von Way, Carmichael, California 95608.

Who Are They?

Dear Sirs:

Do any of your readers know who these two men on Death Valley Scotty's right are?

I also would like to get in touch with the daughter of Eva Mudge. She was known as "Little Eva" and rode with Scotty in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. —Tom G. Murray, 15049 La Mesa, Sylmar, California 91342.



Tangerine Dye

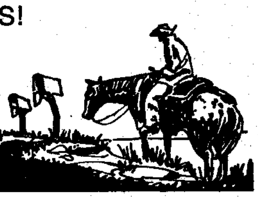
Dear Friend Pat:

I picked up the May copy of FRONTIER TIMES at the newsstand and the story by G. Sellers, "Winter of Fear," took me back to my boyhood days in Idaho. I had been to a dance in a little mining town, Placerville, and decided to walk across a couple of hills to a namesake of mine who had a gold claim which he was working. There were about six inches of snow on the ground. I was halfway to the top of one hill when I noticed what looked like a coyote tearing toward me. When he got close I noticed that he was frothing at the mouth. There was a big lava rock close

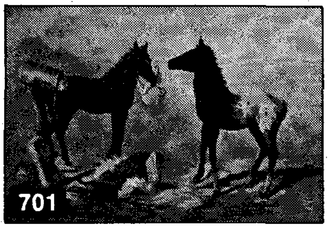
(Continued on page 49)

DON'T BE DISAPPOINTED...THESE ARE THE **ORIGINAL** BOB LORENZ CARDS!

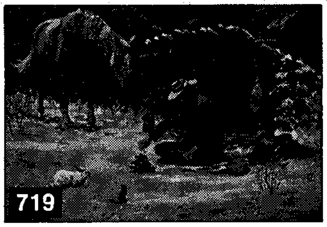
Western Christmas Cards



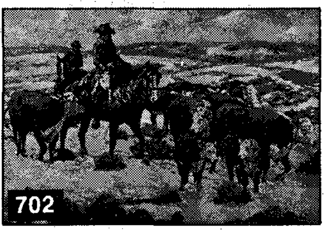
BY FAMOUS WESTERN ARTISTS ***IN FULL COLOR!*** OUR 23rd SUCCESSFUL YEAR!



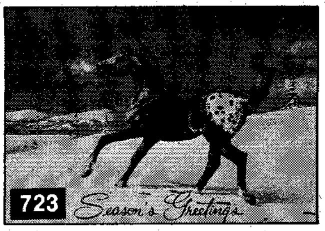
Heigh-Ho! by **H. Goodwine**—Best Wishes for the Holidays and Happiness throughout the New Year.



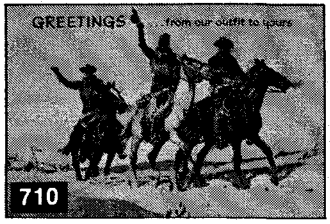
Good Friends at Peace by **Harvey W. Johnson**—With all Good Wishes for Christmas and the Coming Year.



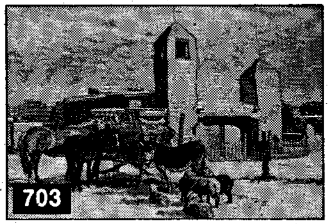
A Cowboy's Good Feelin's by **Paul Salisbury**—**Verse by S. Omar Barker**—May the Peace and Good Will of Christmas always be with you.



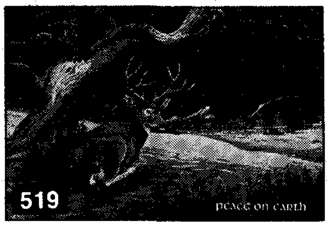
High-Tailed and Happy by **Randy Steffen**—Season's Greetings and many, many Good Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season.


GREETINGS ...from our outfit to yours
710

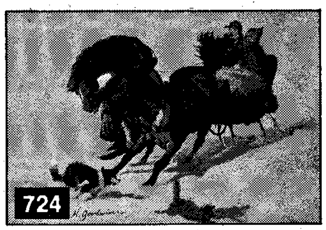
Greetings from Our Outfit to Yours by **Nick Eggenhofer**—With Best Wishes for Christmas and all the New Year.



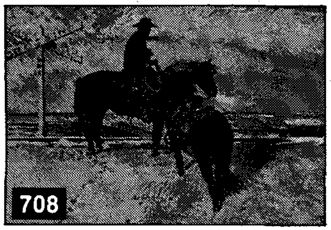
Friends at the Feed Rack by **Robert Lougheed**—Peace and Good Will at Christmas and through all the New Year.



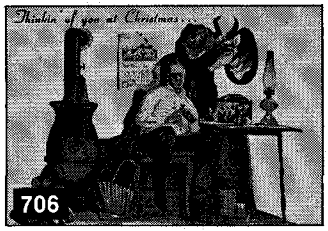
Peace on Earth by **Robert R. Lorenz**—May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you Today and all through the Year.



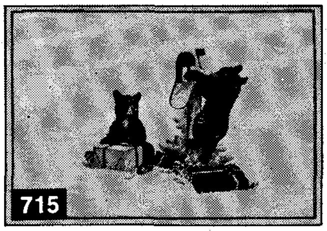
Holiday Whirl by **H. Goodwine**—Wishing you Happiness at this Holiday Season and through the New Year.



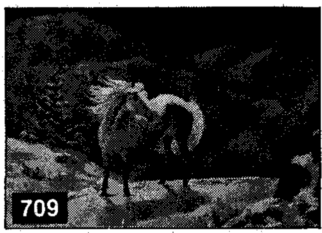
Waitin' for Christmas Company by **Robert Lougheed**—Bringing you every Good Wish for Happiness this Christmas and in the Coming Year.


Thinkin' of you at Christmas...
706

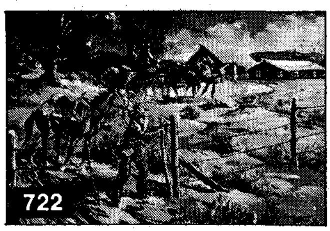
Thinkin' of You at Christmas by **Gordon Snidow**—May every Happiness be yours at Christmas and throughout the New Year.



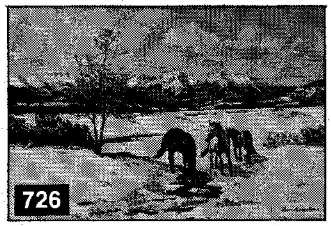
Christmas Capers by **Clark Bronson**—Holiday Greetings and Best Wishes for the New Year.



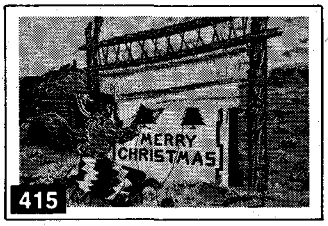
White Splendor by **Muriel Delaplaine (Mrs. Randy Steffen)**—Greetings of the Season and Best Wishes for the New Year.



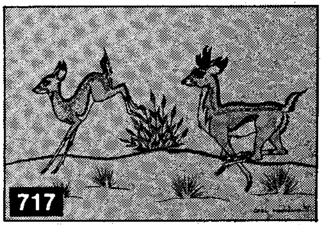
Reflections of Yesteryears by **Fred Harman**—Christmas Blessings and Best Wishes for a Joyous New Year.



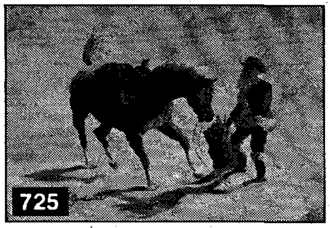
Rangeland Greetings by **James Emery Greer**—Holiday Greetings and Best Wishes for the New Year.



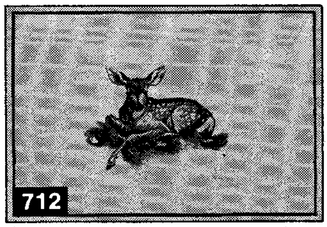
Navajo Weaver by **Robert R. Lorenz**—With Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season.



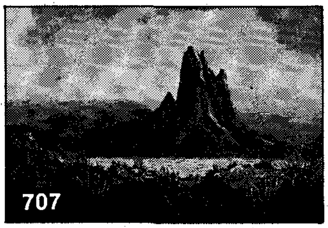
Prancing Deer by **Carl Woodring (Osage Indian)**—May the Great Spirit bring you Health and Happiness.



Rangeland Santa by **H. Goodwine**—Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



Little Lord of the Forest by **Clark Bronson**—May the Peace and Happiness of the Yuletide Season be yours throughout the Coming Year.



Desert Cathedral by **Sid Cedargreen**—May the Blessings and Peace of Christmas be yours and *Happiness fill each Day of the New Year.*

Couldn't Wait by **Gordon Snidow**—Wishing you a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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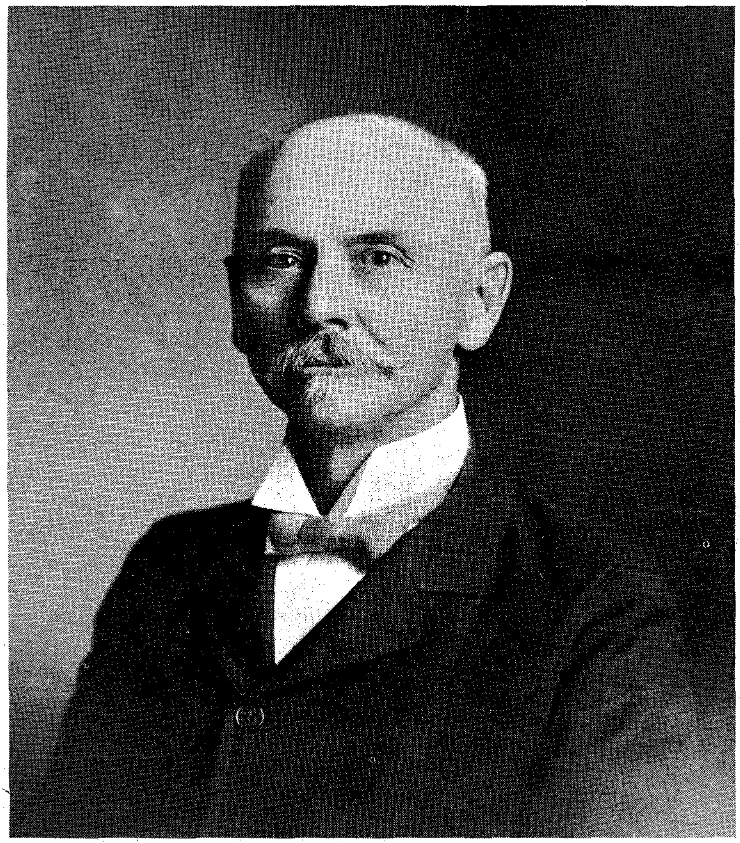
THE CANYON SPRINGS ROBBERY

By AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

Photos Courtesy Author



Courtesy Russell Thorp Collection

Luke Voorhees, superintendent and part owner of the Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage and Express Line, organized Feb. 17, 1876.

CANYON SPRINGS STATION, in a lonely, rough, and heavily timbered country along Beaver Creek, was about thirty-seven miles south of Deadwood, South Dakota, and nineteen or twenty miles north of Jenney Stockade. Since it was maintained only as a relay station for coach horses, it comprised a combination stable and living quarters, in which there was a room for the stock tender.

It was not nearly so well known as Cold Spring Ranch station, two or more miles up the canyon to the north, where a short-cut from Custer City joined the main Cheyenne-Deadwood road. Hence, the big holdup of the treasure coach is often referred to as the "Cold Springs robbery." Within a month after the affair, the stage was routed over an entirely new road and Canyon Springs station, later known as the C. V. Smith ranch, became only a dim memory as a part of the Cheyenne and Black Hills stage system.

According to Luke Voorhees, there were in the fall of 1878 the following regular "shotgun messenger" guards employed by him: Scott Davis, captain, Jesse Brown, Gale Hill, Boone May, Billy Sample, Eugene Smith, and Johnny Zimmerman. Others were employed as "specials" as needed.

Voorhees instructed Division Superintendent Ward to accompany the treasure coach from Deadwood to Hat Creek on this particular trip. Ward, however, disobeyed orders and only remained with the coach to the Pleasant Valley dinner station, where he turned back to Deadwood. The cause of this disobedience is not on record.

On the up trip with the "Monitor," Jesse Brown, Boone May, and Billy Sample remained at Beaver Station, about ten miles south of Canyon Springs, to be in readiness to pick up the loaded coach on its down journey and to accompany it on horseback from Beaver to Hat Creek, via Jenney Stockade.

According to John McClintock of Deadwood, one agent called "Red Cloud" because he had come from the agency, loitered around Deadwood and when the Monitor was ready to start southward, stole the fine pacing horse owned by Blanch White, a woman of the town, and dashed ahead to notify the robber gang then hiding out near Canyon Springs.

As the coach approached Canyon Springs about three o'clock on the afternoon of September 26, Gene Barnett was driving the six horses, with Gale Hill on the boot beside him. Scott Davis and Eugene Smith were inside as guards with Hugh O. Campbell, an employe of the Black Hills Telegraph company, who had been permitted to ride from Deadwood to Jenney Stockade, where he was to take a new assignment.

Gene pulled the team to a stop on the slope about ten feet from the front of the log barn at Canyon Springs, where William Miner, a stock tender, usually stood ready to assist in the seven-minute change of horses. No one was in sight. Gale Hill called to the stock tender, but receiving no answer jumped down from the coach and picked up the chock block to block the back wheels of the coach. As he raised up from placing the block and started around the rear of the coach to go into the barn, he was met by a volley of gunfire from the stable. Hill was wounded in the left arm, but managed to use his gun with one hand and wounded one of the robbers. Then a shot from a large bore rifle struck him in the breast, passing through his body and knocking him down. With blood pouring from his mouth, he grasped his gun and wounded another robber, who it was thought died the next day. Hill managed to crawl to the rear of the stable out of the line of fire.

A shot fired through the top of the coach grazed messenger Smith's head and he slumped down stunned. Scott Davis thought at first that Smith was killed. Davis said:

"I fired a good many shots from the coach into the barn door and the port holes from which the robbers were firing, but from my position in the coach was unsuccessful in hitting the attacking foe. I told Campbell that I was going to get out of the coach and go across the road to where there was a large pine tree from which I could get better aim. . . . Campbell said he was going to the tree with me. We both climbed from the coach but Campbell had no gun with him to defend himself. I turned and backed my way across the road, shooting at anything and everything that looked like a robber. When we were about half way across the road, Campbell swerved to the left while I kept shooting at the port holes, hoping I might hit a hidden robber. Suddenly Mr. Campbell went down on his knees in the middle of the road. The holdup men then fired another volley, killing him instantly.

"Before I reached the tree, one of the

Courtesy Author

Chugwater station stage on the Cheyenne to Black Hills line. Pictured here, George A. Lathrop drove one of the largest six-horse passenger, mail and treasure coaches between Raw Hide Buttes and Fort Laramie.

Biggest and last, it has been called the most daring and bloody hold-up on the Cheyenne to Deadwood route

robbers appeared at the head of the horses. I had been urging the stage driver to make a run for it and leave the coach. The instant I saw the robber at the horse's head, I turned quickly and fired. The shot wounded him badly. He threw up his hands, fell over backwards, crawled around behind the horses and made his getaway to the back of the barn."

As soon as Davis gained the protection of the large tree and began firing toward the stable again, a robber appeared from behind the coach and ordered Barnett to get down from the boot. Then he pushed him toward the tree where Davis was stationed.

"Surrender!" the agent yelled at Davis.

"If you come an inch farther I'll kill you," Davis shouted.

Barnett, who was being used as a shield for the robber, cried out, "For God's sake, Scott, don't shoot!"

When Scott Davis saw that he could not hit the robber, without killing Barnett, he suddenly recalled that Voorhees had said that any time the treasure coach was held up, he could rely upon the guaranteed safe to hold the money for twenty-four hours. He then backed away through some brush and pine trees, and made his escape.

He went on foot about seven miles to the Ben Eager ranch, where he obtained a saddle horse and struck out as fast as possible for Beaver Station. Soon he met Jesse Brown, Billy Sample, and Boone May, messengers, who had started up the road to look for the coach when it failed to appear on scheduled time. Davis told what had happened. All headed at once for Canyon Springs station and reached there just after the robbers had left.

Just exactly what happened during the plundering of the coach is not clear from the records, as so many conflicting stories were told during the excitement and were amplified in being repeated. Some were changed entirely down through the years.

William Miner, the stock tender, in a statement made to Voorhees, soon after the robbery said,

"Shortly before time for the stage to arrive from Deadwood, a man on horseback rode up and asked for a drink of water. Upon dismounting, he ordered me to throw up my hands, which I did. He then pushed me in the grain room of the stable. By this time the band of five (I thought there were six of them) all got in the stable and proceeded to make arrangements for the capture of the coach.

"They removed the mud or chinking from between the logs near the door of the stable, where the stage always stops, and on its arrival they opened fire from their position on the inside. After the killing of Campbell and wounding of Gale Hill, Scott Davis got away from the coach and, taking a position behind a tree opened fire on the robbers. Soon after this the band rounded up all of the men about the place and tied them to trees, saying that at 10 o'clock a man would be along to release them. Immediately upon securing their victims they removed the safe from the coach and opened it. . . . This required several hours of work."

Eugene Smith said later that the robbers made him come out of the coach and give up his guns, then they ordered him back in and drove out with Barnett to the timber out of sight of the road. They tied Smith and Barnett to the coach wheels and with a sledge hammer and cold chisel broke open the safe in about two hours. They took the money, bullion, and jewelry valued at about $27,000, packed it on horses and fled. Most of the plunder was in gold dust and bullion, there being only about $3,500 in currency, about $500 in diamonds, and a few hundred dollars worth of jewelry.

In the meantime, as soon as he could release himself, Miner, the stock tender, struck out on foot through the timber for the Cold Spring ranch. There he obtained a saddle horse and went on to Deadwood to report the robbery and to obtain medical aid for Gale Hill. Doctor F. L. Babcock went south at once and gave Hill attention at the Cold Spring ranch to which he had been taken. While there he was in the care of Mrs. Frazier and Mr. Snow, the ranch owner. Later he was removed to the hospital in Deadwood. Two years after the holdup, a ragged piece of bullet worked its way out of Hill's arm.

The body of Hugh O. Campbell was taken to Deadwood where his funeral was conducted by the Masonic Lodge. He was buried in Mt. Moriah Cemetery, in which rested the remains of "Wild Bill" Hickok and "Preacher" Smith.

Upon being apprised of the robbery, the stage company officials posted the following notice:

$2,500 REWARD

Will be paid for the return of the money and valuables and the capture (upon conviction), of the five men who robbed our coach on the 26th day of September

Left, Harry Hynds, one-time blacksmith for the Cheyenne and Black Hills stage, handled the heavy end of the line from Cheyenne to Fort Laramie.

1878, at Canyon Springs (Whisky Gap), Wyo. Ter., of twenty-seven thousand dollars, consisting mostly of gold bullion. Pro rate of the above will be paid for the capture of either of the robbers and proportionate part of the property.

Luke Voorhees, Supt. Cheyenne and
Black Hills Stage Co.
Cheyenne, Wyo., Sept. 28, 1878

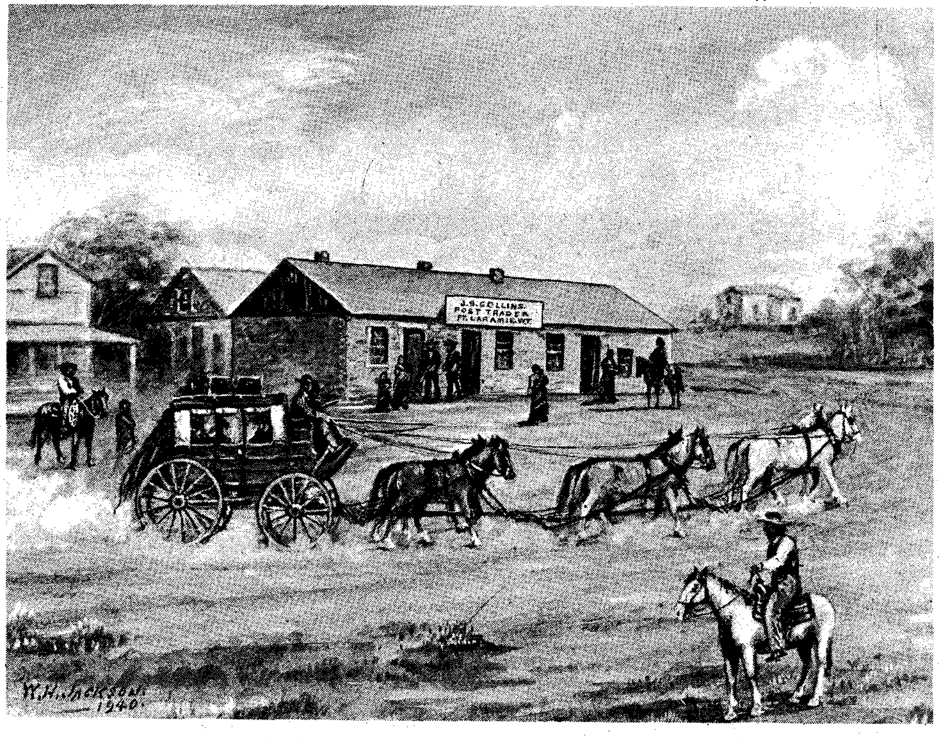
NEWS OF the holdup of the treasure coach and the killing of Hugh O. Campbell struck Wyoming and Dakota like a bombshell. So many minor holdups had occurred that the public had been accepting them as a matter of course. Now, however, with the murder of an innocent man involved, the law abiding citizens had "blood in their eye." The size of the rewards offered for the capture of the culprits, too, may have had something to do with the way men roused to action.

It was as if a whole Fourth of July celebration had been set off at once. Innumerable posses were organized and struck out in various directions on the manhunt. For a week or so there was a man with a gun behind every bush and tree along the trails and highways to stop all passersby, either to ask for news or to demand explanations of travelers as to why they were there. Rumors flew thick and fast. Facts were distorted. Lurid stories were fabricated from flimsy whisperings. The citizens of Cheyenne flocked down to the stage office each night for news and swarmed around the Monitor when it completed its first trip down, after being stopped at Canyon Springs.

Scott Davis led a party of robber-hunters into the Inyan Kara country, but soon decided he was "off the scent" and veered southwest toward Raw Hide Buttes. Sheriff Manning of Deadwood and his men headed toward Fort McKinney and the Powder River area. A party under Seth Bullock, including Captain W. M. Ward, division agent, J. H. Burns, June Dix, and three others went south toward Robbers' Roost and Harney's Peak. D. Boone May, Bill May, detective Noah Siever and their companions hit the trail toward Pactola on Rapid Creek and soon learned that the outlaws had bought a dead-axle wagon and two ponies at Slate Creek for which they had paid $250 in cash. One of the outlaws had been so badly wounded, it had been necessary to transport him. It was believed that the outlaws had made a wide circle around Rapid City and had gone over the Divide to Boxelder Creek to the Pierre Trail.

Fort Laramie

Courtesy Denver Public Library, Western Collection



May's party was joined by a posse from Rapid City, in which were Sheriff Frank Moulton, Doctor Flick, Ed Cook, and others. Now hot on the trail of the "dead-axle wagon," they met freighters coming westward who gave them news of the fleeing highwaymen.

The pursuers hastened on to Wasta Spring road house, eighteen miles east of Rapid City, where they stopped to rest their horses and to eat supper. There Bullock and his party, who had also gotten on the trail, joined them.

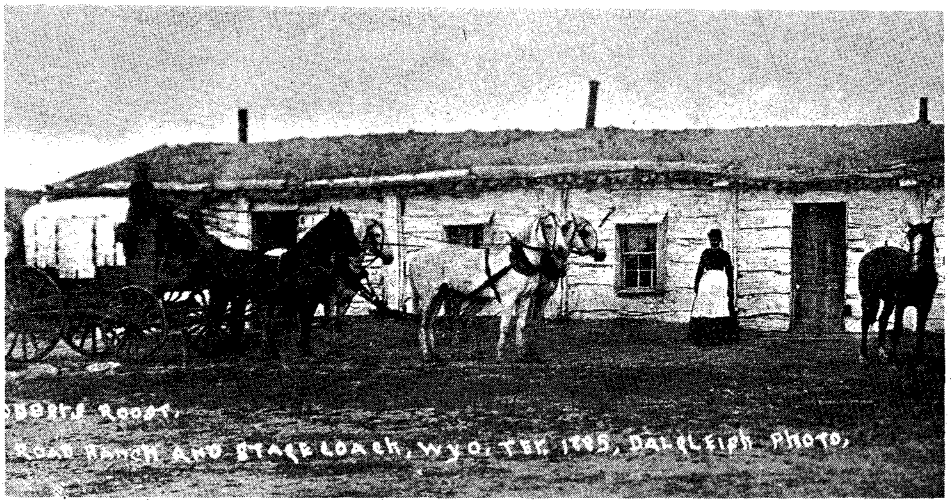
Although for a time the trail of the outlaws was dim, the posse decided that the thieves probably had made camp near Pino Springs, off the main road. Bullock and Moulton wanted to attack at once when they felt they had located the men. Cook, however, insisted on waiting until morning.

By daylight, the "birds had flown." They had abandoned the wagon and it was supposed that the wounded bandit, probably Frank McBride, described as a small man about twenty-four, had died en route and been buried. The posse pushed on.

Dr. Whitfield of Rapid City, who was riding a Mexican pony, could not keep up with the others, so turned back for home. When he reached the place where the bandits were supposed to have camped, he stopped to investigate. He kicked the ashes of the campfire and suddenly saw a pair of old overalls a short distance away. He took a kick at the garment and found that it contained a gold brick valued at $3,200! The doctor later received $1,100 upon the return of the brick to the stage company.

A man named Gouch, who was said to have been an advance guard for the robbers in the wagon, was later arrested at Fort Thompson and taken to Rapid City. He was instrumental in locating some retort valued at about $11,000 that had been buried near Pino Springs.

W. M. Ward and his party hurried on to the Missouri River. There some of the men turned south. Ward went on to Pierre, where he learned that a man, answering the description of one of the road agents, had crossed. Ward followed his trail to Atlantic, Iowa, where he captured and arrested Thomas Jefferson Goodale. From infancy the young man had been known as "Duck" Goodale. His relatives were among the best and most respected citizens of the town and his arrest caused little less than a furor. It was said that young Goodale had left Atlantic the previous May, and had sent back favorable reports of what he was


BBERS ROOST,
ROAD RANCH AND STAGE COACH, WYO. TER. 1885, DALGLEISH PHOTO.

Courtesy Dalgheigh

This photo taken in 1885 is a stage station near Robber's Roost and northeast of Hole-in-the-Wall, Wyoming.

doing in the West.

Upon his recent arrival in Atlantic, he had given to his father, Almond Goodale, a banker, a gold brick weighing twenty pounds. He asked that it be put in the bank vault for safekeeping. It was marked "No. 12" and was valued at $4,300. Young Goodale, it was reported, had told his father that he had sold his interest in a very valuable mine and had gotten the brick in payment.

Goodale was found to have in his possession, in addition to the brick which weighed 248.87 ounces, one ladies' gold watch and chain, two silver watches, a seven set diamond ring, two plain gold rings, one shotgun and two revolvers.

As soon as Governor Gear of Iowa granted a requisition, Ward started back to Wyoming with the prisoner and the prisoner's lawyer. Shackles were riveted on Goodale's leg by a railway blacksmith at the depot in Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Upon reaching Lone Tree, Nebraska, Goodale, with permission of Ward, went to the washroom in the rear of the railway car. That was the last seen or heard of him by the public. When Goodale's escape was discovered, the train was stopped and backed about a half mile to the place where it was thought he had jumped off. Later the shackles were found in the toilet room. One theory was advanced that he must have climbed to the top of the train and ridden into Ogallala or some other station, instead of having jumped off. How he got out of the shackles was never explained.

Ward returned to Cheyenne empty-handed and "under a cloud," as it was rumored that he had received $3,000 for the "escape." Superintendent Voorhees went at once to Atlantic, Iowa, and arranged for the recovery of the stolen property, which had been turned over to the county authorities by Goodale's father. The Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage Company offered $700 reward for the recapture of Goodale, and Laramie County added $200 more to the offer. The rewards were never claimed.

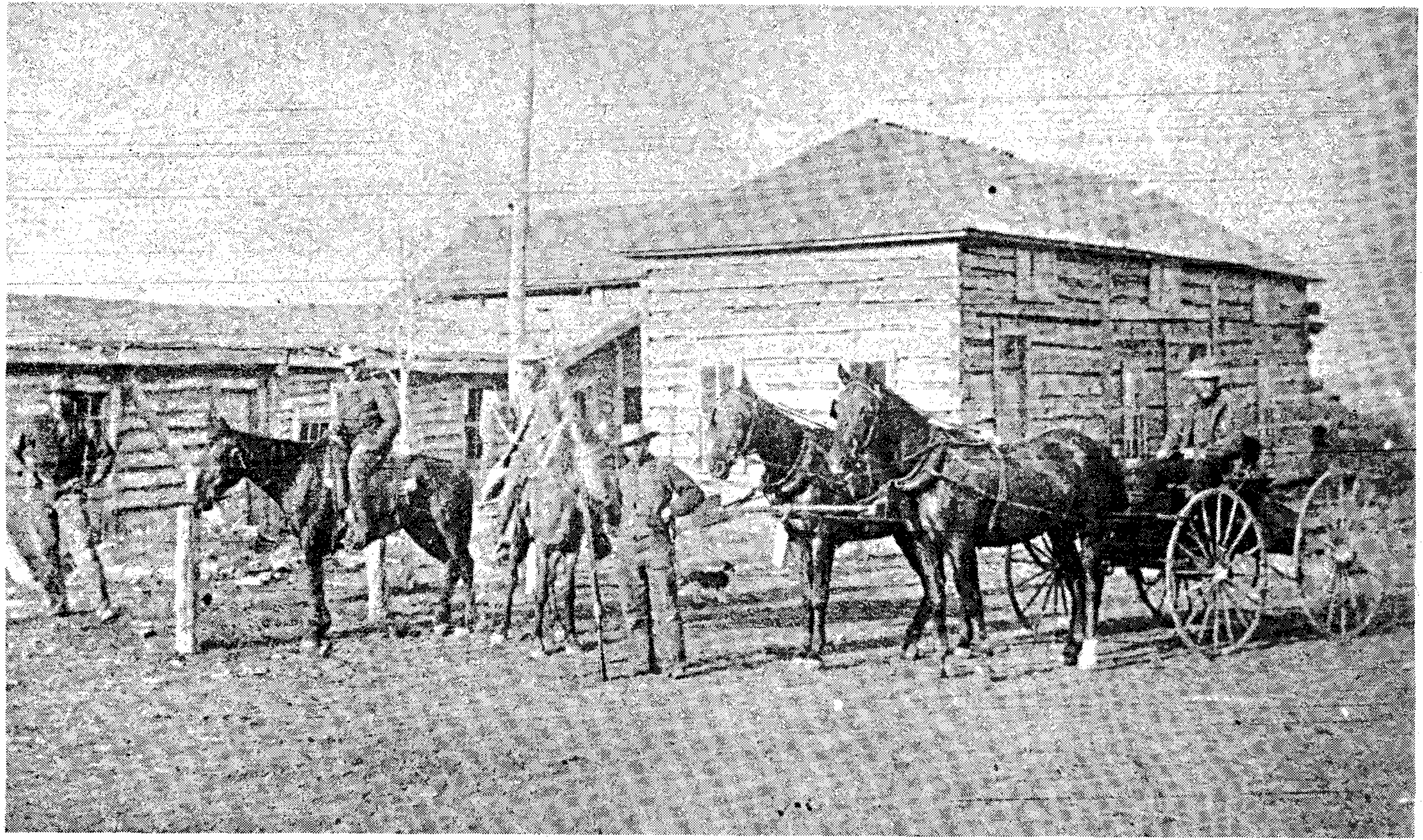
A week after Ward's return to Wyoming, Voorhees stated that W. H. Ward no longer was in the employ of the stage company.

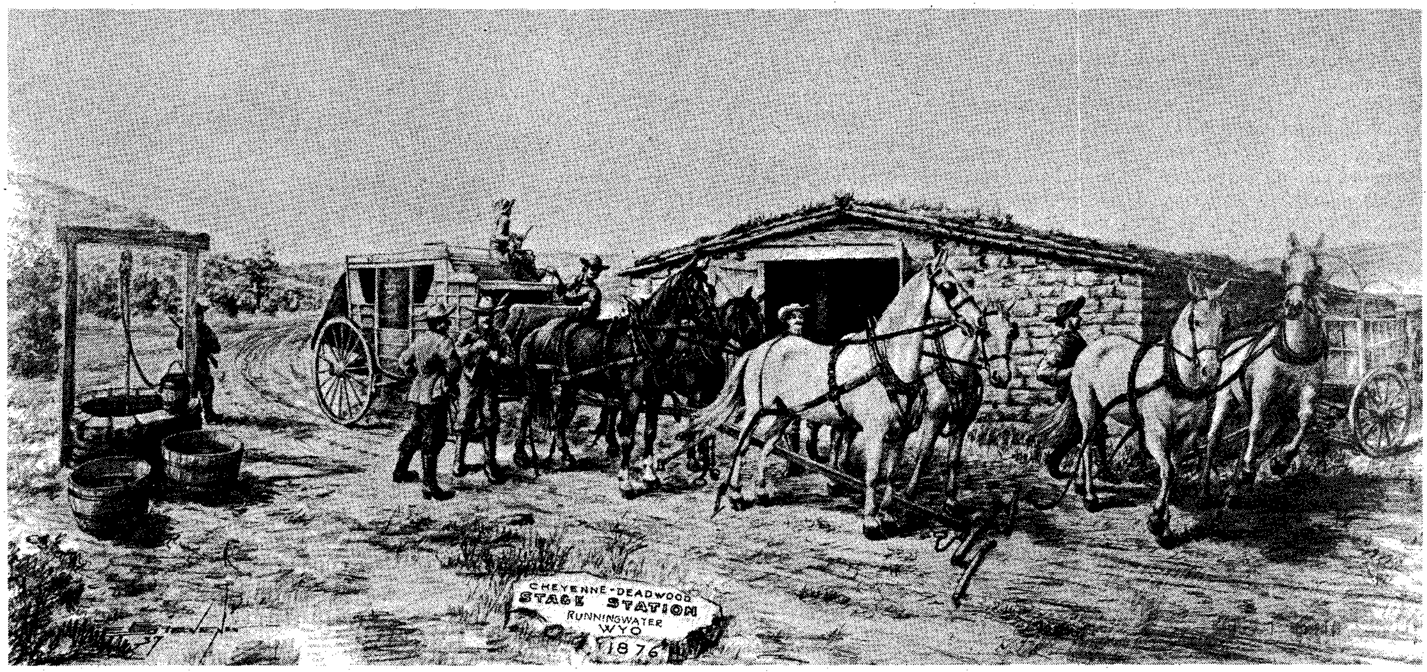
In the great round-up of road agents during those last days of September, 1878, and early October, arrests were made of many suspects and almost to a man the villains were brought to justice for one crime or another.

A DAY after the robbery, John H. Brown was arrested at Canyon Springs. Brown, who had been under suspicion, had been employed by the stage company "for a purpose." Although it was at first reported that he had confessed to being implicated in the Canyon Springs robbery, he later swore that he was involved only in the one at Whoop Up Canyon on July 2, when passenger Finn had been shot. Brown was "escorted" to Cheyenne by J. L. Jelm and placed into custody just four days after the attack at Canyon Springs.

Arrested with Brown was Charles Henry Borris, who it was said was forced

Hat Creek telegraph station, north of Fort Laramie, along the Black Hills Trail, 1884.





Courtesy Russell Thorp Collection

Running Water stage station on the old Black Hills Trail.

to confess that he had taken part in the big holdup. He readily acknowledged that he had assisted in two other stage robberies, including the one at Whoop Up, and said he was with the party that had stolen the horses and property at the camp of W. H. Noble, on Lander Creek, near Atlantic City. The robbers had taken fourteen horses, all of the provisions in camp, guns, ammunition, three new saddles, blankets, spurs, and the like. They tied up the herders and spent the day at the camp. They talked freely about ranchmen along the Sweetwater and Green River and seemed to be well posted in matters concerning Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Nevada, Oregon and Washington, as well as Colorado, New Mexico, and Texas.

Borris had been sent to the Wyoming State Penitentiary three years previous to this time, on a charge of stealing government stock. He was then known as Charles Henry. Subsequently he had escaped from the prison. When arraigned before U.S. Commissioner Fisher, Borris was held in $5,000 bail for appearance at the next term of district court. He was taken at once to Laramie City for safekeeping.

Later he denied that he had been at Canyon Springs and said that he had gone to Deadwood to sell some dust and some of the horses stolen from the Noble camp. While there he was drugged and failed to get over his spree in time to join his comrades at Canyon Springs. Meeting the robbers after the robbery, he said he "came near being killed by them on suspicion that I had been 'blowing on' them." Borris was convicted on November 27 of obstructing the mails. He was sentenced to pay a fine of $100, pay costs of prosecution and to stand committed until paid.

OTHER early arrests were those of Lew Hagers, keeper of a ranch at the crossing of the Cheyenne River on the old Custer Trail, and George Howard alias Tony Pastor, a notorious horse thief, who was taken into custody when he arrived at Hagers' ranch. Hagers, who was arrested by detective Noah Siever on the strength of a letter found under the treasure coach which had been written to him by a notorious woman in Lead, was later released. Pastor admitted that he had been on a horse thieving expedition, but denied any connection with the stage holdup.

Men arriving in Cheyenne on October 10 stated that they had found two bodies hanging to a tree seven miles from Jenney Stockade about four miles east of the Custer road. They said from the appearance of the corpses that the men must have been dead about a week. The victims, said to have had light hair and moustaches, were wearing California riveted brown clothing. It was rumored that Scott Davis' party did the "good work."

On October 18, the southbound coach rolled out of Deadwood with Jesse Brown and Jim May in charge of two road agents, William Mansfield and Archie McLaughlin, who were said to have admitted implication in the Canyon Springs robbery, and also to have taken part in the affair at Whoop Up Canyon.

These men had made overtures to Deadwood citizens relative to the disposal of considerable bullion. Acting under the direction of special agent Adams, the citizens had endeavored to negotiate with Mansfield and McLaughlin but were unsuccessful.

Later the pair was arrested and escorted to a secluded spot. Both men were "drawn up a tree" until they confessed to having participated in recent robberies, including one in the Cariboo country, and the one at Canyon Springs.

Mansfield and McLaughlin were kept in jail in Cheyenne until November 3, and when it was then learned that the next term of court would not be held for several months, the authorities decided to return the pair of "black legs" to Deadwood, where they could be tried immediately for grand larceny. Accordingly they were placed on a northbound coach, again under guard of Jim May and Jesse Brown.

When the coach reached a place on Little Cottonwood, about a mile north of Fort Laramie, five masked men suddenly appeared, but they were not after gold.

The stage messengers were relieved of their arms and were set afoot for the time being. The Vigilantes then tied the outlaws' hands, placed ropes around their necks, and put them on top of the coach. Quickly the coach was driven to a large cottonwood tree near the river bank, not far from Watson's saloon. The ropes were tied to a tree limb. The coach drove off and the men were left dangling.

It was said that young Billy Mansfield, a carpenter by trade, shed tears and begged for mercy and asked to write to his mother, but the avengers of the law were not moved by his pleas. Archie McLaughlin, also known as Cummins, was made of harder stuff. He defied his captors and refused the opportunity to confess the whereabouts of the hidden spoils of the recent stage robberies. He said he had $8,000 cached away where it could be reached by friends, but declined to answer all questions put to him. He died cursing his lynchers.

At daylight on November 4, F. L. Greene, deputy coroner at Fort Laramie, was notified and rode to the scene where he found the bodies and gave the agents decent burial. No coroner's jury was held, nor were the names of the five masked men ever made public. The general sentiment at the time seemed to be that a necessary job had been done in ridding the country of two dangerous outlaws, who if given a wee chance, might escape and again ride a trail of murder and banditry. One editor declared that the region now could "enjoy a lasting peace."

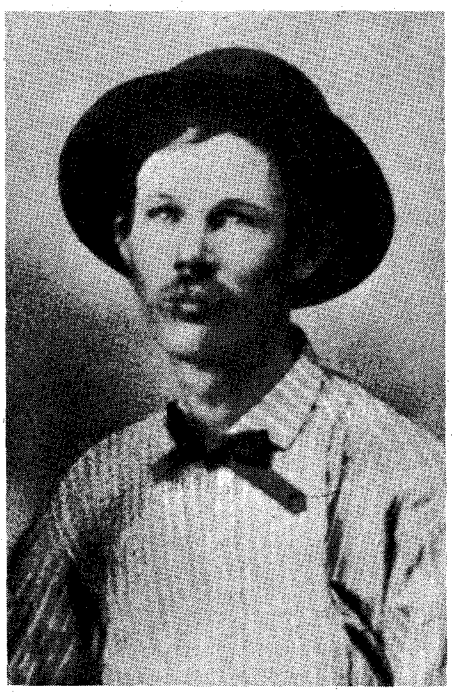
The alleged head of the gang to which

Mansfield and McLaughlin had belonged was Tom Price, an acknowledged desperado. Price was captured in a camp about ten miles southwest of Lead City by a party including Jesse Brown, Boone and Jim May, and Wes Travis. He was wounded before being captured and lay in a hospital in Deadwood for several weeks. By February, 1879, he was able to travel and was escorted to Cheyenne by Boone May. Between the stage office in Cheyenne and the courthouse, May and his prisoner were followed by a large and curious crowd. Price was sentenced in May, 1879, to five years in the penitentiary and was committed to prison in Lincoln, Nebraska. Price confessed to having been in the Cariboo robbery, but denied he was with the Canyon Springs gang.

During the whirlwind round-up of road agents, an excellent piece of detective work was performed by Deputy U. S. Marshal M. F. Leach, a merchant of Ogallala, Nebraska. Leach earlier had helped catch the Big Springs robbers and had given Bullock a tip that had resulted in the arrest of "Reddy" McKemma in Ohio.

Voorhees was tipped off that Al Spears, a questionable character, had written to Cheyenne about a trunk. Almost at the same time, Leach contacted Voorhees and said that he suspected Spears of being one of the Canyon Springs robbers as he had just disposed of about $500 worth of jewelry at Ogallala and $800 in gold dust. Voorhees instructed Leach to arrest Spears, if possible.

It was not long until Leach surprised Spears *in the act of disposing of some of* the stolen goods at Grand Island, Nebraska. Spears reached for his gun, but Leach was quicker on the draw. When arrested, Spears had on his person a quantity of the jewelry stolen from the Black Hills treasure coach, also a gun which had been taken from Gale Hill after he was wounded.



Right, Ernest A. Logan, early Wyoming pioneer, carried the mail from Raw Hide Buttes to Hat Creek on horseback, and also in a buckboard. Later, he drove the route from Raw Hide to Fort Laramie.

On the way to Cheyenne, Spears told Leach that the Canyon Springs robbery was his first and last venture of that kind and said that he had been coaxed into it by others, as he had been hard up all summer. He insisted that there were only four others in addition to himself, and said that he had failed to get his just share, as the loot was divided in his absence. His confederates told him they "didn't make much of a haul."

Spears told several stories about where the stolen gold was buried, but upon threats from Voorhees of hanging, he finally said it was on Wood River.

Despite his protestations as to his innocence of past crimes, the Cheyenne officers declared that Spears was a well known cattle thief and a "hard customer." He pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree in the killing of Hugh Campbell and received a life sentence on November 27, 1878. He served in the penitentiary at Lincoln, Nebraska, as "Alber Spurs."

In less than six weeks from the time of the Canyon Springs robbery, three-*fifths of the stolen property had been* recovered by the Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage Company — a real accomplishment, in view of the vast expanse of country which had been covered in corralling the outlaws.

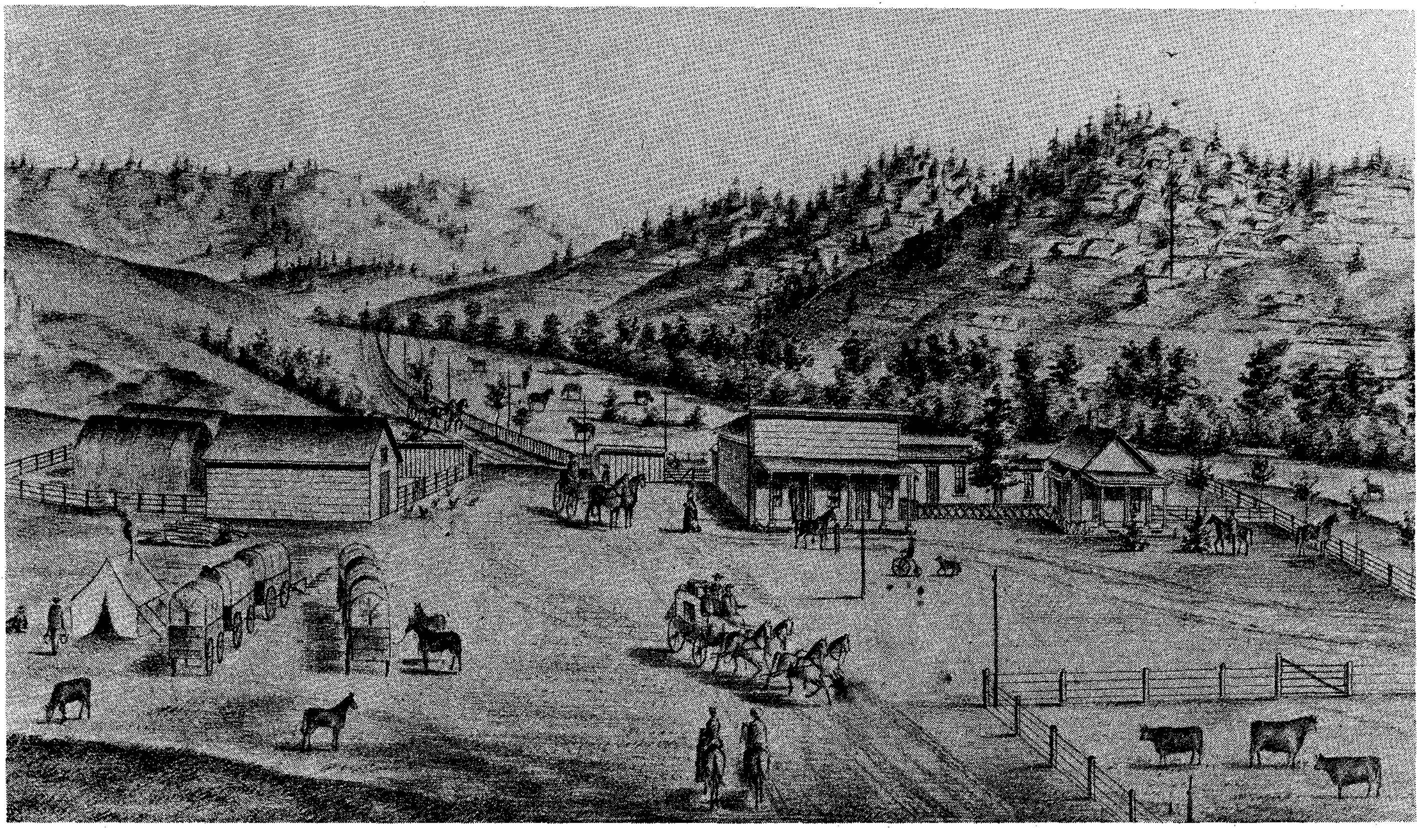
Charles Carey, said to have been the leader of the gang, and described as twenty-seven years old, with light brown hair and about six feet tall, was not apprehended.

Could he have been one of the pair

(Continued on page 52)

Raw Hide Buttes ranch and stage station, from a sketch by Merritt D. Houghton.

Courtesy Russell Thorp Collection



The Day The ROGUE

Doomed by the steady stream of settlers, miners and trappers, Chief John and his followers went on the warpath. Only the friendship of Umpqua Joe prevented a massacre

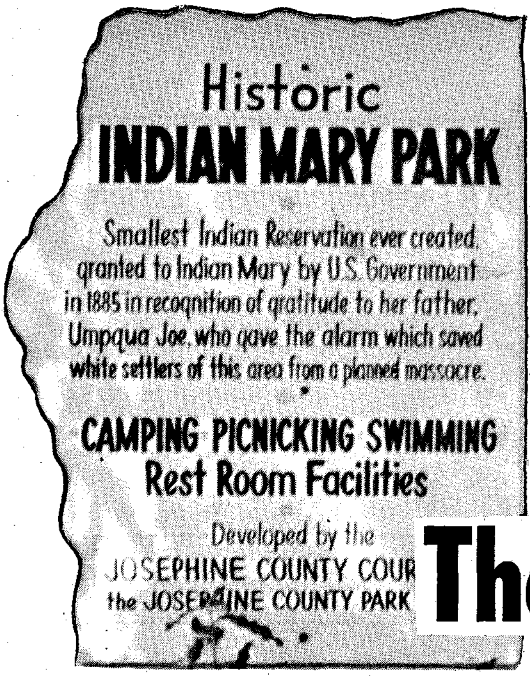
"THE INDIANS have broken loose and are killing everybody!" This shouted warning by a mud-spattered cowboy riding a lathered horse caused the busy mining town of Jacksonville, Oregon, to stand completely still. Dismounting, the shocked cowboy gasped to the crowd, "The red devils broke out of the reservation last night and killed every man along the river! Yes, and the women and children, too! They have burned all the houses and run off the cattle, and God knows what they haven't done!

"I was asleep in the old log house at Jewitt's ferry, and several others were there. Just before day, or maybe three or four o'clock, 'whish' went a bullet through the shingles! Then there was a fearful howl and a lot more guns were fired. We got down on the floor at first, but when the lights were brought we found we were all right and we began to fire back."

Shaking from excitement and exhaustion, he then told of seeing "a dozen Indians firing at the house. In about half an hour they left and we waited till daybreak and looked out and saw one man dead on the ground near the house."

Soon refugees from the surrounding mining camps and farming settlements in Jackson and Josephine Counties began gathering in various fortified buildings in different parts of the area. Many of them had been warned of the surprise attack by an Indian who had married into Chief John's Rogue River tribe but who had refused to join them on the warpath.

Historians of the October, 1855, assault differ in their accounts of Umpqua Joe's role in saving the lives of nearly forty miners who lived along Galice Creek. Perhaps the most authoritative of them credits Joe with leaving on foot, accompanied by his wife, as soon as news of the impending massacre reached him. Not until the seige was underway was it learned that Joe's wife had two brothers among Chief John's braves. But Joe had a quick, sure remedy to keep her from giving her kin any aid or information. He told her he'd kill her on the spot if she uttered one word!


Historic
INDIAN MARY PARK
Smallest Indian Reservation ever created,
granted to Indian Mary by U.S. Government
in 1885 in recognition of gratitude to her father,
Umpqua Joe, who gave the alarm which saved
white settlers of this area from a planned massacre.
CAMPING PICNICKING SWIMMING
Rest Room Facilities
Developed by the
JOSEPHINE COUNTY COUR
the JOSEPHINE COUNTY PARK

Courtesy Jacksonville Museum Collection

Mrs. George Harris, one of Oregon's immortalized pioneer women who defended her home and family from attacking Rogue River Indians on October 9, 1855.

Not all the white settlers ran. Very quickly a volunteer force of about twenty men were in their saddles and off at a stiff gallop for the north side of Rogue River. At Fort Lane, named after the courageous general, Joseph Lane, the volunteers were reinforced by fifty-five mounted Dragoons. The combined party soon reached the scene of the first murder. At Evan's ferry they were told of the death of a Willamette Valley man, Isaac Shelton, who'd been shot four times and had taken twenty hours to die.

From there the relief party followed a bloody trail which led away from the Indians' Table Rock Reservation. The warriors had come upon and killed two men driving a wagon loaded with apples. Their next victim was a settler named Jones. His body was discovered near his house, half devoured by wild hogs. Mrs. Jones, as she fled from the scene, had been shot, the bullet fracturing her spinal column. Falling to the ground, she had dragged herself to cover in the brush but was discovered and shot again, this time with a revolver. The second bullet struck her in the arm and she'd lain senseless, left to die by the Rogues.

The Jones homestead was set afire. A partner of Jones, O. P. Robbins, had been out in the fields hunting stray cows when he saw the flames. He lived to tell of the horror.

FOLLOWING the gruesome trail, the men from Jacksonville and Fort Lane next came upon two men who had been transporting provisions to the gold mines. The pair lay near a burnt-out wagon, and both had been scalped.

The rescuers raced toward the J. B. Wagoner place. There they found the body of Mrs. Wagoner, charred almost beyond recognition, inside the smoking ruins. The Wagoner's little daughter, Mary, had died beside her mother. Mrs. Wagoner had been forced to remain in the house when the savages set it ablaze. Tradition insists she was last seen standing before a mirror arranging her hair in resigned calm.

That same morning an unsuspecting mail carrier had gotten as far as the burning Wagoner homestead when he had encountered two other men. A little farther on they had met a band of ten or fifteen Indians, stripped and armed for war. Somehow they had eluded these savages, only to run directly into the path of a second band. Caught in the middle of the screaming warriors, they had fled into the woods and miraculously had managed to pick their way back to the Wagoner home, only to find still more Indians yelling and dancing around the burning building.

Shielded by the woody undergrowth, they cautiously headed northward until they came to the Harris homestead where they heard five or six shots being fired and saw flames lighting up the horizon. Then they had literally "flown" north to warn the settlers and travelers in the area to seek safety at the Grave

Indian Mary and oldest child, Rosetta, posed in front of their home near Grants Pass, Oregon, shortly after the turn of the century. Indian Mary's death in 1922 ended the saga of the Rogue River Indians in Southern Oregon.

Courtesy Amos Voorhies Collection

RAN RED

By M. J. BULL

Photos Courtesy Author

Creek house, as yet untouched by the day's events.

All inhabitants along the remaining portion of the road left their homes in time, although the Rogues set fire to most of the structures.

Now it was the Indians' turn to suffer. Some members of the relief party caught the Rogues hiding in brush near the site of the Wagoner tragedy. The Indians mistook them for a separate detachment and shouted a challenge. At that moment the Dragoons burst into view, and charged the redskins. After a two-mile chase, they killed six of the war party.

Galloping northward, the white men drew up at the Haines homestead. The son of a volunteer in the pursuing party —Charles D. Sexton—described the scene as it was told to him by his father.

"They beheld a sight never to be forgotten even by the bravest of the men. Mr. Haines had been murdered and scalped, and then his body thrown across a bench in the house. Three of the little boys lay near the door on the outside of the house, their heads split open with a tomahawk.

"The fourth boy, the baby of the family, lay at the east corner of the house. The Indians had taken him up by the feet and had beaten his head against one of the logs of the house. The top of the little fellow's head lay a short distance from the body. . . . The Indians made Mrs. Haines and little Mary Haines prisoners, and took them down Rogue River to Hellgate, where they scalped the little girl and threw her body over the bluff into Rogue River. They took Mrs. Haines on down Rogue River, and then scalped her and threw her body into the river. . . ."

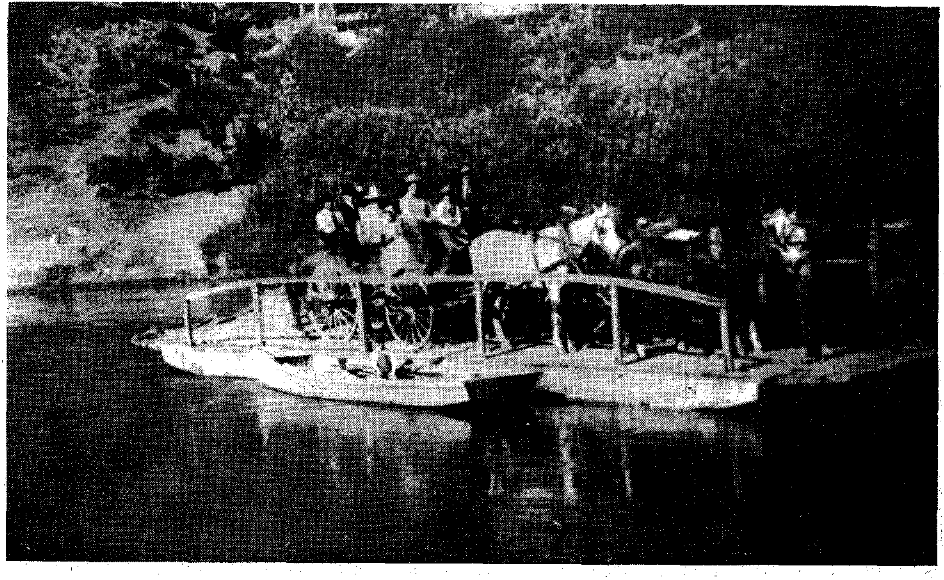
WHEN the soldiers and volunteers reached the Harris home, smoke wreaths were the only sign of life. The men, nauseated from their past experiences, had little hope of finding anyone alive. They were almost right. Inside the cabin lay the body of George Harris. At first no trace could be found of other family members or of their hired man, Frank A. Reed. At last the party discovered Mrs. Harris—grimy, disheveled, and hysterical. With her was her twelve year-old daughter, wounded and weeping.

Shortly before noon of October 9, Mrs. Harris said, four Indians had stopped at her home and asked her husband if they might borrow his gun to go hunt deer. The request was not an unusual one—Indians often borrowed the settlers' weapons for hunting, and halved their kills with the owners of the guns.

Nevertheless, Harris had been suspicious. Just as he entered the front door, the Indians had fired, mortally wounding him. His ten-year-old son, David, had last been seen running across a field. His remains were never found. Nearly a year later Frank Reed's skeleton

Ferry, as seen in the early 1900s, believed to be like the one operated by Umpqua Joe across the Rogue River.

Courtesy Elizabeth Hiller Collectior



was discovered in some woods near the Harris house.

When her husband was shot, Mrs. Harris pulled him inside the house and closed and barred the door with trembling fingers. Then she had brought all the firearms available—a revolver, a rifle, a double-barreled shotgun—and loaded them according to his instructions.

Some accounts state that Mrs. Harris had never fired a weapon in her life before that fateful day. Others say her husband had taught her how to shoot in the event of an attack. In any case, her aim was poor and she probably didn't strike any of the savages, though the shooting discouraged them from entering the cabin. They kept out of range, attempting only to toss burning brands onto the roof.

In an hour or less, George Harris had taken one last shuddering breath and died. His bloody corpse with its wide-staring eyes and expression of agony added to Mrs. Harris' desperation, but she had continued discharging the firearms, listening to the howls of the Rogues as they set fire to the outbuildings. Finally a blessed silence settled around the farm. When she was sure none of the redskins remained, she called her daughter downstairs and ran with her to a willow thicket. There the pair waited until the men from Jacksonville and Fort Lane appeared.

THUS ENDED the bloody day of October 9, 1855. The Indians plunged into the mountain country to the west, an area of craggy mountains, precipices and steep gorges, baffling thickets and inpenetrable brush.

The whites' revenge came swiftly. On October 10, a party of volunteers under the direction of Captain J. S. Rinearson scoured the country above Grave Creek. On the following day, thirty men scouted down the Rogue to the mouth of Galice Creek. Records about these expeditions conflict but one man, the son of a member, told this story:

"After having buried Mr. Haines and his boys, the volunteers took after the Indians and overtook them at Hellgate on Rogue River. The main body of Indians had crossed the river but there were canoes filled with Indians who were crossing and the volunteers killed every Indian in those canoes except three. There were two volunteers wounded in this fight, but not fatally.

"In the Indian camp at Hellgate my father and William Barton found the scalp of Mary Haines tied to a pole. My father took the scalp and buried it."

Almost a full year of fighting ensued before old Chief John surrendered. By September 1, 1856, 2,700 Indians had been placed on a tract extending from Cape Perpetua to Cape Lookout and from the Pacific Ocean to the western watershed of the Willamette. It was called Siletz.

Sickness was common at Siletz, blamed by the Indians on poor food (they said the agent was trying to poison them), venereal disease, climate changes and indolence. Whatever the reasons, out of 600 Rogue River and Cow Creek Indians taken to Siletz Reservation in 1856, only 385 were alive in 1857.

And what of Umpqua Joe, the Indian who had sided with the whites against his own race? When the Rogues were taken away, he was permitted to remain in the Rogue River Valley where he operated a ferry and raised a family. Pack trains used Umpqua Joe's ferry to take mining supplies to the Galice district.

While Umpqua Joe was a friend of the whites, he was nobody's friend when he had been drinking—which was often. Once, under the influence of "firewater," he shot and killed a white man. It was then that his old alliance with the settlers proved invaluable. Friends stood by him and managed to clear him of the manslaughter charge. This apparently took place in October, 1869.

The John Bradford family, last of the Rogue River Indians. At the time this photo was taken, in the late 1890s, Bradford said he was about 80. He recalled many incidents of the bloody Indian War years and claimed to be one of Chief John's loyal band. His squaw is at the far left, her aged mother next to her and a Crescent City, California, Indian is at right. Racks hold drying fish.

Courtesy Amos Voorhies Collection

After Umpqua Joe's daughter, Mary, became the bride of a French-Canadian named Albert Pico (or Peco), her husband and her father were at each other's throats from the very beginning. One Friday, Pico purchased a new Marlin rifle and a good supply of whiskey from a Chinese merchant, Lee Jack. Both father-in-law and son-in-law drank heavily while playing cards. Feeling the effect of the alcohol, they stumbled outside.

Pico saw two dogs chasing a mule and staggered back indoors for his rifle. Then he took aim and shot both animals. Unfortunately, one dog was Umpqua Joe's prize possession, an unusually intelligent St. Bernard named "Faust," who had left his white master, Walter Simmons, and taken up with the aging Indian. It was said this animal could be sent to town with a basket and a note for needed supplies and if he were molested by other dogs along the route, he would simply put down his basket, whip his canine tormentors, calmly take up the basket again, and continue on his errand.

Umpqua Joe was livid at Faust's death. The Indian slammed into his house and, seizing his own weapon, discharged a load of birdshot out of his old Yager and loaded it with buckshot. Just as Pico lunged against the door, Umpqua Joe fired and the younger Indian fell, his hip shattered and his blood spilling onto the doorstep.

At that same instant he fired three shots, one of which tore Joe's heart to shreds. Both men died immediately. It is thought that Mary witnessed the duel. Late that night residents of the Lower River were startled by unearthly shrieks and wailing and saw a young woman riding a white horse as she raced for help.

Time healed her scars and Indian Mary wed again, this time becoming the wife of "Indian Joe" Peters. (She was known as Mary Peters for the remainder of her life.) Mary's new husband was in partnership with a German of covetous nature. The men's mutual hunting and fishing ventures didn't keep the German from casting longing glances at the young Indian squaw.

Finally the white man forced Peters to leave the country and he "inherited" the home—and Mary. This turn of events evidently didn't upset the daughter of Umpqua Joe.

Mary was the mother of four children, one of them half-white. Her German lover cared for the family for a time, then wanderlust overpowered him and he disappeared.

Umpqua Joe's only son, known as Kelsay Joe, was killed in a fight which started in a saloon on G Street in Grants Pass. Kelsay Joe's slayer was sent to the state penitentiary after a hotly contested trial.

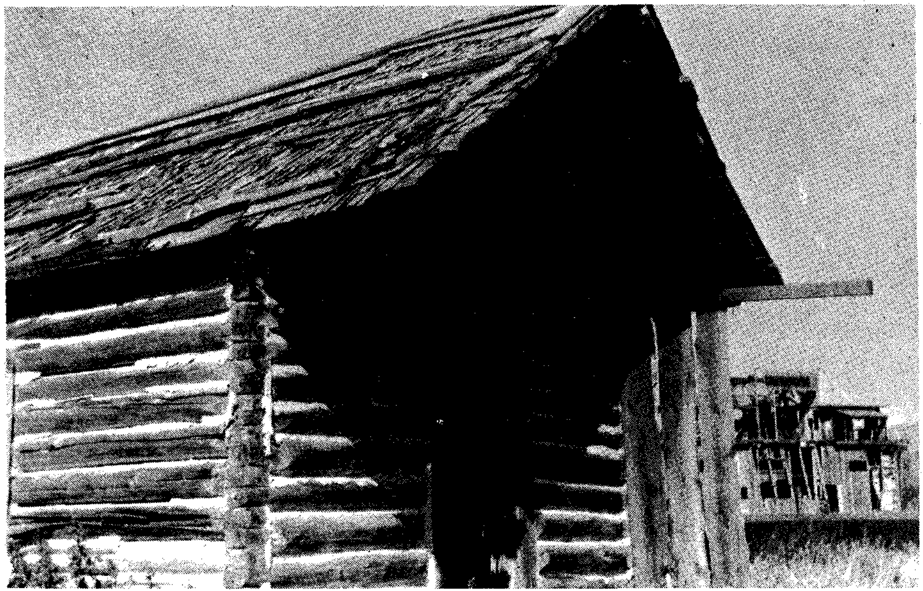
THESE DEATHS and her abandonments must have weighed heavily on poor Mary. But in 1885, in gratitude for her father's action during the Rogue River uprising, the Government of the United States—then under the presidency of Grover Cleveland—gave Indian Mary a grant to the home she had oc-

(Continued on page 52)

GOLD CREEK —OR HANGTOWN —OR AMERICAN FORK

By H. D. WERNEX

Photos Courtesy Author



Cabin and dredge on Gold Creek.

—IT'S ALL THE SAME POST OFFICE TO THE GHOSTS

NEAR the junction of U. S. Highway 10 with the road to Garrison is a marker calling attention to a site along the Clark Fork River as the location of the first gold discovery in Montana—date, 1852. It's surprising how long this secret was kept.

Knowledge of the presence of valuable minerals in the area was known to the French Government through Pierre de la Verendrye, mountain man. Fur traders and trappers along Montana's waterways, as well as Jesuit missionaries, were aware of the ore but kept the knowledge to themselves. Fur trading companies were interested in furs; the missionaries feared what a stampede of miners and prospectors would do to their efforts in bringing the white man's God to the Indian.

John Owen of Fort Owen in the Bitterroots went gold hunting and "found some" in 1852 but his secret was revealed only to his diary. Francoie Finlay, a half-breed (also known as Benetsee), is attributed with having taken the first gold flakes found in Montana from Benetsee (or Gold) Creek. When Benetsee traded his gold for tobacco and supplies, he was cautioned not to spread the news of his discovery.

In the spring of 1857 a group of miners and prospectors, including Reese Adams and James and Granville Stewart, left the California gold fields and headed back to Iowa. In Utah the group changed course, going on to winter in the Deer Lodge country where hunting was good. With the news of Benetsee's findings they packed up and moved twenty miles over and did a little prospecting and panning with the only tools they had—a broken shovel and a frying pan.

Finding gold flakes gave them reason to head for Fort Benton for a few supplies. Returning to Benetsee (Gold) Creek they scoured the gullies and gulches, and got still better results. It was then decided that James Stewart should return to Fort Benton and await the arrival of a steamer to secure a good supply of mining equipment. Granville remained at camp to construct corrals and cut timber for a cabin.

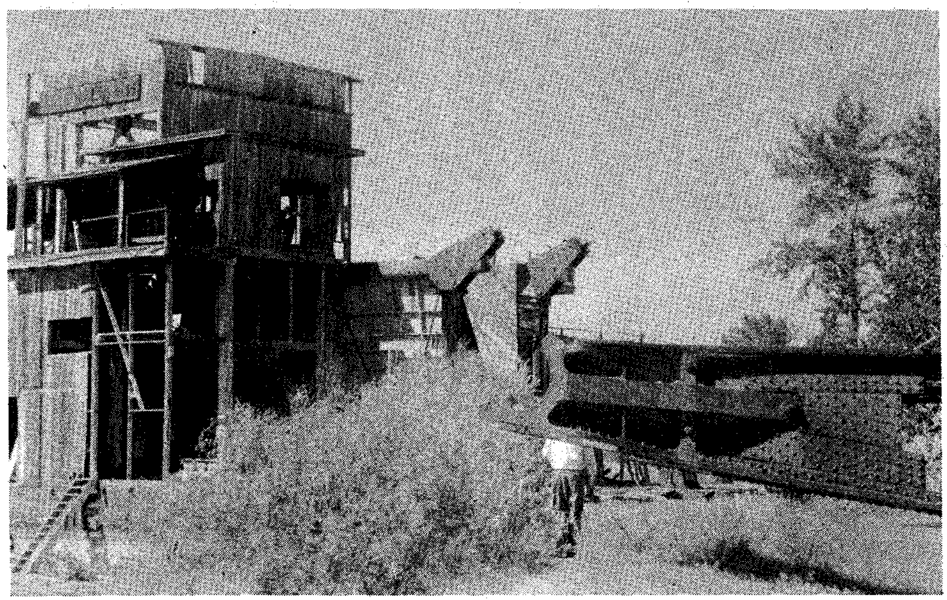
After nearly a whole summer of waiting at Fort Benton, James returned to Gold Creek with an empty pack, the steamer *Chippeway* having blown up at the mouth of Milk River. A thirsty deckhand had sneaked down into the galley, bored a hole in a keg of alcohol and filled his jug while holding a lighted candle. The ignited fumes had touched off twenty-eight barrels of black powder.

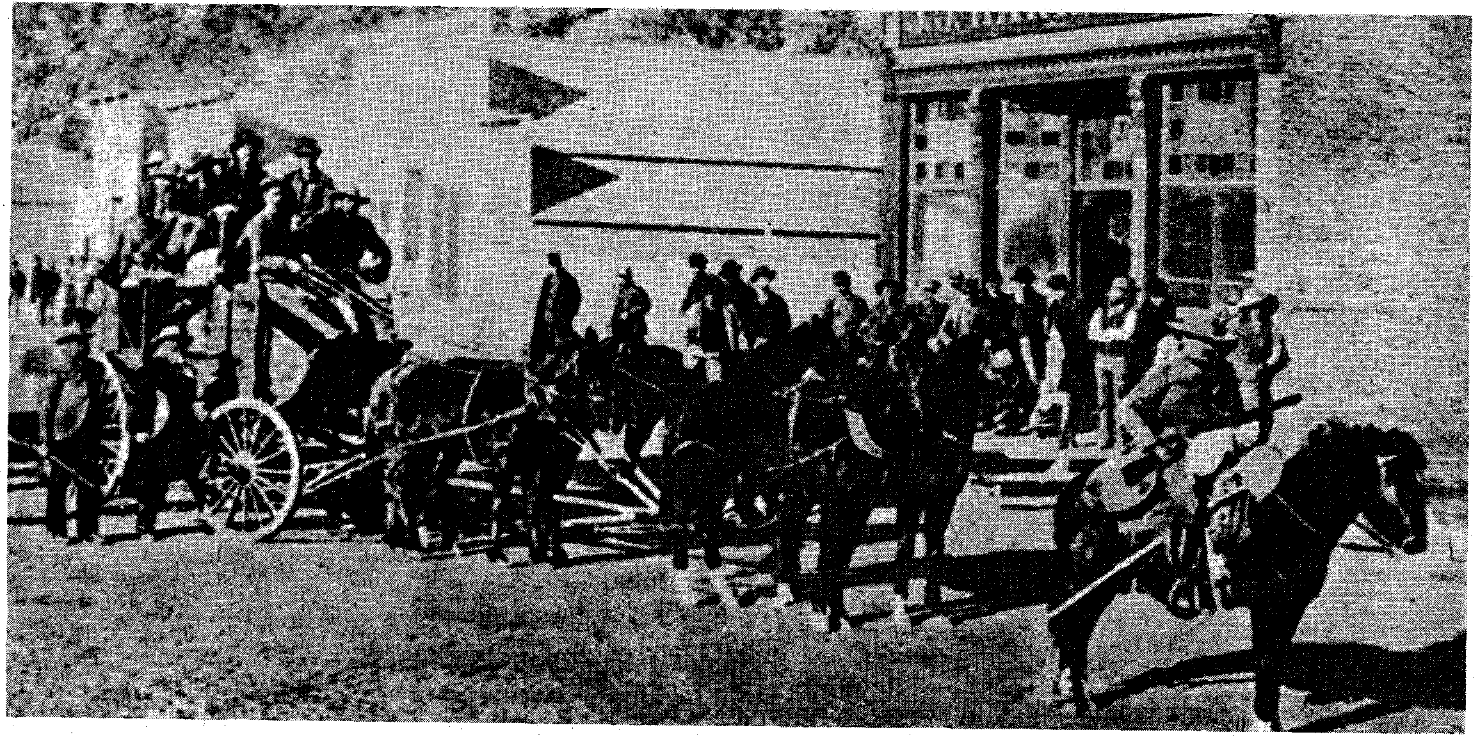
In the meantime Gold Tom, a grizzled old miner, arrived at Gold Creek from the Idaho diggings with his pack ponies and all his earthly possessions. It was the summer of 1860.

Tom made a windlass, using the only tools he carried, and put it together with wooden pegs and a rope. Having sunk a thirty-foot shaft he would slide down the rope, fill his bucket with gravel, then climb up. When a boulder

(Continued on page 56)

Wealth in gold never materialized.



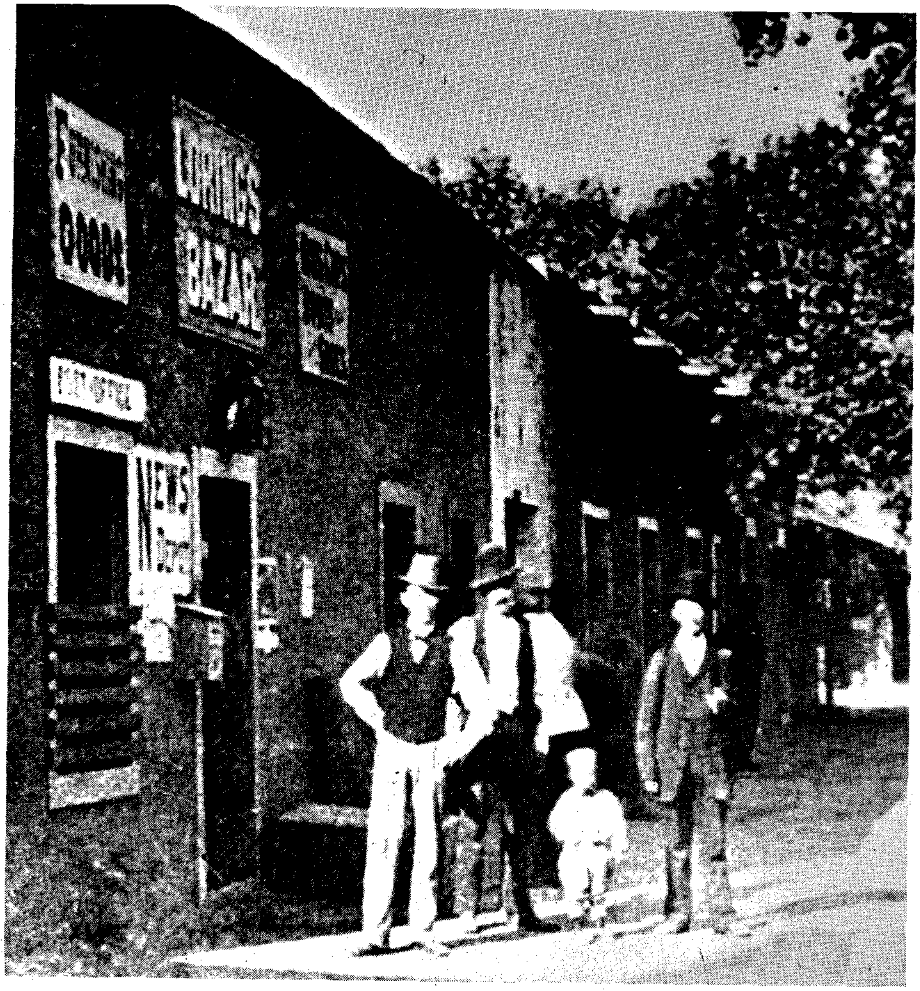


Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

This stage was held up by the "Trackless Stagecoach Bandit," the tough case solved by Garfias in 1882. The stage station was located in the H. H. Harris Store, Gillette, Arizona.

FASTEST GUN IN PHOENIX

Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

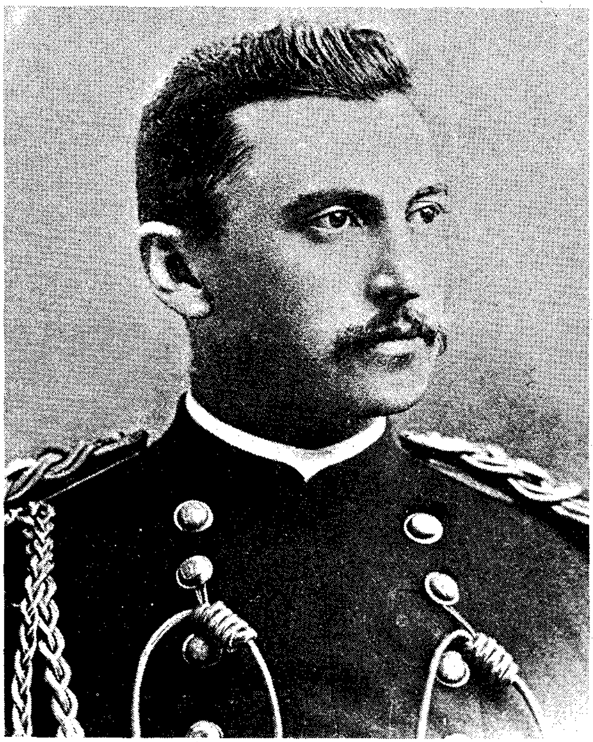


By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

He never went out for a wanted man who didn't accompany him back—dead or alive!

From left to right: George Lorning, owner of Lorning's Bazaar, Henry Garfias and unidentified man.



William O. (Bucky) O'Neill was Garfias' friend and offered to risk his life to help him in a gunfight.

Thomas E. Campbell, noted Arizona politician, was a friend of Garfias.

FIVE-FEET, nine-inches tall, slender but muscularly strong, craggy, mustached, Henry Garfias in no way resembled a gunfighter or tough frontier lawman. Stalwart and honest, a Californian of Castillian descent, he pinned on a constable's badge at twenty-three and set out to tame Phoenix. Obligingly, the town gave him an early opportunity to act.

Phoenix in 1874 was a small desert trading center of 1,500 people. Hardcases, killers and thieves were thick in what was known as "Whiskey Row," the north side of Washington Street between Center and First. When a free-for-all started in the Capitol Saloon, Garfias was sent to quiet things down. Without hesitation he pushed his way into the milling throng and shouted, "Quit it and stand still!"

He got instant attention. The fighting stopped and the combatants turned to face the little constable. A giant Mexican, sombreroed and dressed in silver-decorated clothes, pushed through to challenge him.

"Look who's here!" he roared. "You, start dancing and you'd better cut some fancy steps ahead of this lead!"

As the man started to draw, Garfias warned, "Don't do it!" But the gun kept clearing leather and a six-gun's explosive report filled the saloon. The Mexican toppled to the floor, dead. Garfias' hand had scarcely seemed to move.

A friend of the deceased rushed forward, screaming curses, and opened fire. Garfias dropped him also, but did not shoot to kill.

"Don't start any more roughhouses down here," Garfias said quietly to the patrons at large. "If I have to come back, there will be serious trouble." With that as an ultimatum, he walked out, his reputation as a lawman secure.

Sometime later an inbound stage reported it had been held up in the Salt River bottoms. Garfias rode to the scene of the crime and traced the tracks of three mounted men west until sundown forced a halt. The following day, he caught up to the robbers, who were drinking in a Wickenburg saloon. They resisted arrest with flaming guns. One body was taken back to Phoenix tied across a saddle; a second victim went there wounded. The third man had sense enough to throw his hands into the air when he failed to bring Garfias down.

FOR entertainment in frontier Phoenix, the population raced horses or held a Mexican chicken pull on Sundays. On the second Sabbath in May, 1879, most of the citizens lined the few short blocks of Washington Street to watch the start of a match race. Suddenly a rider broke into the open, unleashed a long cavalry saber, and charged into the crowd at breakneck speed.

"Muerte a los gringos! (Death to the Americans!)" he yelled.

Before officers reached the scene, eight men lay wounded in the dirt street. The Mexican, tentatively identified as Juan Gallegos, had raced on to escape apprehension.

Within a few minutes, Garfias had learned that the "Saber Slasher" was not a local Mexican. Undoubtedly he had headed for Old Mexico and Garfias proposed to try cutting him off.

It was a chase of 200 miles, leading the lawman southeast of Phoenix and around Tucson onto the San Pedro River. Three days after beginning the ride, Garfias reached the international line ten miles west of Naco. The Saber Slasher had crossed an hour ahead of him and gone on to a river settlement a few miles distant.

Mexican officers at the border warned Garfias that the place was a notorious hideout. Besides, the American had no extradition papers for the Saber Slasher even if he captured him, which they considered impossible. Garfias said that he would look around anyway.

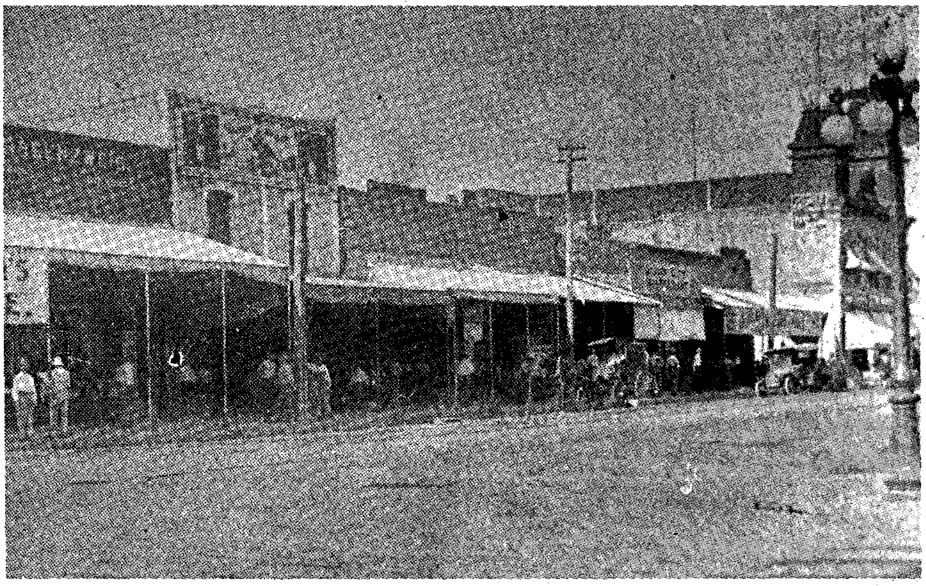
The lawman mingled with the rough throng and located the outlaw, a huge man fancily attired and sporting a long pointed mustache. Soon they were drinking together.

About midnight Gallegos declared he felt a little woozy and wanted to go to his camp in the hills. Garfias—like a good friend—went out to help the killer onto his horse. They staggered outside arm in arm.

Once out of sight of the tavern, Garfias knocked the Saber Slasher senseless and gagged and bound him. Despite the big Mexican's weight, Garfias managed to boost him into his saddle and lead him across the unfenced border west of the customs station.

Of necessity, the trip back to Phoenix was made by slow stages. Gallegos was held in the crude jail without formal charge while his victims fought for survival from their wounds. Before one of them did die, the Saber Slasher made a break for freedom.

The small jail, constructed of unplaned lumber resting on blocks about sixteen



Phoenix's saloon row "... hangout for hardcases, killers and thieves."

inches off the ground, stood on a vacant corner between the plaza and Whiskey Row. The floor of two-by-four timbers had an opening four-feet long by two-inches wide and the covering piece of scantling could be lifted out to sweep trash through it.

One morning the lawyer hired to defend the Saber Slasher asked permission to talk to his client. Garfias accompanied Jailer "Hi" McDonald to bring him out. McDonald unlocked the chain door and stepped inside, Garfias at his heels.

The Saber Slasher stood facing them, the loose timber ready to strike. Had it landed, the jailer would certainly have been killed, but—as luck would have it—the Saber Slasher had raised his weapon too high and it caught momentarily on the flat ceiling. McDonald jerked his gun but Garfias beat him to the draw. McDonald's belated shot made the Saber Slasher's death a certainty.

Rumors spreading through the Mexican section of Phoenix declared the Saber Slasher had been deliberately murdered by the officers. Wild talk spread that *paisanos* were gathering to wipe out the Americans in revenge. Despite a menacing throng, Garfias arrested the two leading rabble-rousers and lodged them in jail.

One night during the last week in August, 100 vigilantes captained by Marion Slankard surrounded the jail. They were after the slayers of two prominent men. After overpowering the jailer, they took charge of the pair and also took along the Mexican mob leaders. The four were put in a wagon and the two killers hanged to cottonwood trees on Washington Street. The two mob leaders cowered in the wagon, sure they were scheduled to meet the same fate. Instead each was handed a canteen of water and told to leave the country. The vigilantes then proceeded to clear Phoenix of outlaws, petty thieves and hardcases.

A CRIMINAL named Oviedo, however, managed to escape their net. Garfias had arrested him a number of times on charges varying from robbery to murder, but Oviedo always had escaped punishment because witnesses clammed up, afraid to testify against him.

Oviedo bragged around town that lawmen could do nothing to him. Then another warrant, charging him with a knifing murder in adobe town, was issued and handed to Garfias.

"Oviedo has sworn to kill me on sight," he cautioned the sheriff. "The chances are that he will open fire when I approach. I will have to kill him. Do you want him alive or dead?"

"Get him anyway possible!" he was told.

Alone, Garfias went down Jefferson Street and across Center to an adobe *tendejon*. Oviedo was there. Hiding behind a crowd at the plank bar, the cutthroat grabbed a double-barreled sawed-off shotgun. Bystanders hit the floor en masse as he fired at Garfias.

While buckshot whistled over his head, the nervy officer put two bullets through Oviedo's midsection. The badman never got a chance to pull the second trigger. The fact that Garfias was a extraordinarily fast gunman undoubtedly saved his life that night.

In the spring of 1881, four tough Texas cowboys who had been run out of New Mexico arrived in Phoenix and camped on the river. They would get drunk on Whiskey Row, shoot out lights, and maul innocent citizens. During one of their sprees, Garfias, now the town marshal, got the drop and made them pay for damaging a saloon. He ordered them to stay out of town thereafter. But the next morning a warning reached him that the cowboys were liquoring up in camp and were going to shoot up the town that night and kill the city marshal if they could find him.

William O. (Bucky) O'Neill, a reporter on the *Phoenix Herald*, was in the marshal's office the night the four cowboys came racing down the street, shooting out lights, shattering windows and yelling.

One biographer says that a scared rider brought the news to the office, but none of the county officers would risk their lives helping Garfias. Indeed, Garfias is pictured as most reluctant to face the wild, shooting cowboys, but young O'Neill grandly buckled on a gun and rushed outside to meet the bloodthirsty riders. He allegedly fired the first shot and then, with Garfias' help, vanquished the four desperadoes.

What really happened is that O'Neill did offer aid to his friend but Garfias, knowing Bucky was as green as grass and sure to get himself killed thanked him for the offer and declined it. He left O'Neill in the office and went forth alone.

According to historian James A. McClintock, who was present at the final scene, Garfias jumped on his horse and galloped up the street to confront the cowboys. Closing in, he declared them under arrest. All four immediately opened fire at close range. In the brief fight that followed, the city marshal was wounded, one cowboy was killed, another fatally shot, a third scratched, and the fourth sat his saddle with his hands pushed into the air as high as he could reach.

THAT same year Garfias accepted appointment as a deputy under Sheriff Lindley H. Orme and was retained by his successors. His next big activity was the "Case of the Trackless Stagecoach Bandit." No shooting or bloodletting occurred in this series of crimes forty miles north of Phoenix.

The little mining town of Gillette stood on the Agua Fria River at the foot of the Bradshaw Mountains in Black Canyon. A lone masked bandit held up an incoming stage for the $20,000 payroll consigned to the Swilling Mine. Three weeks later the bandit took the Tiptop Mine payroll of $25,000 off the same stage. Investigating officers could find no trace whatever of the daring highwayman. He appeared out of the rocks beside the road before the stage swung downriver to Gillette.

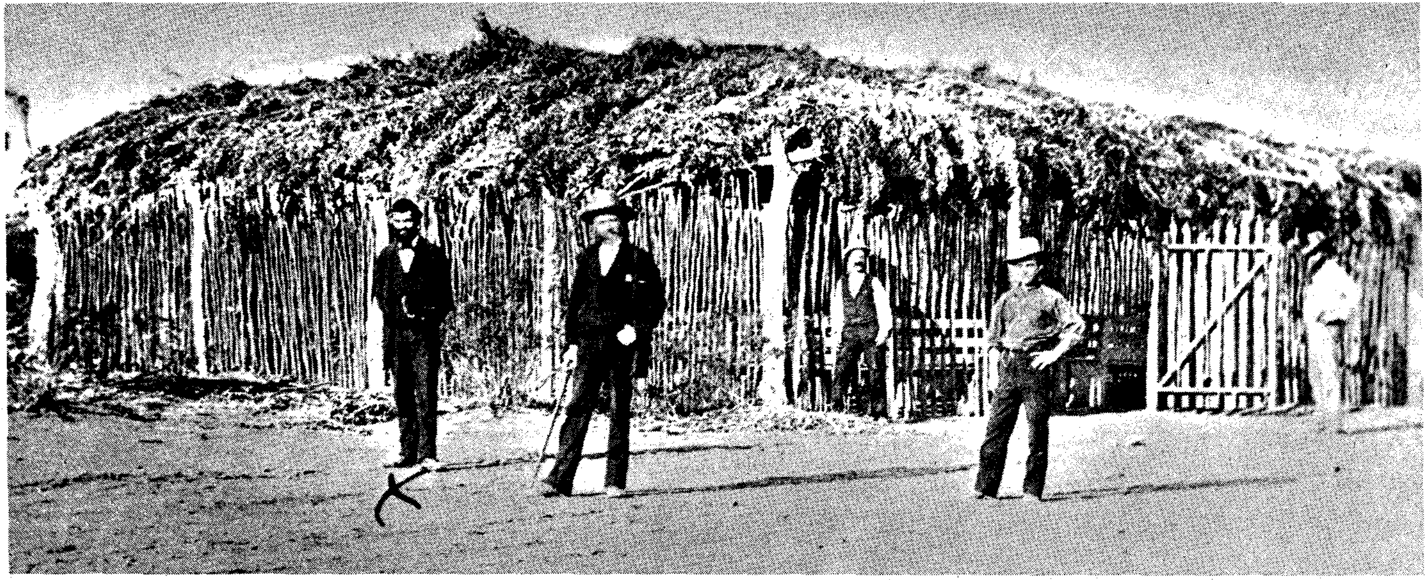
It was decided that two men must be involved. One held getaway horses in the river while the other robbed the stage. The county sheriff personally investigated the second robbery. Along with the mine managers, he concluded that following the second holdup the bandits had left the territory to spend their loot elsewhere.

Then the lone bandit took $22,000 from a stage on February 15, 1882. Garfias was immediately dispatched to Gillette to unravel the mystery.

On the Agua Fria, he made himself at home and listened to local gossip. In his opinion *no* bandit could disappear without a trace.

Inspecting the scene of the robberies, the brush and trees surrounding the great pile of black rocks against the river, he discovered that the coach had to cross the river near the rocks where the bandit always appeared, pass around the pile and circle natural obstructions nearly three miles into town. A man would have time, in other words, to complete his crime and get back to town before the stage arrived.

Dark-eyed, brown-skinned small fry,



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

This Presbyterian Church, in the small farming village of Phoenix, 1874, was built of cottonwood posts and willows, with roofs and walls of ocotillo.

children of the Mexican employees of the mines and mill, were always playing in the road and on vacant lots. They were keenly observant, especially of the goings and comings of Americans. Garfias made friends with them, and one day they told him that blacksmith Henry Seymour had gone hunting the afternoon of the last robbery, carrying gunnysacks under one arm and a rifle instead of a shotgun to hunt quail and rabbits. They were puzzled how he had expected to shoot many quail with a .30-30 Winchester. Garfias grinned happily, gave the kids another sack of candy, and returned to town.

Hunting quail with a rifle indeed! Garfias prepared a clever trap. The local part-time deputy sheriff was assigned to watch the blacksmith shop from concealment on high ground. Garfias then contrived to get a leak to Seymour that a special payroll shipment would be coming in on a certain stage.

The afternoon that the "special stage" was due, the watching deputy hastened to Garfias with a report that Seymour had gone hunting, packing a rifle and gunnysacks.

Garfias nodded, "Let's get into hiding in the rocks while he is still on the way there."

Hiding in some brush at the edge of the rock pile, the lawman lay doggo, hearing nothing. But as dusk gave way to night and the stage clattered across the river, the bandit appeared as though by magic.

Leveling a rifle, he ordered the stage to stop and told the whip to toss off the payroll. As it fell to the roadside, Garfias shoved a gun muzzle into the masked man's ribs. It was Seymour; he had bound his feet with the gunnysacks and thus had been able to move soundlessly, without leaving a trace on the ground. After each robbery he had made his way quickly into Gillette ahead of the stage.

Seymour refused to talk. His shop and small dwelling were searched thoroughly but none of the loot taken in the three holdups was found. Seymour had not been away from Gillette since the first stage had been robbed. Garfias was convinced the money was buried around the shop or the house.

Still keeping his mouth shut, Seymour was tried in District Court in April, 1882, and drew a sentence of ten years in territorial prison. The disappearance of the $67,000 remains a mystery.

GARFIAS' toughest pursuit made headlines in Arizona but few details ever were released. Almost alone he tracked down and wiped out the bloodthirsty Valenzuela gang.

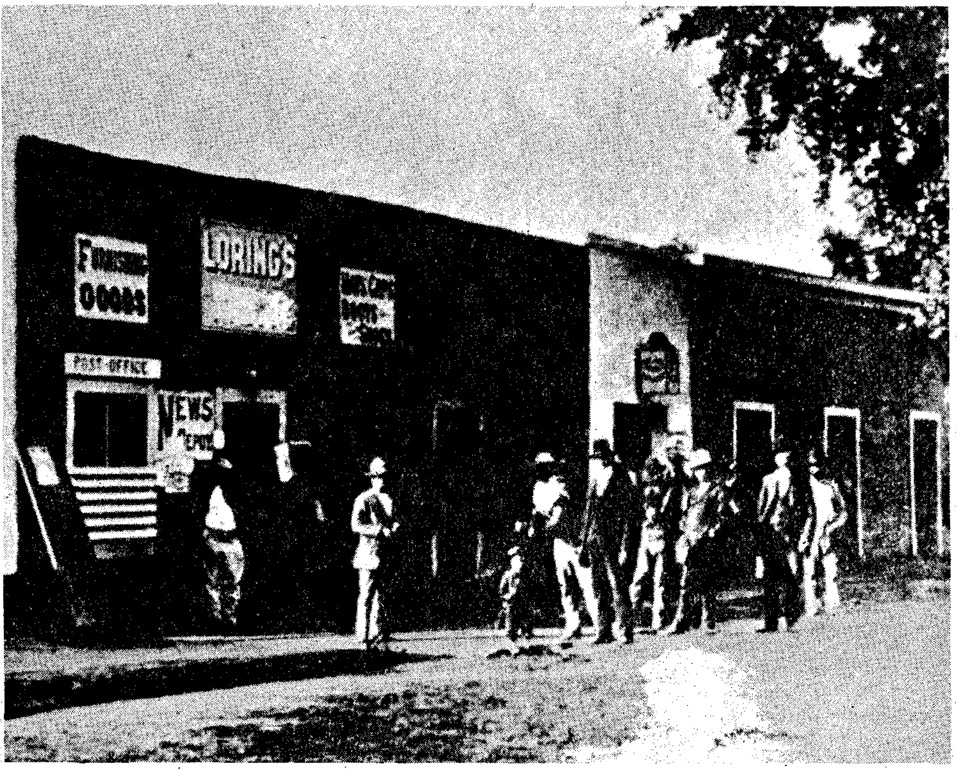
He was not on the case when the Valenzuela brothers, Francisco and Ynocente, began their murderous operations in 1885, since their activities were confined to adjoining Yavapai County. The Valenzuelas hid out near Stanton in the Antelope Hills.

S. P. Stanton operated a small store in Mexican adobe town there and Barney Martin and his family kept the stage station and another store, a much

(Continued on page 57)

The man standing under "Hats, Caps, Boots" sign is Bucky O'Neill, reporter for the Phoenix *Herald*. On the far right, the adobe building with the three doors was the City Marshal's office, Garfias' headquarters.

Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

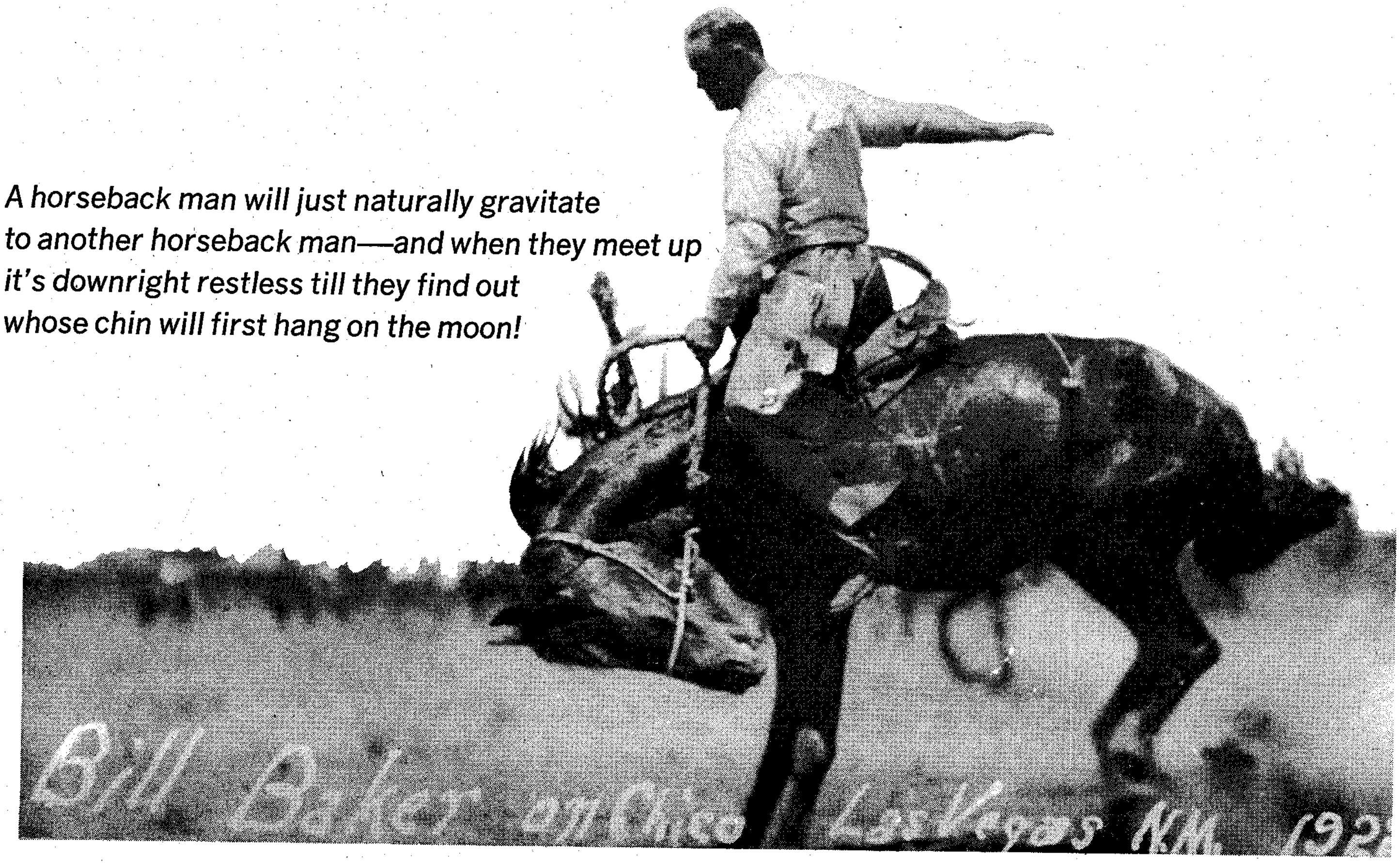


"GIT FER VEGAS, COWBOY!"

By S. OMAR BARKER

Photos Courtesy Author

A horseback man will just naturally gravitate to another horseback man—and when they meet up it's downright restless till they find out whose chin will first hang on the moon!


Bill Baker on Chico Las Vegas N.M. 192

SOMETIME, somewhere in the dim, unrecorded past, perhaps thousands of years ago, a prehistoric man (probably named Tex) got to wondering how come he was made with only two legs and split up the middle. Then one day he saw a horse, or maybe a *dinosaurus saddlebackus*, and the great truth dawned upon him: *man was born to ride!*

Whether he was of common clay
Or chieftain of a clan,
Uncommon he became that day:
The world's first horseback man!

Thus rodeo was born, and that first bronc rider must have put on a plumb shaggy show! Whether Ishmaelite, Tartar, Saracen, Chevalier, Knight, Conquistador, Cavalryman or Cowboy, down through the ages the horseback man has been a breed apart, with the American cowboy a tophand on the list.

Tracing the development of the cowboy contests that we call rodeo today is something like trying to pick out the trail of a certain horse among the tracks of a mustang herd made last year just before a sandstorm. Rodeo, now a major American sport, has come up by many trails in many places. We do know, however, that it is the salty offspring of the old-time cowhand's daily work with cattle and horses.

My own recollections of rodeo in New Mexico center around the old Las Vegas Cowboys' Reunion, first staged on July 4, 1915. It was a ripsnorting contest and a real ranch-folks Reunion, with more camper-outers than hotel-stoppers in town. All, or nearly all, the contestants were working cowboys from New Mexico ranches. The Reunion was unique among rodeos in that only cattle-owning ranchmen could serve on its eleven-man board of directors.

Memory stumbles at recalling the names of all those salty old-timers who served on that board, or of the young cowboys who raised the arena dust during the Cowboys' Reunion's years of glory. I trust I may be forgiven for worthy names left out, but I think it is a part of rodeo history to name some I do remember. So here goes:

Walt Naylor, Jim Shoemaker, Con W. Jackson, Jim Whitmore, Butch Jones, Art Wilson, Ralph Currie, Brite Bagley, Sid Dennis, Burton Brown, Perry Brite, Roy Lynam and his father (whose first name I can't recall), Jim Leftwich, George Rusby, Bill Springer, Colonel Wheeler, Sheriff Lorenzo Delgado, Harry Johnson, Buster Brown, Doughbelly and Van Price, Dick Carroll, Alvin and Fred Naylor, Skeeter Bill Williams, Warren Shoemaker, Salem and Charley Curtis, Theo. Berlier, Dee and George Bibb, Mike Cunico, Henry and Cliff Neafus and their father, whose first name I have forgotten.

A non-cowboy healthseeker named Phil LeNoir served the first few years as secretary and created the Reunion's famous slogan: "Git Fer Vegas, Cowboy!" J. R. Williams, famous cartoonist, creator of "Out Our Way" was a guest of the Reunion one year and—like the good sport he was—entered the calf-roping. He didn't catch his calf but he made a noble try and proved to the folks that he'd been on a cowhorse before.

Then there was Tex Austin, whose experience in the Reunion rodeo for several years was the stepping stone for his flamboyant career as one of the greatest rodeo promoters in history—maybe even the greatest. In his later years, Tex owned the Forked Lightning Ranch at Pecos, New Mexico, now the property of Mr. and Mrs. Buddy Fogelson, sometimes identified as "Greer Garson and her husband."

Dee Bibb, who competed in practically all the Cowboys' Reunion shows, tells me that Tex Austin was born in St. Louis, and that his real name was Clarence Van Nostrand. Just when he hooked on to the name "Tex Austin" is not clear, but *why* he did it seems obvious—he wanted his name to sound Western and cowboyish so he picked one that simply couldn't miss.

With a honing for adventure in his big gizzard, Tex went to Mexico and threw in with Pancho Villa. When Villa's grandiose schemes collapsed, Tex was left stranded in El Paso. There he joined up with Tommy Greer to operate a livery stable. Probably his first go-round as a rodeo promoter was when he and Greer staged a contest in Juarez, Mexico.

When Tex landed in Las Vegas, a couple of local cowhands, Dee Bibb and Butch Jones, sort of took him in hand and nursed him along in the cowboying business. Austin, a big man well over six feet tall, was never much of a feature as a ranch-working cowhand, but he did learn to wear a big hat and to sit his saddle as if born to the leather. And what he didn't know about promoting and ramrodding rodeos still isn't in the book.

I AM indebted to Dee Bibb for many of the items in this scattergun account of rodeo in New Mexico. Dee, with his charming, ranch-raised wife, Mabel, and their talented children, Dave and Betty, has long operated a cow ranch just south of Las Vegas. Besides being a champ rodeo hand of days gone by, Dee is a fiddler and guitarist in the old-time style, an incurable humorist, a man who believes in "keepin' the forked end down," and one of northern New Mexico's most respected citizens.

At the Las Vegas Cowboys' Reunion about 1927, I saw Dee bulldog three steers, all much heavier than those commonly used today, in twenty-seven seconds flat. In those days the steer was given a twenty-foot start instead of coming out lap-and-tap as in today's contests. Dee did it on a dark bay horse called Dime—because he was fast enough to turn on one. His performance under the twenty-foot rule still remains the world's record on three successive steers.

Besides contesting in all events in most of the big rodeos, including the Madison Square Garden show, Dee recalls that he, his brother George, and several other grass-raised cowpokes used to barnstorm from town to town, putting on contests for pass-the-hat money.

"In those days," Dee recalls, "you rode your bronc till you got throwed or he stopped pitchin,' even if it was tomorrow!"

In the early days of New Mexico rodeos, broncs were snubbed to a saddlehorn and saddled out in the arena by the rider himself. Often he rode his own saddle, though "bear-trap kacks" with oversize bucking rolls were ruled out even then. From riding to a finish, the rules gradually came around to timed

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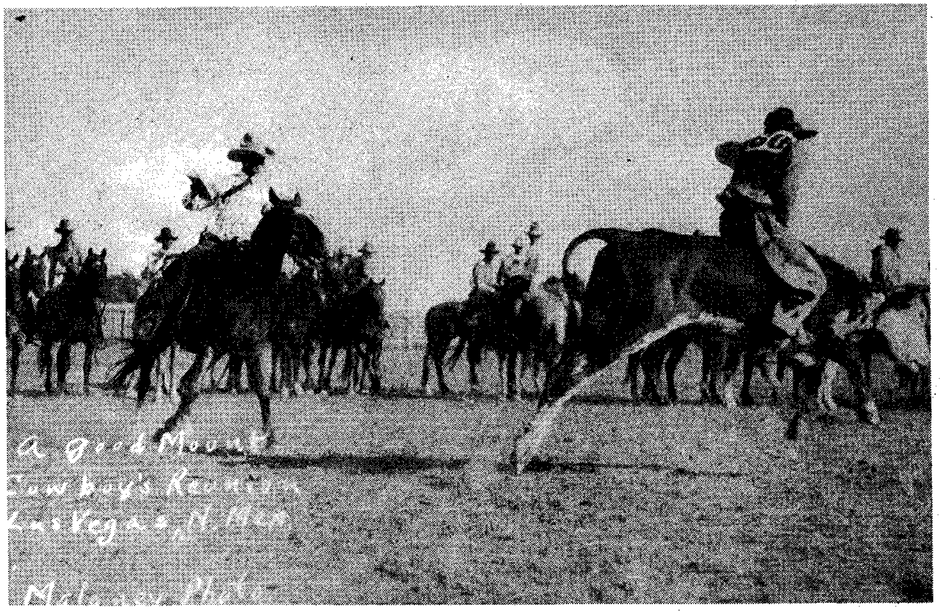
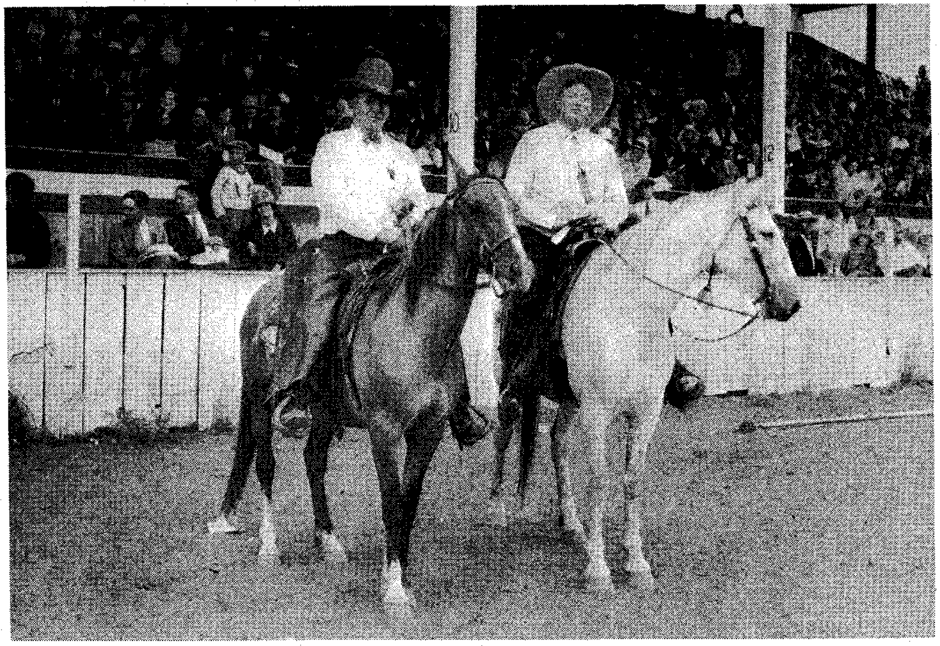
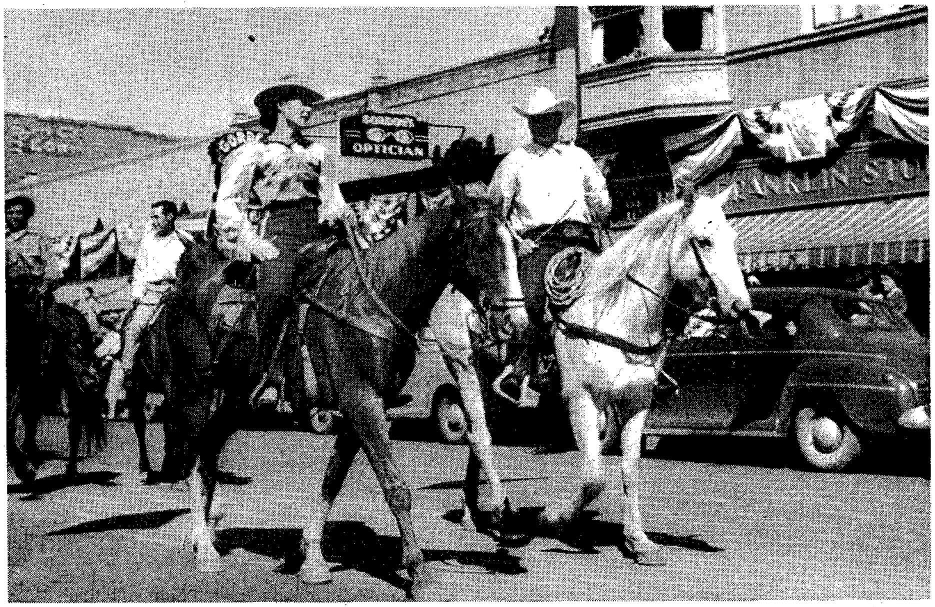
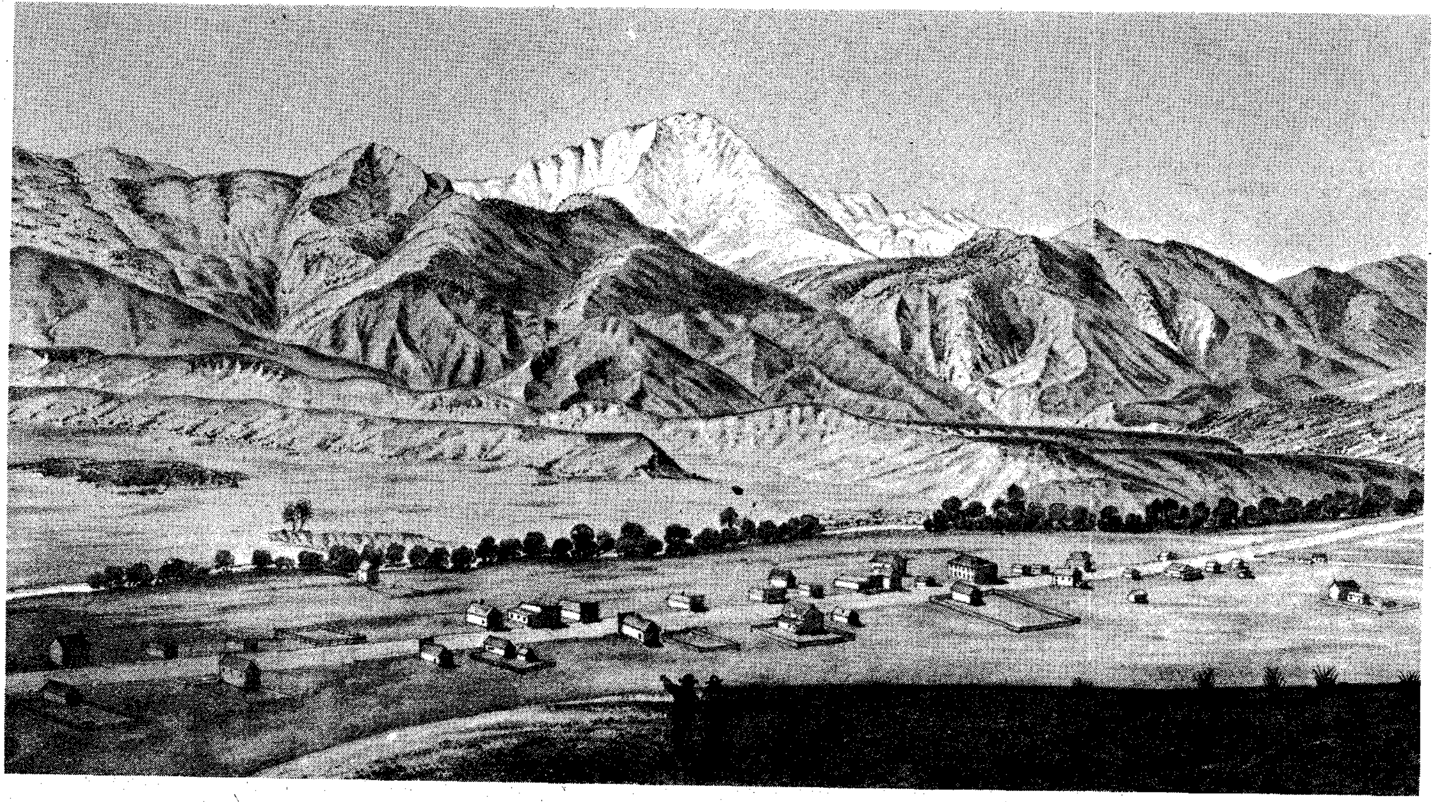






Top Right: Steer ride at the Las Vegas Cowboys' Reunion, 1916.
Middle right: Las Vegas Cowboys' Reunion, 1921. Left: J. R. Williams, cartoonist of "Out Our Way"; Right: Con W. Jackson, President of the Reunion.
Bottom right: Las Vegas Cowboys' Reunion Parade. Dee Bibb rides with daughter Ruth, Queen of the Rodeo.



Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Hills overlooking Colorado City and facing Pikes Peak, about 1870. Drawing by A. E. Mathews.

It seemed likely that if the Arapahoes didn't get him, old devil booze would—but the "likely" didn't happen

By W. G. HUTCHINSON

AN IRISHMAN IN INDIAN COUNTRY

IT WASN'T unusual to see the Judge happily swaying from side to side in the saddle as his old gray mare plodded back to his tiny sheep ranch from Colorado City. It wasn't even unusual for him to fall and sleep his snootful off on the ground beside the trail, guarded by his horse and loyal dog.

"Judge" W. H. Baldwin was known as a man of independence with a love for that liquid which cheers and inebriates, but he soon made his mark among residents of the new town on the frontier by his friendliness and oratorical ability. An Irishman by birth, the Judge came to the United States from Australia by way of South America where, rumor had it, he had been a wealthy rancher. Be that as it may, he arrived in Colorado as poor as a western churchmouse.

Baldwin won fame through his survival of an Indian attack a year after he landed in Colorado City (1868)—all because he had previously been scalped by Indians in South America!

Indian troubles had first been reported on August 20 of that year. "Startling reports of the proximity of hostile Indians set everybody agog and citizens repaired to the town for protection," A. Z. Sheldon, a leading citizen in the pioneer community near the mouth of Ute Pass, noted in his diary on August 29.

The first victims of the uprising were Mrs. Henrietta Dieterman and her five-year-old son. Her husband and a hired man were in Denver buying furnishings for the latter's new house, which he planned to share with his bride-to-be, Mrs. Dieterman's sister.

After the men had left home, Mrs. Dieterman became alarmed over the Indian reports and started with her little boy and twelve-year-old daughter and her sister-in-law to the home of a neighbor. She had gone a short distance from the house when she remembered having left a sum of money behind; accompanied by her son, she returned to get it. As the two were on their way to rejoin the others, they were overtaken by Indians, who shot them to death and mutilated the bodies.

The tragedy occurred one week after Indians first had been reported in the area. And it was just one week later that three boys were slain and the Judge was attacked by the Indians.

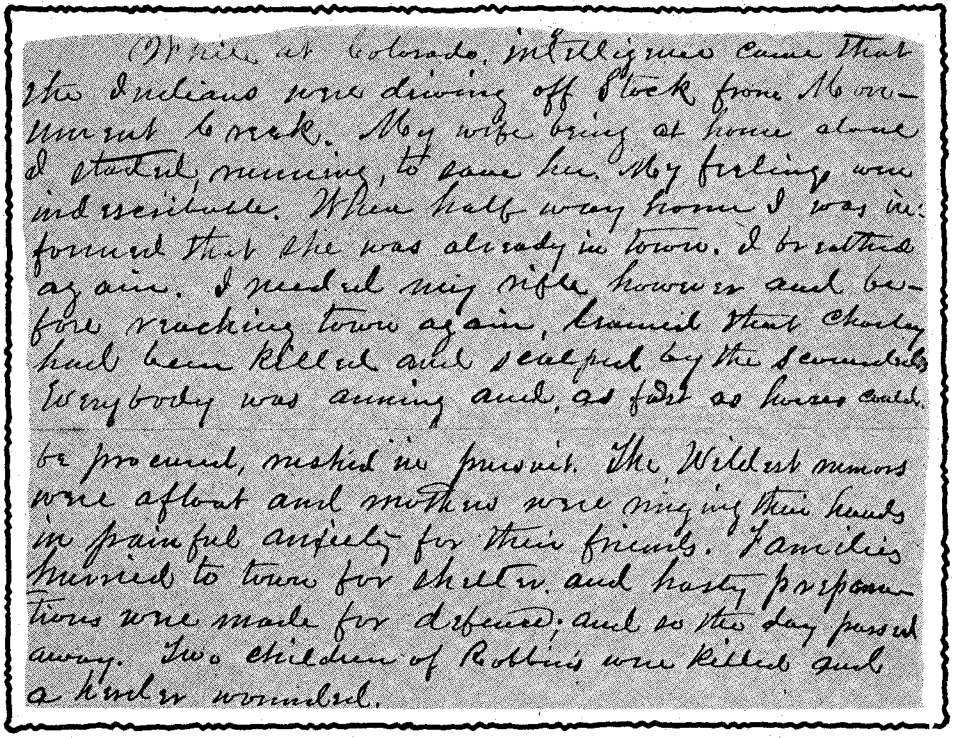
ON THAT sunny day in September, eighteen-year-old Charley Everhart left his home on Monument Creek, east of Colorado City, to look after his father's cattle which were grazing on the site of present-day Colorado Springs. He followed a trail eastward along the south rim of a high bank and had gone only about a half-mile when he saw Indians ride into view to the north. Frightened, he turned his pony and headed homeward at a gallop but his mount was no match for the Indian ponies and young Everhart was overtaken.

Everhart was knocked from his pony by a shot fired by one of the savages; another leaped from his horse, ran a spear through the boy's body, and scalped him. In the distance several residents of Colorado City looked on in horror.

Leaving Everhart, the Indians spied the Judge a short distance away, and started after him. Baldwin was mounted, and tried to escape when he saw the oncoming band, taking off one of his boots and using it to spur his horse. He was overtaken, however, and shot through the neck, but he continued to fight off his attackers, using his boot as a weapon.

An Indian finally subdued him, but as he reached down to scalp Baldwin, he drew back in surprise. His victim already had been scalped! The South American Indians had taken a small piece from the top of Baldwin's head and when his later attacker discovered this he remounted his pony and the entire group rode off, leaving Baldwin critically wounded.

Baldwin was rescued by a kindly neighbor, who took him in a wagon to



(?) While at Colorado, intelligence came that the Indians were driving off Stock from Monument Creek. My wife being at home alone I started running, to save her. My feeling were indescribable. When half way home I was informed that she was already in town. I breathed again. I needed my rifle however and before reaching town again, learned that Charley had been killed and scalped by the scoundrels. Everybody was arming and, as fast as horses could be procured, rushed in pursuit. The wildest rumors were afloat and mothers were wringing their hands in painful anxiety for their friends. Families hurried to town for shelter and hasty preparations were made for defense; and so the day passed away. Two children of Robbins were killed and a herder wounded.

Courtesy Author

This is the only reference made in A. Z. Sheldon's diary to the slaying of his brother-in-law, Charles Everhart, 18, by Indians. The same day, Indians took the lives of George and Franklin Robbins, aged 11 and 8.

Colorado City.

The Indians, after attacking the Judge, split into two groups, one riding to the northeast where it was joined by others who had acted as sentinels on nearby hills. The other group rode south down Foundation Valley.

A dozen in number, the Indians, later identified as Arapahoes, came upon the two small sons of Thomas H. Robbins—George, eleven, and Franklin, nearly eight—as they tended their father's sheep near a little creek known as Shook's Run. The boys saw the Indians emerge from the woods and began to run toward their home. They were soon overtaken.

Two of the Indians reached down from their mounts, each grabbing one of the youths by the hair, lifting him up, and putting a bullet through his head from a revolver. Dropping the lifeless bodies, the Indians rode away.

The bodies of the Robbins boys were discovered by the father when he returned home. "The last sad obsequies" were held the next day for the Robbins boys and Charley Everhart and all were buried on the mesa which overlooks Colorado City from the northeast.

Raids continued intermittently in the area until a battle in November, 1868, after which the Cheyennes and Arapahoes were placed on reservations and compelled to stay there. From then on, the settlers were not molested, but they had lost twelve or more dead; many homes were destroyed; crops rotted in the fields because it had been too dangerous to harvest them; and some 500 horses and 1,000 head of cattle had been driven away—an extremely heavy loss in a region so sparsely settled.

CARED FOR by friends, the Judge recovered from his wounds after several weeks and returned to the hogshead in front of the saloon where he held forth with discourses on territorial and national affairs.

Baldwin, who had been given his nickname for having done some judging of sheep, accumulated enough money to buy some land with a house near Austin Bluffs, northeast of Colorado City. Here he would stay until loneliness got the better of him; then he would mount his old grey mare and make his way to Colorado City for a new supply of "sociability." He was always accompanied by a shepherd dog.

The ride from his ranch to Colorado City was an easy one but Baldwin often found the return trip difficult, dropping off his horse onto the prairie when overcome by fatigue. The mare and dog, however, never deserted him.

Despite his drinking habit, Baldwin seemed to have been a man of considerable education, and retained a polite and urbane manner. He was frequently in financial distress, and to rectify the situation would hasten to his ranch where, no matter what the season or temperature, he could shear a sheep or two and sell the wool to replenish his pockets.

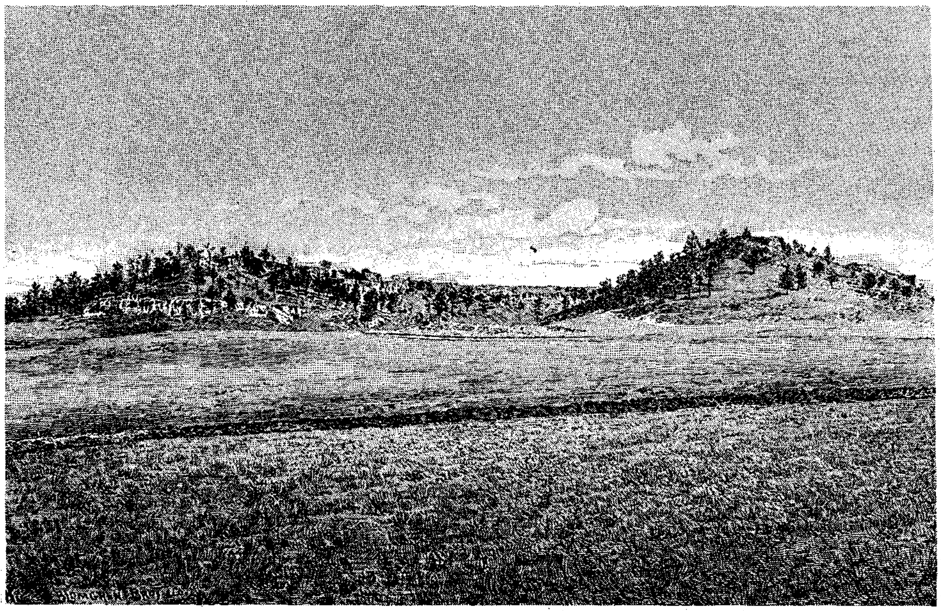
The Judge liked to sit for hours in front of his favorite saloon (when not there he was around the courthouse voicing his views). His oratory was counted on "at every public occasion" and he was especially remembered for one of his Fourth of July appearances. On that auspicious occasion, he mounted a box in the middle of the street, "his pockets filled with firecrackers, his soul with eloquence." A bystander ignited a fuse dangling from the hidden explosives. A meal bag was thrown over the Judge's head "and he found himself suddenly turned into a pyrotechnic display."

Despite his close association with alcohol, it was water which brought an end to the Judge's life. One morning, residents noticed that Baldwin's old gray mare was tied to a fence which enclosed a slaughterhouse east of the young town of Colorado Springs. After the animal had stood there until mid-day the neighbors decided to investigate and they found the Judge's body floating in a well in one corner of the building.

"A coroner's jury failed to satisfactorily clear up the mystery," said a report of the case, "but it is probable that in trying to get a drink he lost his footing and fell in. It was a strange chance that, having avoided water all his life, his death should come in this form. It shows that, struggle as we may, our fates are all decided for us."

Austin Bluffs, 1870

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection



THE

By EVE BALL

Photo Courtesy Clell Lee

FAMOUS though he is as a hunter of bears and mountain lions, Clell Lee's greatest publicity came from exterminating an animal of an entirely different type. In Tazewell County, Virginia, it was known as The Varmint because nobody had been able to determine its identity. In eleven months it had killed over 400 registered sheep valued at $32,000. The Board of Supervisors of the county had read of Dale and Clell Lee and wrote to inquire if one of their famous hounds were for sale. At that time the brothers had none to sell.

When the Chairman of the Board received their answer, he replied that an emergency existed in the Burkes Garden area of his county: a demon killer was at large. Though it had been struck by a bullet, as drops of blood proved, nobody had really got more than a fleeting glimpse of the animal, and consequently nobody knew what it was. He asked what charge the Lees would make for killing The Varmint.

Clell replied that he was available but Dale was preparing to guide a party of sportsmen on a hunt for jaguars in Venezuela. For $2,500 and expenses he would come and bring his pack. He would not guarantee a kill, however, for the Lees never did that.

In reply the Board Chairman stated that they had many and good hounds in Virginia, and had made many attempts to trail and kill the beast. He added that it made no difference whether or not the fatal shot was fired by Clell Lee, for the primary objective was ridding the area of the killer. He said also, that there would be many men wishing to join the hunt. There were even people in the country who referred knowingly to werewolves and were inclined to think the killer had supernatural power.

CLELL boarded a train at Tucson, Arizona, with Lightning Lee, Gypsy, Runt, and Freckles in the baggage car. He had selected four of his best dogs because of their superior intelligence. Not one of them had been permitted to trail wolves, coyotes, deer, or lesser game than lions or bears, and he was bit afraid they might not trail a coyote (should The Varmint prove to be one). The dogs were of a strain which the Lee family had developed for generations. From the time of Light-Horse Harry of Revolutionary fame, the Lees had owned good hunting dogs and Morgan horses. When a member of the family moved to Alabama, and his son to Texas, each took dogs and horses with him.

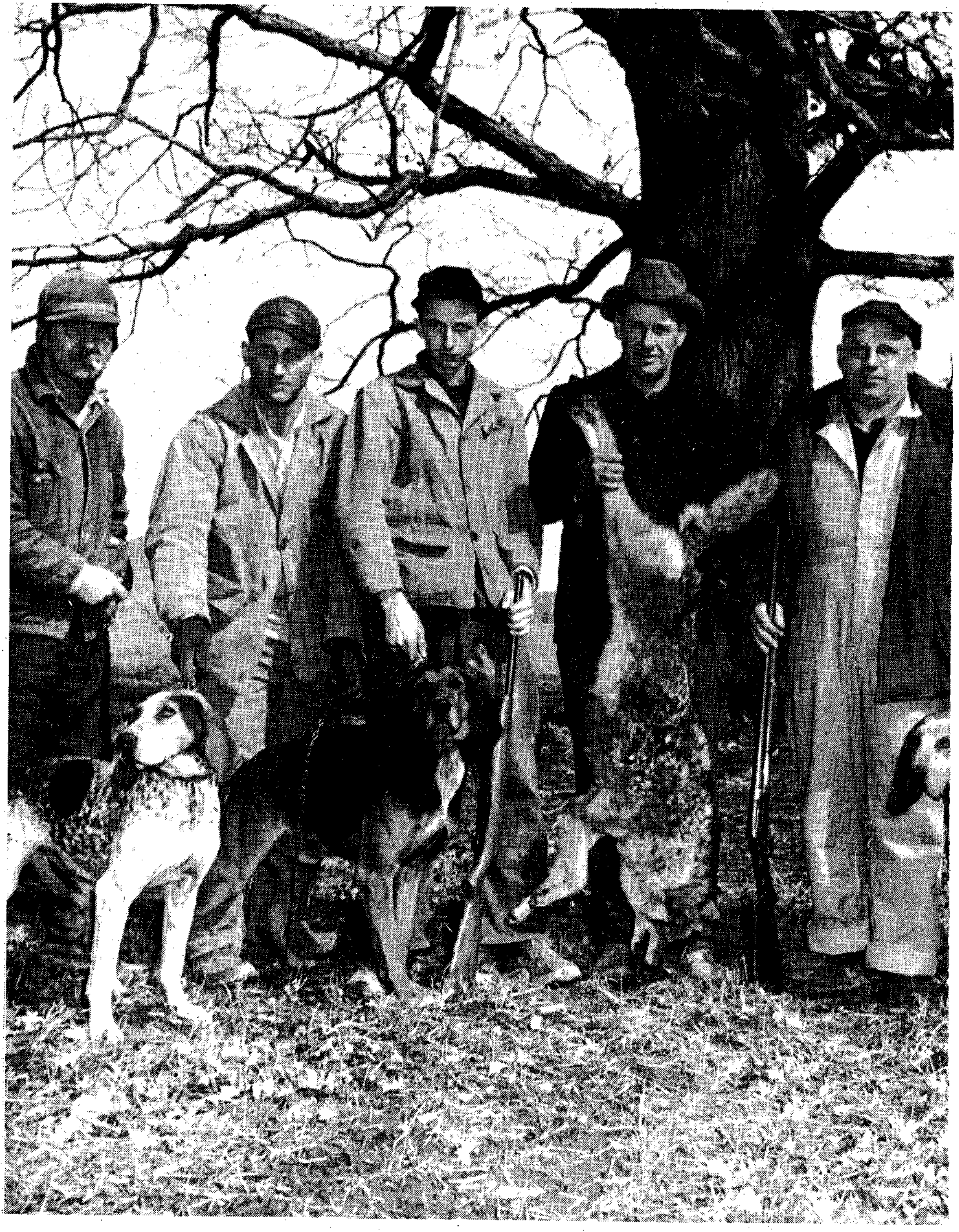
John Lee took seven sons and a daughter to southeastern Arizona and established a home in the Chiricahua Mountains, the domain once occupied by Cochise and his famous band of fighting Apaches.

Without exception, his sons became hunters though several owned ranches and ran cattle. Ernest, the oldest, and Clell and Dale, the two youngest, attained national fame. So did their dogs. The original strain had been crossed with one from the pack of Dub Evans, whose dogs were also a family tradition. To this they added the bloodhound, to give endurance and "earage." The result was a dog unexcelled for hunting predators. These animals had been schooled to trail nothing else. If, as a pup, one followed the scent of anything smaller than a lion or bear, he was punished. The lesson seldom had to be repeated. It was this refusal to hunt smaller game that caused Clell Lee to have some misgivings.

It was not, he reflected, going to be an easy task to eliminate The Varmint. Already, a technician from the United States Wildlife Commission had tried unsuccessfully to identify and kill the animal. Clell Lee suspected that his dogs were at fault. Nor were the local sportsmen, accustomed to fox hunting and treeing raccoons, more fortunate in their efforts to rid the country of The Varmint.

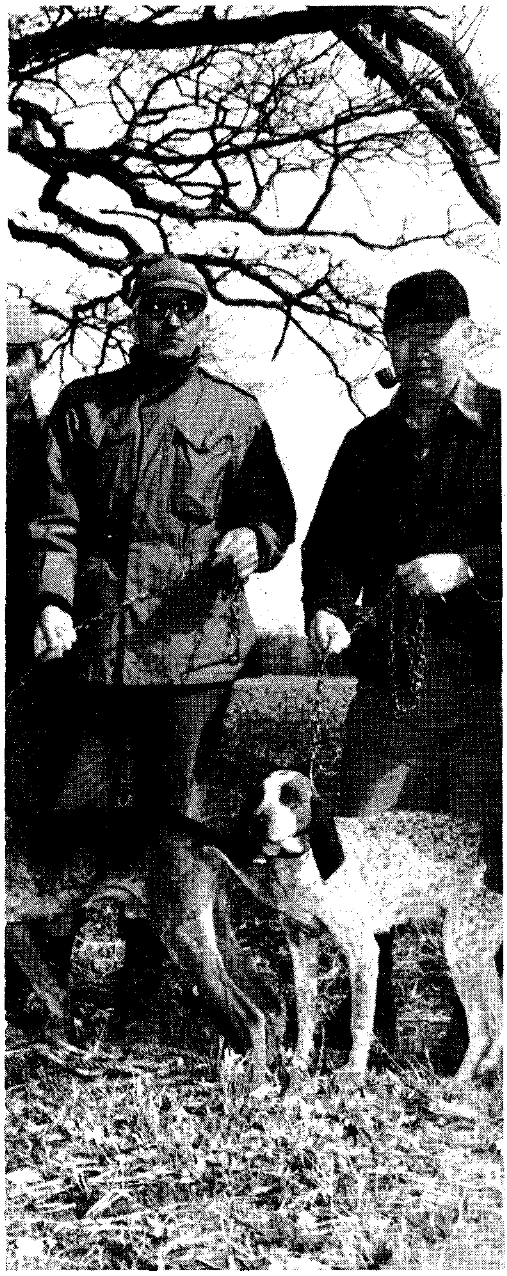
Clell, who had never been east of the Mississippi, was eager to see Virginia, largely because it was the native state of his father's family. He himself had been born and reared in a country where nobody depended upon his ancestors for recognition, a land where people founded families rather than inheriting the reputation of their forebears.

Several men met his train at Bluefield. Among them were Bowen Meeks and Joe Moss. They greeted him very formally. He could not say that they were lacking in courtesy, but certainly the easy attitude of hospitality to which he had been



Clell Lee's experience is comparable to a great mountain climber's getting famous because he rode two flights in an elevator—but that's the way publicity is!

VARMINT



Left, Clell Lee holding "the varmint." On extreme left, Bowen Meekes; on Clell's right, Alfred Jones; on Clell's left, Hugh Cox. Hounds, left to right: Freckles, Runt, Lightning, Gypsy.

accustomed was lacking. As he retrieved his luggage and pack he was more than a little puzzled by their reserve.

When Clell rejoined them, others had arrived who were much less reticent than the men who had met him, but even in them he discerned a sense of disappointment. Perhaps they expected a trapper of the Daniel Boone type, picturesque and long-haired.

Clell knew that obtaining a room at a hotel with a pack of hounds might be impossible, and was relieved when Bowen Meeks informed him that provisions had been made for him to be housed at the Meeks home.

Already the sheepmen were pouring out distressing accounts of their losses from the predator. Meeks had lost more than half his flock, all registered and valuable animals. Had he not kept them locked in his barn he had no doubt that his entire band would have been exterminated.

At the Meeks place, Clell was greeted by a gracious and charming hostess who at once convinced him that the attractiveness of Southern women had not been exaggerated.

Shortly he was ushered to the kitchen to examine a block of ice kept in the refrigerator. Imbedded in it was a frozen track. Clell examined the specimen carefully and asked where it had been obtained. Joe Moss, who had accompanied them, also looked at it closely. Meeks replied that he had cut it from a snowdrift in his pasture, and the men waited expectantly for his opinion as to what the animal might be. Clell finally told them that it had been made by a coyote.

"But we haven't had a coyote in this country for eighty years!" he was informed.

"Well, Gentlemen, you have one now," replied Clell, and added, "I'd like very much to see the place where this was found."

They went immediately to the pasture. Clell looked over the terrain without finding other tracks. It was a comparatively level plain, with patches of trees at intervals. Burkes Garden was several miles in extent and surrounded by low, timbered hills. A coyote could circle the valley, and after having made a dash into it for a kill, return to the timber and take cover.

The next morning several sheep owners and game wardens met at the Meeks home, and Clell, with his dogs, went out into the woods with them in an attempt to locate fresh sign made during the night by The Varmint. In underbrush known as the Bowen Thicket, in the middle of the valley, Clell found tracks which led to a dead calf. It had died of natural causes and though the killer had circled it, he had not touched it. Clell was surer than ever of the identity of his quarry.

He organized a hunt and asked that men be stationed at intervals along the timber line. He selected Alfred Jones, said to be an excellent shot, to accompany him. Men with packs of hounds sought to join Clell but he very quietly and courteously explained that his dogs were accustomed to working without orders and could do better if permitted to hunt as a pack. The game warden asked that all other animals be put into cars or tied. Though their owners complied with the request, it was evident that they were not very happy about not having their dogs used.

JONES watched as Clell circled to let the dogs pick up the scent. Suddenly Lightning got it, but instead of taking off he whimpered and ran to his master. Surely Clell didn't want him to follow the trail of the thing for which he had been punished? Hadn't he learned his lesson about trailing a coyote?

Clell understood the dog's protest almost as plainly as though it had been expresed in words. He patted Lightning, pushed his nose gently to the track, and told the dog to get it. Lightning was baffled, and for a few moments Clell Lee, too, had misgivings. How was he to make the hound understand that for one time he was to ignore months of training?

Again he patted the dog. "Yes, Lightning," he said, "I want you to trail. Go get him!" He gave the animal a gentle shove and, to his relief, the dog responded. Once sure that he was doing what his master wished, Lightning made no more protests. The pack followed their leader and for about five hours ran The Varmint.

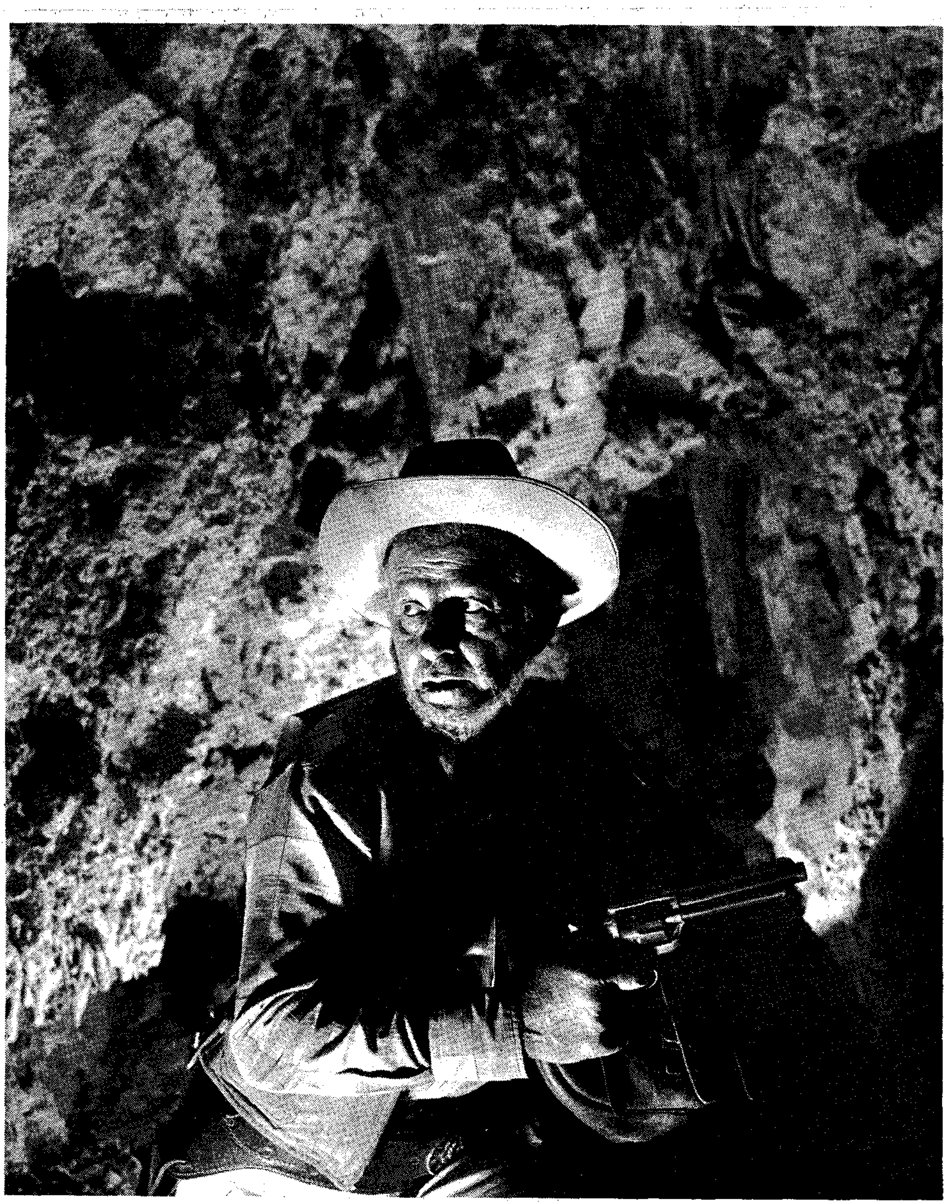
They jumped it and turned it back toward where Clell and Jones were waiting. Clell stepped quietly behind a tree and motioned for Jones to take cover. Unfortunately, the latter alerted the quarry. The Varmint changed his course, doubled back on his tracks, and disappeared under the rim. By that time it was so nearly dark that Clell called the pack back and the hunters returned to their homes.

Clell was amazed to find how many men had assembled for the hunt, and, because of their obvious disappointment,

(Continued on page 63)

THIS ROBBER

By ARIZONA BOB KUBISTA
Photos Courtesy Author



Posed photo, Courtesy Colossal Cave

Modern-day explorers often enter the cave to dig for bandit loot hidden almost a century ago.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY feet below the main entrance to Colossal Cave, Joe Maierhauser and I stepped off the walk, lit our lanterns and began to crawl through intricate and awesome passageways, seeking the legendary escape route four outlaws had discovered over eighty years before. No one had come this far into the largest dry-cave in Arizona since 1922, and the only white men known to successfully have crawled out through a second tunnel were four railroad bandits who eluded a sheriff's posse in 1884.

The going was rough; massive rocks almost completely blocked the narrow passageways in many places. Here, deep inside the Rincon Mountains, all trace of modern civilization disappeared. Fast-growing Tucson, just seventeen miles away by paved road, could have been on the other side of the earth. Buried beneath the thick layer of Escabrosa limestone, we threaded our way over huge rocks and between shapely calcite columns, then picked our way upward through a crystal forest of stalagmites and stalactites. No ropes or ladders could be used because of the many tight turns; it was hard work inching upward through the darkness.

When we put out our lanterns and sat in the darkness to rest, we felt the blackness press against our eyeballs like two large thumbs. Ordinarily, when you close your eyes, the pressure of your lids creates artificial lights. But sitting bug-eyed far below the desert floor, straining for light that isn't there, is an experience not to be forgotten. Hurriedly we lit our lanterns, and went on. Although we had to stop often, the cool 72° temperature in the dry cave made the long crawl comfortable. Forty-thousand years ago, the underground river that formed Colossal Cave finally had found an outlet and the tremendous cavern was drained of water. The only evidence of ancient streams can be seen at the cave's lowest level, where sandy streambeds lead off into the darkness.

Actually, this famous outlaw's hideout is a friendly cave, completely free of insects and all crawling things. (This is a great comfort, believe me, when you are blindly moving about on your hands and knees!) This was the exact spot where four mail-robbers had hidden after holding up a Southern Pacific Railroad train at Pantano Siding, ten miles away.

The original two-and-one-half foot cave entrance had been found by white men only five years earlier, and the four bandits were quick to make use of it.

YELLOWED newspaper clippings give a rather sketchy account of the holdup. The westbound passenger train stopped for water at Pantano, a very small town which used to exist on the southern slope of the Rincon Mountains about midway between Benson and Tucson. The four unidentified robbers jumped two mail clerks and took a $62,000 payroll, all in gold, being shipped to railroad workers and soldiers stationed in Tucson. The loot was in four canvas mail bags, conveniently identified with prominent consignment tags. As the desperadoes rode toward the hills, the train gathered speed and raced to Tucson.

If the four bandits had been smart, they would have tarried a moment, or made a false start toward Fairbank, Charleston, Helvetia or even Tombstone, all to the south, close to the Mexican border and safety. But they rode directly to the northwest, racing their horses to gain time, and the mail clerks were able to tell the sheriff in Tucson which way to head to cut them off. At Flaccus Ranch, a homestead due north of Vail Junction, the posse found four horses in Mr. Crane's corral, still lathered with sweat. Crane angrily stated the bandits had made him exchange horses at gunpoint and pointed out the direction they had taken. Off went the posse, confident they knew the robbers' destination—the "Hole in the Wall" in the Rincon Mountains, now known as Colossal Cave. The bandits abandoned their weary horses at the bottom of the rocky hill, scrambled up the cactus-covered slope and dived into the small cave entrance. Safe—but not for long! After a little searching, the posse found the entrance, too, and fired a few shots into it to let the bandits know the jig was up. Not to be outdone, the bandits fired a few return shots to let the sheriff know he'd better not stick his head in too soon or he would have a few large holes put into it!

Inside the cave, the three older bandits left young Phil Carver behind to guard the entrance while they crept downward to safety. In their haste they dropped one of the mail sacks. They first entered

MADE IT BACK TO HIS CACHE!

The author traced the bandits' escape route, but there's no way of tracing what happened to the gold sacks. Only Phil Carver had that secret . . .

the "Kingdom Room" on the sixty-three-foot level, then dropped down to the "Cathedral Room" at the one-hundred-and-twenty-foot level, where they made camp. Apparently they had prepared for the possibility of a siege because they had plenty of food and water cached. Colossal Cave even then was completely dry, totally free of moss, mold or other organism. For three weeks the bandits waited for the posse to give up and leave.

SHERIFF Shibell had other ideas and he sent to Tucson for relief and reinforcements. Far below him in Posta Quemado Canyon he could see the lights of a ranch house which had once been a Butterfield Stage station and sent there for water for his posse. Both groups of men settled down for a long wait. The bandits built a fire in their underground campground, careful to leave at least one man near the entrance as a lookout. Young Phil Carver was the usual "volunteer" for that job.

Toward the end of their second week in the cave, the bandits began to doubt that the sheriff would abandon his siege. By lamp and candlelight they went to the bottom of their refuge, watching their flames for signs of a draft of air. They needed another way out.

In the main fault room, 250 feet below the tiny entrance, their candles were almost extinguished by a sighing wind. In their haste the bandits took the northern set of passageways only to be disappointed when the tunnels ran out and they had to return by a loop route. Following another set of fissures, they headed generally east, finally on the right track to freedom. Pulling some rocks away, they enlarged the passage and began a long crawl upward, past the "Draperies of Stone."

Crawling through the ancient dust on the tunnel floor, the bandits went about 100 yards before dropping into a medium-sized room where two tunnels met. The wind was stronger now and by following the flame they continued upward for sixty yards until they reached an almost vertical shaft or rock chimney. Far above them they could see a patch of light. There *was* a way out!

Backtracking, they returned to the central camping place and set about searching for a place to hide their gold. They did a mighty fine job—no one has found it since.

AS THEIR confinement stretched into its third week, the unshaven, grizzled bandits broke camp and made their long crawl through the tight chimney—forty yards straight up the rocky walls to freedom. Their escape route took them out of Colossal Cave on the far side of a cactus-covered ridge, three-quarters of a mile east of the present enlarged main entrance. Their exit was an unusually small one, just barely wide enough for a man to squeeze through if he took his time and did not lose his nerve.

As soon as they were free, they rode into Willcox on the Southern Pacific line, and gleefully began to shoot up the little town while bragging how they had put one over the sheriff of Pima County. This was hardly to go unnoticed in a town with a population of only 400. Willcox had no jail as yet, and kept its lawbreakers in a boxcar on a siding. A year later the town was to contract for a jail built of boards because of repeated complaints that "arrested parties suffered from exposure in boxcars."

Now the Sheriff of Pima County was no stickler for flimsy formalities and, not wanting to subject anyone to inhumane exposure, he took his posse into Cochise County and shot all four bandits. Three died on the spot and the fourth, young Phil Carver, was severely wounded.

Carver, only twenty years old, had just recently joined the gang. He was hustled off to Tucson to be questioned and to have his wound treated (in that order). Young Carver claimed he had been at the lookout corner near the cave entrance while the others had hidden the gold. The story was plausible—they may have planned to doublecross young Carver and keep the loot for themselves.

No amount of pleading, bribing or threatening could get Phil Carver to change his story. Additional posses were sent down into Hole in the Wall Cave to search for gold. They came out disappointed except for an empty mail sack which they found inside the main entrance. There wasn't any gold but there was plenty of other evidence to connect Phil Carver with the train robbery. Phil was brought to trial, found guilty, and sentenced to twenty-eight years at the Territorial Prison at Yuma. He served eighteen years and was lucky to survive, for conditions at Yuma Prison were so

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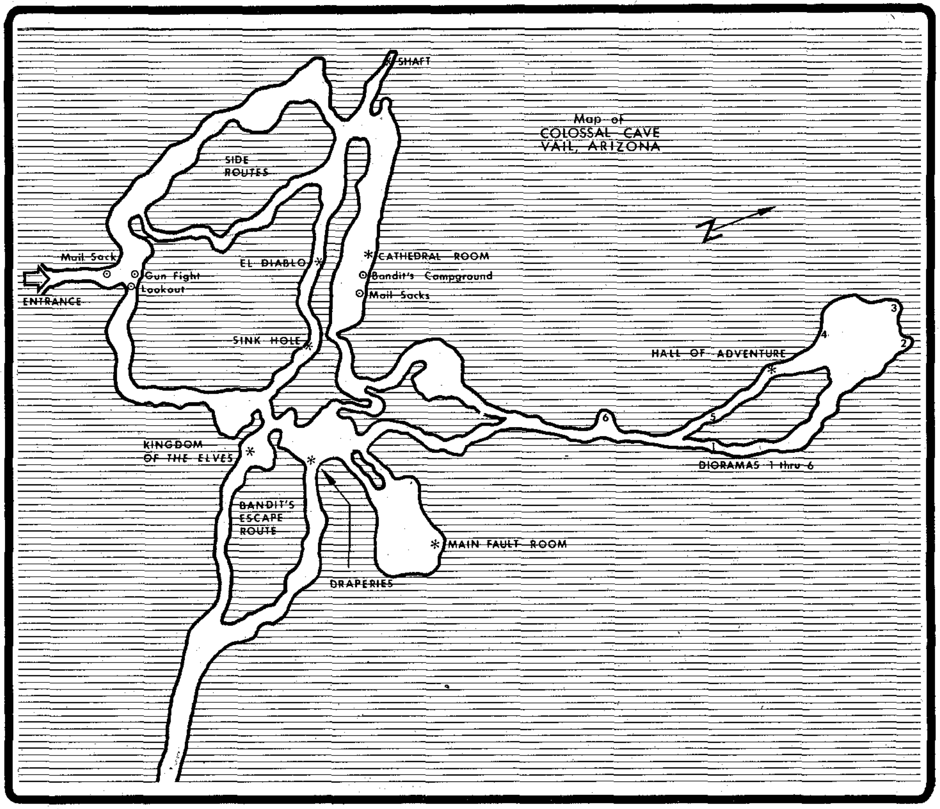
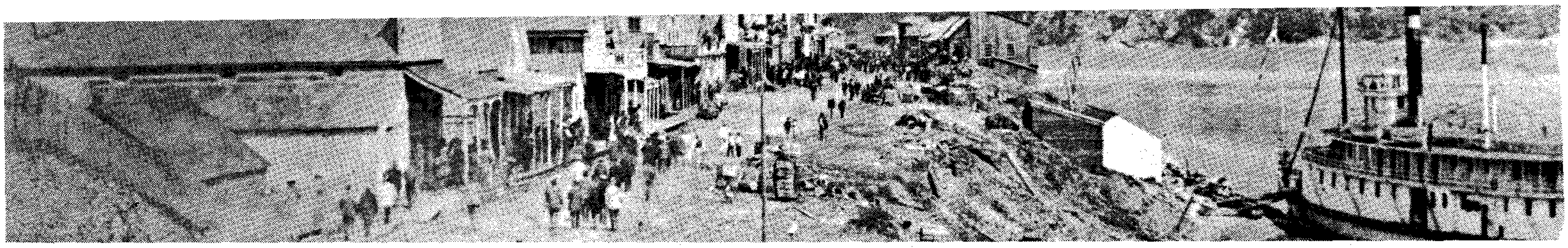




Courtesy Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.

Yale, B.C., showing the *S.S.R.P. Sithet*, 1862. Note the American flag on the riverbank, just left of the sternwheeler.

Heyday of the Fraser River

During the gold rush, its steamers ran a race with time; later they moseyed along like old men strolling in the park—

By EDWARD VILLIERS

EARLY in the evening of April 14, 1861, the paddlewheel steamer *Yale* strained against the current of the swift-flowing Fraser River past Hope, British Columbia. A steward entered the wheelhouse and announced to the captain that dinner was being served. Captain Jamieson replied that he would stay at the wheel. The ship was approaching a rough stretch of water.

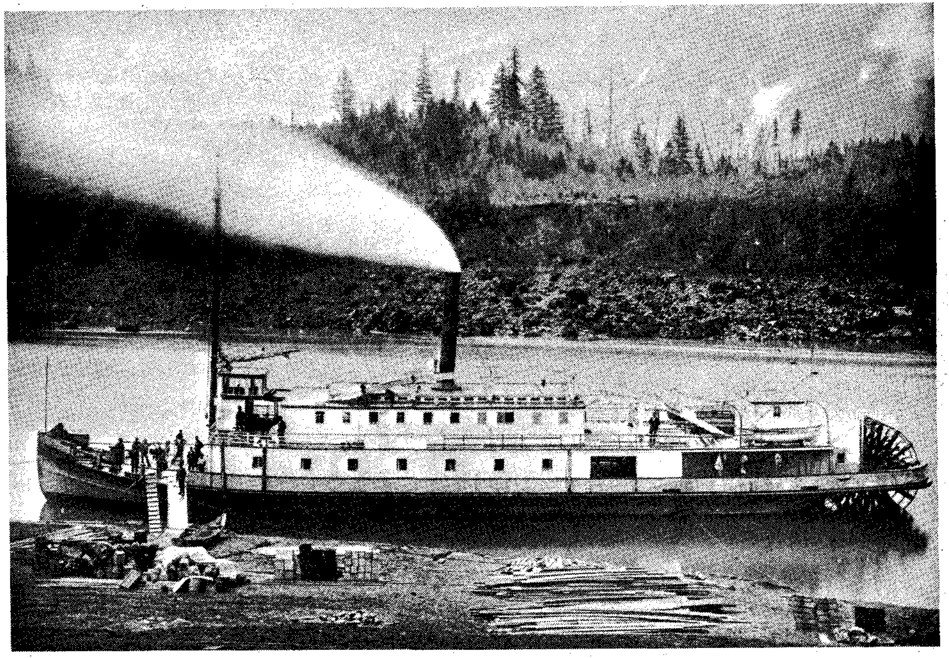
Returning to his dining room, the steward had begun to wait on tables when a thunderous roar ripped through the ship. Passengers ran wildly onto the deck as the pride of the Fraser River passenger fleet slowly keeled over and sank. The captain, together with a dozen passengers and crewmen, lost their lives.

Steamboating on the lower Fraser River had begun in the late 1830s, with the arrival of the *S. S. Beaver* from England. A sidewheeler, the *Beaver* was operated by the Hudson's Bay Company as a communications ship for the company's trading posts along the coast between Fort Vancouver and Alaska. For twenty years the smoke from the *Beaver's* stack was the only sign of steam navigation on the Fraser.

Then in 1857, one of Her Majesty's warships, the *H.M.S. Plumper* arrived. The barque-rigged auxiliary steam-sloop began making occasional visits to Fort Langley, thirty miles from the coast.

When gold was discovered on the Fraser in the spring of the following year, over 20,000 miners swarmed up the river. Most of them came from California and most of them came by steamboat.

Vessels of every description steamed past sleepy Fort Langley to Fort Hope



Courtesy Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.

S.S. Western Slope

and Fort Yale, a hundred miles from the sea. The first to arrive at Fort Hope was the *S.S. Surprise*, which unloaded a cargo of miners, whiskey and sundry supplies on June 7, 1858.

A short time later, the *S.S. Umatilla* struggled another fifteen miles upstream to Fort Yale, where an enormous boulder in the river prevented further navigation.

Fort Yale quickly amassed a motley population of 6,000 miners, gamblers, prostitutes, saloonkeepers and adventurers from all parts of the world. They lived in an assortment of tents, shacks and log houses flung up in haphazard fashion. The steamboats did a roaring business.

A shipyard was opened in Victoria, launching ships as fast as engines could be obtained. One such vessel, built in 1861 and christened the *S.S. Cariboo*, completed its maiden trip to Port Douglas at the upper end of Harrison Lake, then blew up in Victoria on the eve of its second voyage. Among those killed in the explosion were the skipper and first mate, both of whom were brothers of the captain of the ill-fated *Yale*.

Competition on the river was keen and stories have been told of how captains, eager to set new speed records, tied down their safety valves. Undoubtedly this was the cause of more than one boiler explosion.

Safety inspections were far from rigid. One morning, as the *S.S. Ramona* docked at Fort Langley, a boiler plate cracked and live steam knifing through an open doorway scalded a woman passenger to death. The captain temporarily lost his license—not because of the faulty boiler, but because he was carrying a large quantity of blasting powder contrary to regulations.

BY THE 1870s the gold rush was over but many miners remained to homestead along the banks of the Fraser. Gradually the independent boat operators who had provided service during the height of the gold fever were replaced by two competing companies whose vessels operated on regular schedules. Each had boats going up and down the river twice a day. To summon a passing steamer, a settler simply hoisted a green flag, and the first one coming by would nose in to take him aboard.

Until the coming of the Canadian Pacific Railway to the north side of the river in 1882 and the arrival of the B. C. Electric Railroad on the south side in 1910, these steamboats brought in all settlers' supplies, carried out the products of the new farms, distributed mail, and were the chief means of communication between the lonely homesteads. At night, with their lights ablaze and their paddlewheels going, they provided a friendly and cheerful sight, especially for the children.

The later boats had plush seats, carpeted floors, private cabins, elaborate dining rooms, hardwood fixtures, and bars. A bottle of good whiskey cost seventy-five cents. Due to a peculiarity of liquor regulations, the ships were not allowed to serve intoxicants while the vessels were docked. Since the boats were continually stopping at various homesteads, bars were built with a roll top, similar to a roll-top desk, so they could be quickly opened and closed.

Often a settler who desired to quench his thirst after a hard day on the homestead would dress up after supper, flag the upriver boat, tie his canoe alongside, and visit the bar. After a few drinks and some pleasant conversation, he would get in his canoe and float back downstream to his home.

On Sundays, some of the more prosperous settlers would buy round-trip tickets to a point up- or downriver and treat their families to dinner and a social outing. The young boys were taken to the freight deck to look at the animals and to see the engines working. Their mothers relaxed in the lounge and caught up on the latest gossip.

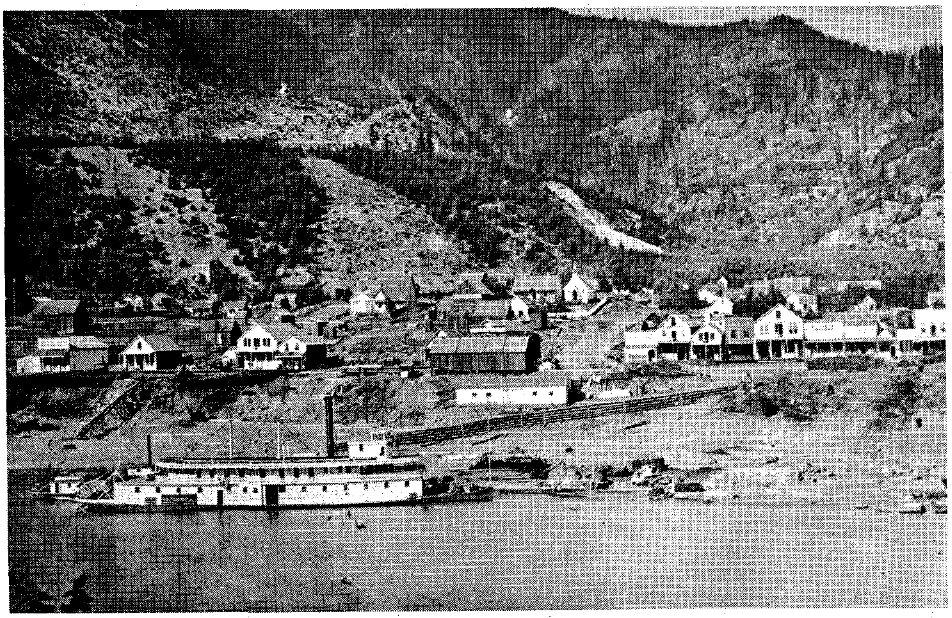
Once in a while a steamer would stop overnight at some community and an impromptu dance would be held. Everyone was invited and the townspeople provided their own music.

Remarking on those days of the steamboat era, Mrs. Connie Dempster of Haney, B. C. recalled: "They weren't what you call lazy days—people worked too hard to be called lazy—but they were easy going, slow moving, contented days."

The *S.S. Skeena*, the last of that noble fleet of Fraser River steamboats, made its final run in 1914 as a freight carrier. Faster, less expensive means of communication and transportation—more efficient but less colorful—ended the steamboats' domination. Little now remains to remind visitor or resident of the sixty years they plied their necessary trade.

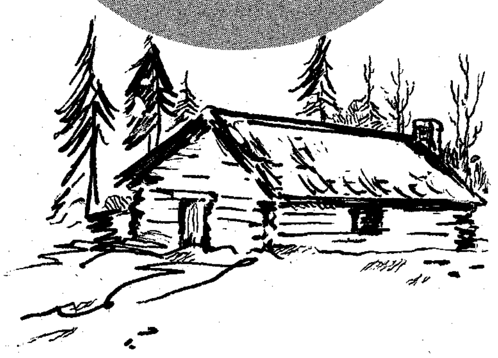
General View of Yale, B.C. and the *S.S. William Irving.*

Courtesy Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.



Sandy Horton's

Some boys are made of "frogs and snails and puppy dog tails" and then once in a while you'll run across one who's just all backbone and a whistle!



By LARRY WOODS

Photo Courtesy Author

THE MOON did not rise that cold, December night in 1823. A slim, sandy-haired boy of thirteen sat quietly on the earthen floor of a newly erected cabin on a small "island" in the Attoyac River of East Texas. Alexander ("Sandy") Horton was alone in the wilderness, in an area given over to wild beasts, prowling Indians and white desperadoes.

Clutching a huge, long-barreled, flintlock rifle, primed and readied for firing, he listened to strange animal sounds just outside the cabin's walls. As the fire of pine logs began to die down, the boy could hear the beasts on the cabin's roof and on the ground by the walls as they attempted to dig under and enter. Quickly Sandy placed more wood on the dying coals, and prayed for dawn to come.

Earlier that day, young Horton had felt little apprehension as he stood on the bank of the island and waved goodbye to his brother, Sam, and his brother-in-law, James Whitis Bulloch, as they forded the narrow, muddy Attoyac River and disappeared into the thickets beyond. The two men were on their way back to Washington Parish, Louisiana, to gather up the rest of the Horton family—a three months' undertaking. Young Sandy had been chosen to remain behind, and the boy's only link with civilization lay on a box by the fireplace—several books which included his mother's Bible.

Alexander Horton had been born on his grandfather's plantation in Halifax County, North Carolina, on April 18, 1810. His grandfather, Samuel Horton, had come to America from England sometime before the American Revolution, acquiring the land on which the plantation was located. Upon Samuel Horton's death, the property was inherited by his son, Julius, Alexander's father. For several years Julius had lived on the plantation; however, in 1817, he became involved in a personal difficulty and was forced to leave the region to avoid standing trial. From Louisiana he notified the rest of his relatives to join him.

The family, under the direction of Sandy's mother, Susanah Purnell Horton, reached Louisiana safely, but soon after the long-awaited reunion, Julius was stricken with an illness and died. Susanah was left with seven children.

The oldest male member of the family now was James Whitis Bulloch, the husband of young Nancy Horton, Alexander's older sister. Alexander was only eight years old. For several years the family attempted to farm in Louisiana, but reports of large quantities of free land across the Sabine in the Mexican region of Texas aroused their curiosity. In the fall of 1823, James Bulloch and Alexander's older brother, Sam, decided to investigate. Alexander, now thirteen years old, wanted to go with his kinsmen so badly that he finally persuaded his mother to allow him to accompany them. Soon the party of three set out for Texas.

ALL of them became completely fascinated by the beauty of the vast wilderness, now caught in its full autumn colors. All sorts of wildlife roamed near them, showing little fear of the human intruders. As the group rode slowly along, crossing streams and climbing the steep, red hills, young Alexander decided he would spend the rest of his life in East Texas. While stopping at a settler's cabin several miles west of the Sabine River, the party asked about suitable land for settlement and farming. The old man advised them to continue westward until they reached the Attoyac River where good, rich land awaited the taker.

The next day the muddy Attoyac came into view and they decided to go downstream. As the horses headed southward along the muddy riverbank, the first cold winds of winter began to blow. The tall trees appeared naked, with only dark-red and brown leaves still clinging stubbornly to the branches. Before many weeks would pass, the adventurers would be caught in this strange, new land without shelter. They had little time to waste.

After following the river for several days, the party came upon an unusual spot where the water followed two different courses and then came together again several hundred yards below the point of division. Between the arms of the river was an island of several acres. The small area, which was densely covered by trees, vines, and underbrush, was explored. A spring was found which produced clear, cold water.

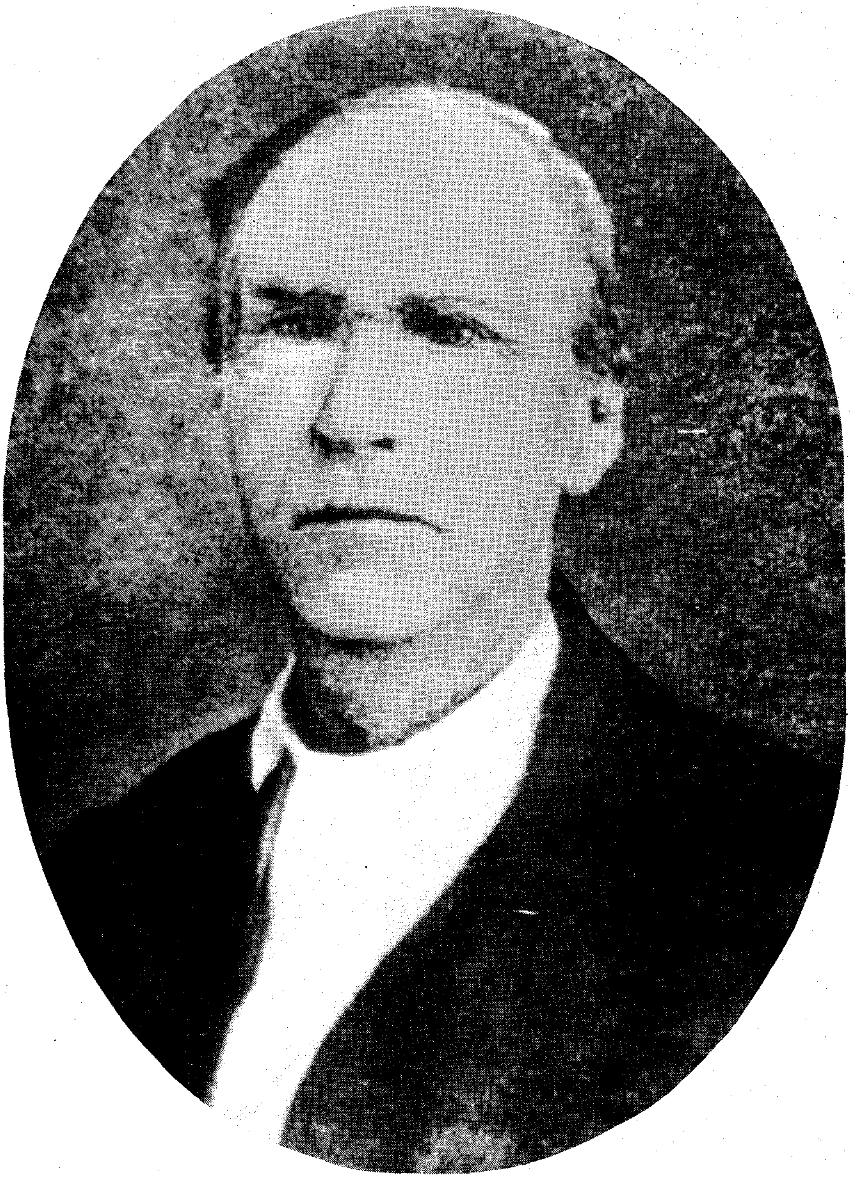
It was unanimously decided that the island should be the spot for the future homestead, and the three young men worked together to erect a small cabin. As trees were felled, the island, which previously had been dark because of the dense growth, began to receive the light of the sun. Through frequent rainstorms which chilled to the bone, work on the cabin continued. During the night the kinsmen kept a huge fire burning to discourage wild animals.

After several weeks of labor, a small, crude, one-room cabin was completed. Now their problem was to get the rest of the family to Texas without letting the tiny spot they had carved from the wilderness return to its wild state or be taken over by someone else. One of the three would have to remain behind. As it turned out, the choice was narrowed to two.

Bulloch felt that he had to return to Louisiana in order to get things organized for the move. Sam, although several years older than Sandy, refused to remain in the wilds alone and swore he would never return to Texas. So thirteen-year-old Sandy Horton had to face an ordeal few grown men would have relished.

A feeling of high adventure filled young Horton when his companions disappeared into the forest across the river, and he went about gathering firewood for the approaching night. His elation was short-lived, however. With the coming of darkness, bears, wild hogs and panthers, which had not bothered the young settler during the day, gathered outside the cabin, fighting among themselves for scraps of food. His gun ready to fire if the creatures were able to dig under the walls, Sandy sat awake hour after hour, praying that dawn would come.

After the first and worst night of his lonesome stay, the boy accepted his situation and worked busily to strengthen his position. Soon he was no longer afraid. There were only two things to occupy his time—improving the cabin



Left: Colonel Alexander Horton in 1876.

LONGEST NIGHT

and hunting for food. Having only a limited supply of powder and balls, he made sure every shot brought down game. Because of the beasts' persistent digging at night, he piled rocks and logs around the cabin's outside walls. He would sometimes kill a deer and throw the unusable portions outside just to hear and watch the ensuing fight.

MRS. HORTON, upon the arrival of Sam and her son-in-law, was greatly shocked to learn that her thirteen-year-old son had been left in the wilderness alone. She hastened to prepare for the move to Texas, although she felt she would never again see Sandy alive.

Other Louisianans decided to accompany the Hortons and a train several wagons long started westward. Traveling in winter was very difficult; the crude roads were virtually impassable. Christmas and New Year, 1824, were spent on the road. Snow and freezing rain fell during January, delaying the travelers and adding to Mrs. Horton's anxiety over her son.

It was February before the Horton-Bulloch wagons finally reached the island. A sandy-haired youth, who had the look of a seasoned frontiersman, with hair hanging to his shoulders, ran to meet them. There were surely some happy people along the banks of the icy Attoyac that cold February day! The wagons were unpacked and provisions moved inside the cabin. Sandy told his mother that when his staples had run out, he had been forced to eat dried venison as a substitute for bread.

THE REST of the winter was spent on the island, and in the spring improvements were made. Susanah Horton decided that she, Sandy, and the younger children would move to a spot on "King's Highway" north and east of the first homestead. The Bulloch family remained in the original cabin on the Attoyac.

During the summer of 1824 the move was made and a new cabin erected. Here on the fertile land, a small crop was raised which provided the family with enough food for the coming winter. Each succeeding year Sandy increased his crop and, in so doing, increased his income. Sandy and his family remained on this small farm for twelve years.

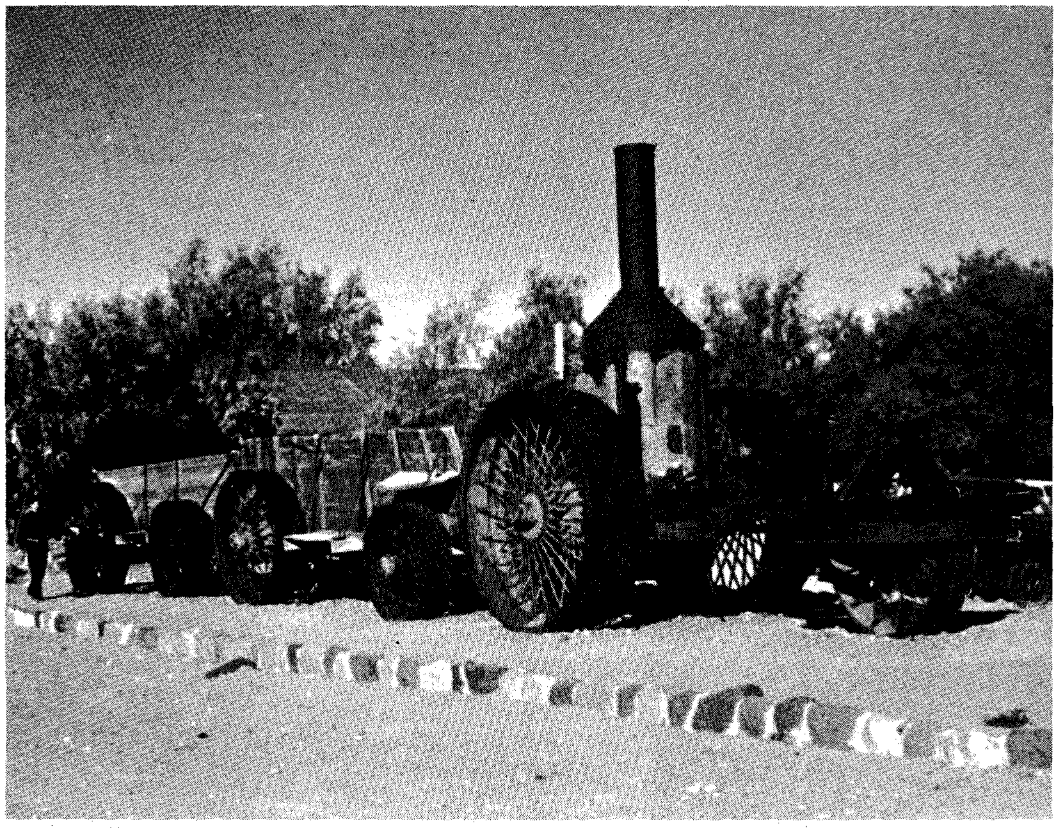
Shortly after the Hortons moved to their new home on the Highway, a trading post was built about a mile away. This gave them access to commodities so sorely needed. One night, after Sandy had gone to this trading post, several of his younger brothers and sisters rushed through the doorway screaming that Indians were killing their mother. Sandy immediately picked up his gun and ran home, closely followed by several men from the store.

As he raced up to the house, he heard cries and saw one Indian posted outside the door as a guard while two others were attempting to tug a neighbor child from the arms of Mrs. Horton. She was fighting the two Indians with a heavy iron shovel. The Indians had struck her in the face and over the head, causing blood to flow, but she hung on to the orphan child who had been given to her by its dying mother.

As sixteen-year-old Sandy reached the house, the Indian on guard attempted to shoot him. The Indian's gun failed to fire; Sandy's did not. The Indian fell dying upon the ground with a musket ball in his body. The two Indians in the house attempted to bar the entrance when they heard the shot but Sandy rushed against the half-opened door and attacked the Indian who had been beating his mother in the face. A swift blow from his heavy-barreled weapon sent the savage into eternity. The third made good use of the open door lest he, too, join his companions in the happy hunting grounds with no return ticket. The Horton family spent the night at the trading post and returned home the next day to continue their quiet life on the farm.

When Sandy reached the age of twenty, he was appointed sheriff of the Ayish district of East Texas. Later, in 1836, he was named General Sam Houston's aide-de-camp at the Battle of San Jacinto. After the revolution, he was appointed chairman of the Board of Land Commissioners of the Ayish District and during the 1840s was a marshal of the Republic of Texas. During the Civil War, Sandy was the Confederate recruiting officer.

Sandy Horton spent many a fearful night during the wars in which he fought, but never again—by his own admission—did he go through anything as terrorizing as the first night he spent alone in the uncharted Texas wilderness.

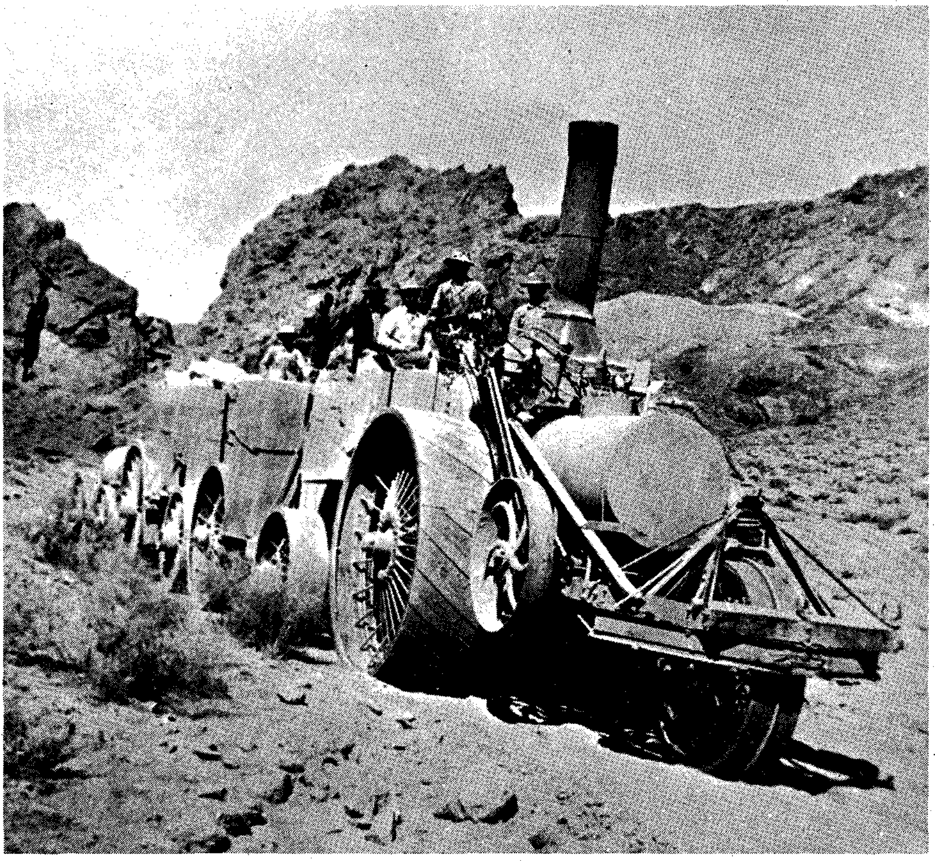


At Furnace Creek Ranch is a vertical-boiler steam engine, perched solemnly on a tricycle running gear. She's an interesting reminder of an 1884 experiment which went sour for Borax Smith...

By ROD WILLIAMS

Photos Courtesy Author

OLD DINAH OF DEATH VALLEY



FRANK TILTON, a veteran muleskinner, was the first teamster to see the new steam tractor which had just arrived in Daggett, California. Tilton had brought a load of borax into town with his wagons and twenty-mule team.

"What's that?" he asked suspiciously.

The two men working on the three-wheeled steam-engine went on with their oiling and tinkering. Then the younger swung himself to the ground and stuck out a greasy hand.

"I'm Jim Vance. This steam tractor and I are gonna run you and your mules out of the borax-hauling business."

"Oh, yeah?" Frank cut a fresh chew off his plug with his fancy Barlow knife, and carefully wiped and folded the razor-sharp blade before answering. "Whistling you a graveyard spot, ain't you?"

Vance's face turned red, and Wash Cahill, an old friend of Tilton, walked over to prevent hostilities from going deeper.

"Borax Smith bought it back East," he told Frank. "He said you and me are to help Jim all we can."

Jim Vance nodded. "I've been running tractors in the wheat fields for the last few years—they're doing good with the threshing there in the East."

Left, "Old Dinah" pulling a load of borax.
From Huntington Library

"This ain't no wheat field," Tilton grumbled and headed for Daggett's only saloon.

BOTH Vance and Tilton headed out for the borax works the next morning. The trip to Death Valley went smoothly. One wagon was piled with coal, the other with general supplies, and Frank and his mules led the way, keeping about half a mile ahead of the tractor.

The big vehicle chugged across the desert pulling two special heavy-duty cargo wagons and a water cart. The ground was hard and steering was easy. The front wheel was turned by a worm-gear at the end of a long rod, which in turn was hooked to a large crank on the firing platform. Giving this crank a twist now and then kept the tractor headed in the right direction.

As he watched the tractor grind steadily ahead, Frank Tilton became convinced that he and his mules were finished. Steam would pull borax wagons from now on! No need to feed and water, hitch and unhitch. Cahill and Vance even had time to drink coffee as they rolled along.

Every night a muleskinner unhitched and hobbled his mules, fed them, then built a fire to cook his supper. Not so with a steam engine driver!

All Vance had to do was turn the steam valve and shake down the fire. Then the engineer cooked his chow by shoving a long-handled pan through the fire door into the boiler.

That damned Vance sure had it nice—no ornery, jug-headed mules to pamper, no harness galls, nothing to do but just enjoy the scenery!

The big machine pulled into the borax works without incident. Tilton was ready to quit for sure. His twenty best mules could only pull a load of about thirty-eight tons of borax. When the steam engine was hooked up and given a trial run, it shuffled along easily with sixty tons. And it could, if necessary, keep going night and day!

The day after the trial run, the big engine was given its first full-scale test.

Frank and his twenty-mule team took the lead. Cahill was needed at the borax works, so one of the blacksmiths was sent to help Vance with the tractor. Everything went smoothly for the first two days. Then the boiler began to spout hot water and steam. Vance and the blacksmith worked most of the night trying to weld the hole.

Vance had figured that the water used to fill the tanks at the plant would be pure enough for the tractor's boiler. He'd forgotten to allow for the alkali effect the constant boiling off of steam would have. The boiler tubes were crusted inside with strong desert alkali which ate into the metal like a mouse eating cheese.

About sundown a few days later Vance tooted the whistle to signal he was in trouble. Tilton held up and waited. He was just a mile from his favorite campsite near Sugarloaf but the tractor failed to put in an appearance. Tilton turned his team and headed back down the trail. There sat the miracle of steam—as dry as a bone.

After eating, Tilton hooked two spans of mules to the watercart and headed across the desert in the darkness toward Gravel Well. Just as the sun's rays were breaking across the top of the Black Mountains, Tilton returned with the water. Vance had beans and coffee cooking inside the tractor's fire box.

Once more, Tilton, short of sleep and bad-tempered, started toward Daggett Siding with his twenty mules, leaving Vance to follow at his leisure. Later that day the hard-packed section of the desert was left behind. The tractor followed the wagon tracks into a batch of soft and shifting sand and the big vehicle stalled. Again Tilton was called to the rescue. It took all twenty mules to pull the iron monster from the grave it had dug with its rear drive wheels.

This had barely been accomplished when another leak was discovered in the boiler. This meant another night trip for Frank Tilton to get water. And then a two-day trip for coal. The tractor was as cantankerous as any mule had ever been!

Next, the steep grade up Wingate Wash was too much for the tractor's three wheels. Vance piled sandbags on the front wheel, trying to hold it down, but still it bucked. Eventually it simply squatted, blocking the narrow canyon! Desert-wise, Tilton unhitched his mules and made camp at the head of the canyon above the narrow steep-walled pass.

THE DESERT is dry most of the time. Yet that night it rained. The water tore down the steep canyon, upset the tractor, and washed away the entire payload of borax. The three men and twenty mules were safe thanks solely to Tilton's choice of a campsite.

At daybreak, the mules were led to the rescue and righted the tractor, but the rain had left the canyon floor as slick as laundry soap. The iron wheels spun madly but the tractor couldn't move an inch up the wash. Even the mules couldn't tow it up the grade. In fact they couldn't tow it anywhere except downhill. So back it slid to the borax works in the Valley. *The mules had won!*

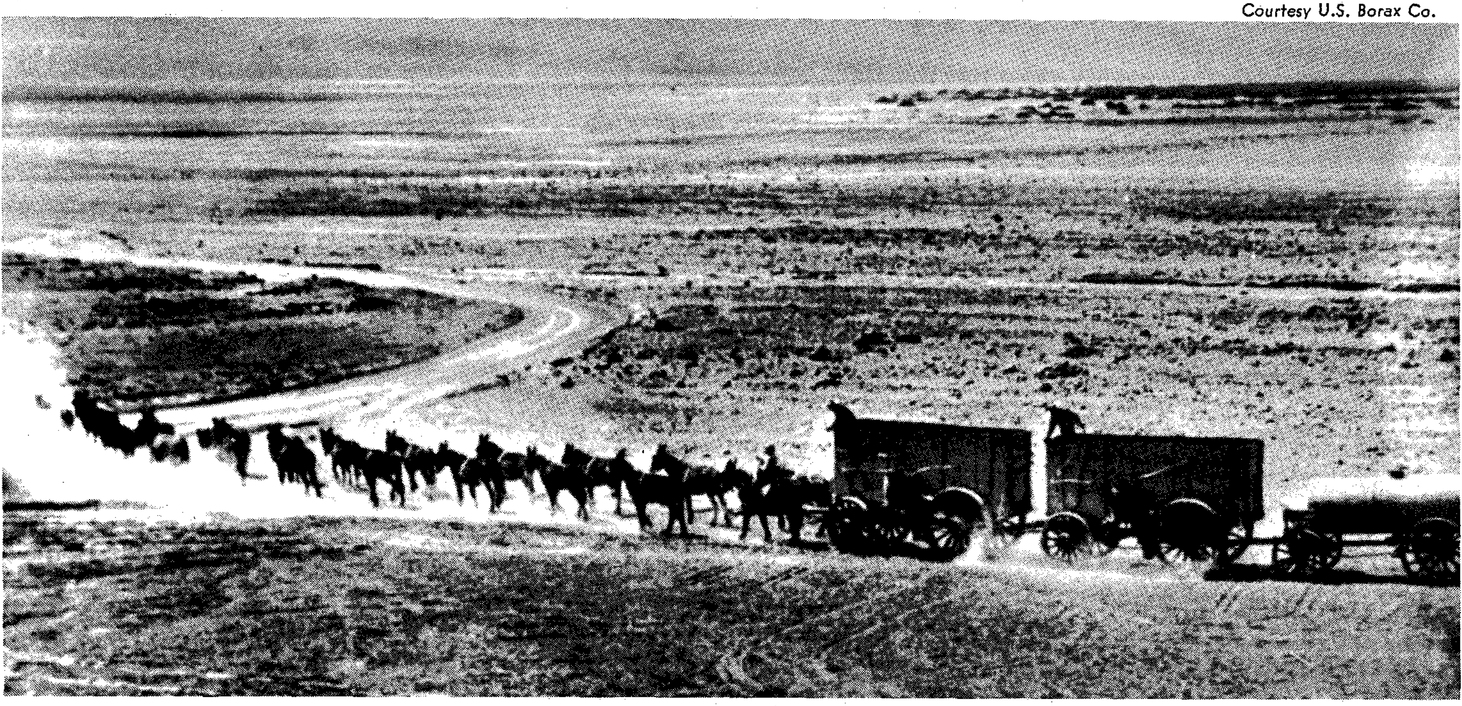
The huge tractor sat there until it was sold in 1909 to the Keane-Wonder Mine. Its new owners tried to use it to haul ore over Daylight Pass, but it did poorly on its first trip, barely making it over the easy grade to Rhyolite and back to the mine.

The tractor was sick but the wrong treatment was chosen. When it was converted from a coal burner to an oil burner, the new fuel burned too hot for old Dinah's alkali-crusted inner workings. On its second trip over Daylight

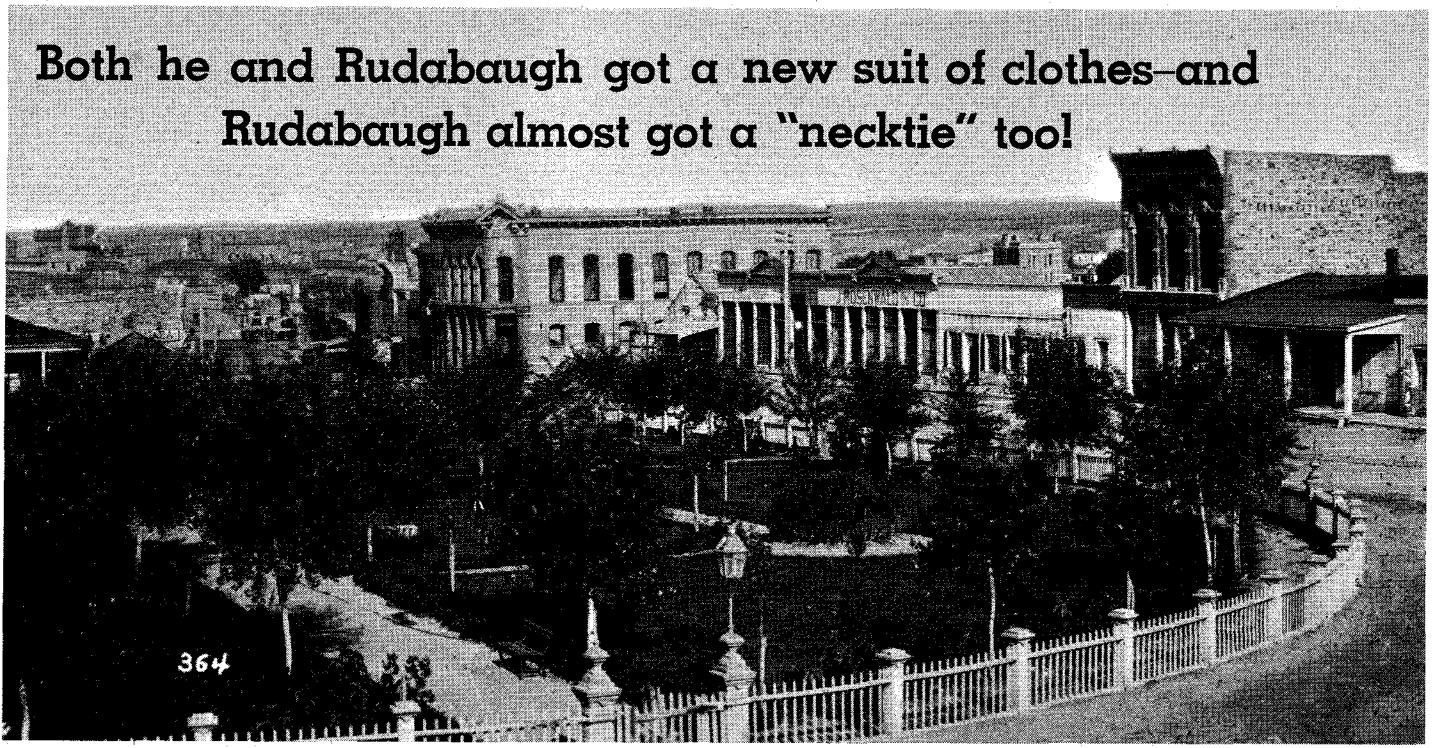
(Continued on page 64)

A twenty-mule team pulling two borax wagons and a water tank in Death Valley. Furnace Creek ranch is upper right.

Courtesy U.S. Borax Co.



Both he and Rudabaugh got a new suit of clothes–and Rudabaugh almost got a "necktie" too!



Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

View of the west plaza, Las Vegas, New Mexico, 1880

Billy the Kid's LAST CHRISTMAS

A HORSEMAN on a lathered and badly winded horse galloped into the southeast entrance of the plaza of the Old Town of Las Vegas, New Mexico, on the afternoon of December 26, 1880. The message the horseman bore was almost unbelievable and too important to be withheld from the citizens for even a moment. He spurred his horse around the plaza, shouting in Spanish the latest communique from the "front" of the Lincoln County War. The few Americans on the street who understood Spanish interpreted the startling news: "Billy the Kid's been captured! They're bringin' him into Las Vegas!"

The town's siesta was transformed into a bilingual babel echoing against the adobe walls of the quaint old Mexican settlement. Everyone in town knew that Frank Stewart, the famous lawman from the Oklahoma Panhandle, had been called in to help run down the infamous William Bonney, alias Billy the Kid. He and his posse had left Las Vegas on December 14, 1880, to join forces with Pat Garrett at Fort Sumner, New Mexico, and the word was out: "Get Billy the Kid! Dead or alive!" But no one was willing to lay money on the line that the combination of Frank Stewart and Pat Garrett could accomplish such a feat. As a facet of frontier life, Billy had become a legend in Las Vegas and, to the man on the street, a dozen posses wouldn't be enough to corner the elusive "Keed."

HIS CAPTURE at Stinking Springs, New Mexico, a mile or two south of present-day Taiban, on December 24, 1880, was one of best executed expeditions of its kind in Western history. The cattlemen of New Mexico and the Oklahoma Panhandle had joined forces to put a stop to rustling activities in their areas. Frank Stewart, a detective hired by Oklahoma cattlemen, along with J. N. East and "Poker Tom" Emory, were sent to Las Vegas. A posse, recorded in various proportions, proceeded southeast to join up with Garrett at Fort Sumner. Although Billy the Kid was unaware of the pincer movement, his outlaw's sense of danger already had warned him to move out of Lincoln County and New Mexico soon.

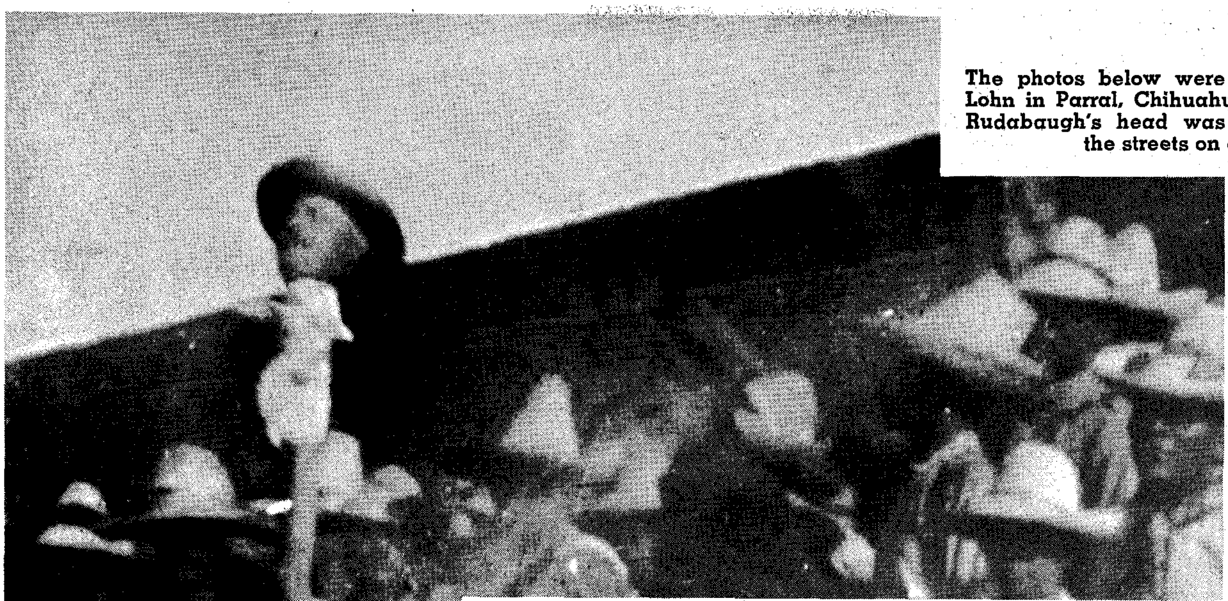
On the night of December 18, 1880, Billy the Kid, Tom O'Folliard, Charles Bowdre, Tom Pickett, Dave Rudabaugh and Billy Wilson stole into the town of Fort Sumner, New Mexico. Some say their mission was to obtain supplies for a getaway, while others contend it was meant to be a "surprise party" for Pat Garrett and his small group of deputies. The Kid's gang was unaware that the posse had been increased to nearly twenty men by the arrival of Frank Stewart's contingent from Las Vegas.

It was a foggy night with a threat of snow in the air. Garrett and Stewart were waiting when Tom O'Folliard was the first to appear out of the fog. A volley of gunfire from the posse knocked O'Folliard out of his saddle. (He died two hours later.) Tom Pickett, a former Las Vegas policeman, following closely behind O'Folliard, wheeled his horse and escaped the first volley. Dave Rudabaugh's horse received a bullet wound in the entrails but succeeded in carrying his rider twelve miles before collapsing. Rudabaugh rode double from that point to an abandoned stone house at Stinking Springs where the group holed-up from the snowstorm which had developed. Billy the Kid took his horse inside the house while the remaining horses were tied outside the one and only door to the building.

The worsening storm delayed pursuit by the posse until the moon came out on the night of December 23. They tracked their quarry through the snow to the stone house at Stinking Springs and surrounded the building at two o'clock on the morning of December 24, 1880. Russ Kistler, editor of the *Las Vegas Optic*, described the final moments of the dramatic capture in his issue of December 27, 1880:

> **". . . Upon approaching the premises, at 2 o'clock in the morning, three horses were seen hitched to the front door ready to be mounted**
>
> **At A Second's Notice.**
>
> **Garrett and Stewart at once surrounded the house, giving their men instructions**

The photos below were taken by A. W. Lohn in Parral, Chihuahua, Mexico, where Rudabaugh's head was paraded around the streets on a pole.



Courtesy Fred and Jo Mazulla
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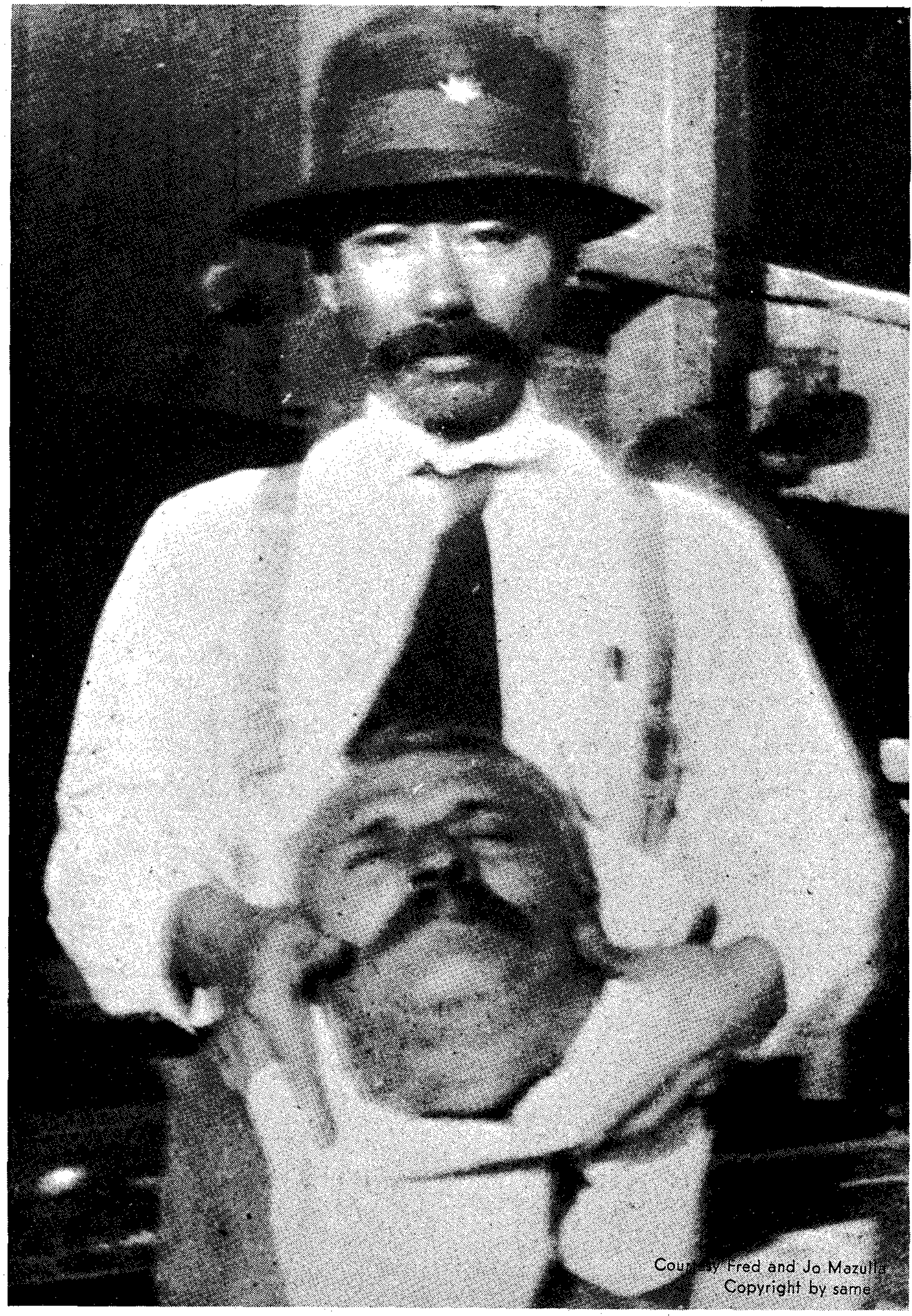

Courtesy Fred and Jo Mazulla
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By MILTON W. CALLON

to lay flat in the snow and await further developments.

Just At Daybreak

on the morning of the 24th a man supposed to be the Kid, but afterward proving to be Charles Bowdre, appeared at the door. His body was pierced by two balls almost in an instant. The signal for shooting was given immediately upon the appearance of Bowdre, as Kid, who is a sure shot, had often boasted that he would never be taken alive. Two of the three horses standing at the door were

Shot Down In Their Tracks

and the third one was shot in the doorway while Kid was in the act of getting the animal upon the inside out of reach of the deadly bullets. The carcas[s] of the dead horse across the threshold prevented the Kid from leaping upon his horse, which was in the room with him, and attempting to escape. About four o'clock in the afternoon, the surrounded party

Displayed A Flag

and Radabaugh [Rudabaugh] walked out boldly and said that they were willing to surrender, provided they were guaranteed protection. . . ."

BILLY THE KID, the most sought-after criminal in Western history, began at that moment what was destined to be his last Christmas "vacation"

(Continued on page 50)

NUGGETS

YANKEE ROBINSON

By Walter W. Gann

IN THE spring of 1887, J. H. Parramore of Ballinger, Texas, was gathering a herd of steers to drive to Kansas. A sixteen-year-old boy came to him and asked if he could go along, explaining that he was trying to get back to his home in Ohio. He gave his name as Robinson but added that everybody called him “Yankee.” He said he had been working for a group of itinerant horse-traders but they'd sold out and left him stranded without paying him the wages that he'd had coming. Parramore agreed to let him go with the cattle and had one of his men take the boy out to the ranch.

Before the herd was ready to start, R. L. (“Coon”) Dunman of Coleman, Texas, looked at the cattle and decided to buy them. Parramore named a price and Dunman made an offer. It did not take them long to reach an agreement. A date of delivery was set and Dunman sent word to his ranch for his foreman, Bob Pierce, to bring his men and horses and chuckwagon to receive the herd. He planned to drive it to Kansas himself.

A short time later, the two men met in Ballinger to complete the deal. Their respective foremen stood by. They soon had disposed of all the minor details except one. Dunman had a rule against letting a boy work for him—not because he disliked boys, but because they were immature and inclined to be reckless. One was apt to get himself hurt or killed, or cause someone else to get hurt or killed, and Dunman refused to be responsible. Parramore knew this; so, before accepting Dunman's check, he said, “Now, Coon, there's one other thing,” and he told Dunman about his promise to Yankee Robinson.

“I won't take him,” Dunman said flatly.

“All right then, you can't have the cattle,” Parramore retorted.

The argument grew hot. Two strong-willed men held up a deal on 2,000 cattle for more than a half-a-day while they quarreled over a penniless, homesick boy. They were sensible enough to separate now and then for a cooling off spell before hot tempers led to violence. Then they would meet again at the bar for a drink and start all over again. Bob Pierce, Dunman's trail boss, described the situation:

“They reminded me of a pair of mad bulls comin' together at a roundup. I looked any minute for them to get down on their all-fours, paw the dirt, slobber and beller and butt heads together, tryin' to hook a horn into the other'ns side.”

For the first time that anybody could remember, Coon Dunman backed down. That is, he backed part way. “I'll go this far—and not a step more,” he said defiantly. “Bob here is going to drive the herd. If he's willing to take the responsibility on his back, I'll wash my hands of the whole damn business.”

“Shore, I'll take 'im,” Bob Pierce said when the proposition was put up to him. “I'd stretch a notch to help a boy get back home—even if he is a Yankee.”

The cattle were tallied out, ownership was transferred to R. L. Dunman, and Bob Pierce took charge of the herd and Yankee Robinson.

A LOT of water had run under the bridge between the spring of 1887 and March, 1914, when the Texas cattlemen held their annual convention in Fort Worth. To that gathering came a businessman from Ohio—Yankee Robinson. He had been apprised by correspondence that J. H. Parramore would be at the convention and he succeeded in locating his former benefactor. He was also anxious to see Bob Pierce but Dunman's old foreman was then living in Colorado and had not come to Fort Worth.

“Nobody ever treated me better than Bob Pierce did on that trip up the trail,” he told Parramore. “I had offered to work my way along for nothing but when we got to Dodge City he paid me full wages. He did more than that. He got me on as a caretaker for a trainload of cattle going all the way to Chicago.

“While we were driving through the Indian Territory, eight or ten Indians rode up on a hill about 300 yards away and sat watching us as we passed by. One was all decorated out with feathers on his headgear. Bob Pierce rode around to where I was and said:

“ 'Yank, see that Injun Chief out there on that paint hoss? Get down off your hoss, lay your Winchester across the seat of your saddle, and draw a bead on 'im. Don't shoot 'im,' he cautioned as I leveled my rifle. 'Don't shoot 'im. Just draw a bead on his breastbone. When you get back home you can tell your folks—and kids if you ever have any—that you had your gunsights lined on an Injun Chief!' ”

Pierce, Dunman and Parramore have all passed on to their rewards, whatever they may be. It is not likely that Yankee Robinson is alive at this writing. If he is not, the book is closed on another chapter of life in the great American West.

WORSE DUTY COULD NO MAN FIND!

By Ben Maxwell

WILY Oregon politicians of the 1850s, who wore tophats and swallow-tail coats, told tobacco-chewing rustics that Fort Hoskins, remotely located in the foothills of the Coast Range, was there to protect them against the fiendish savages who had been herded to the coast reservation following earlier Indian wars.

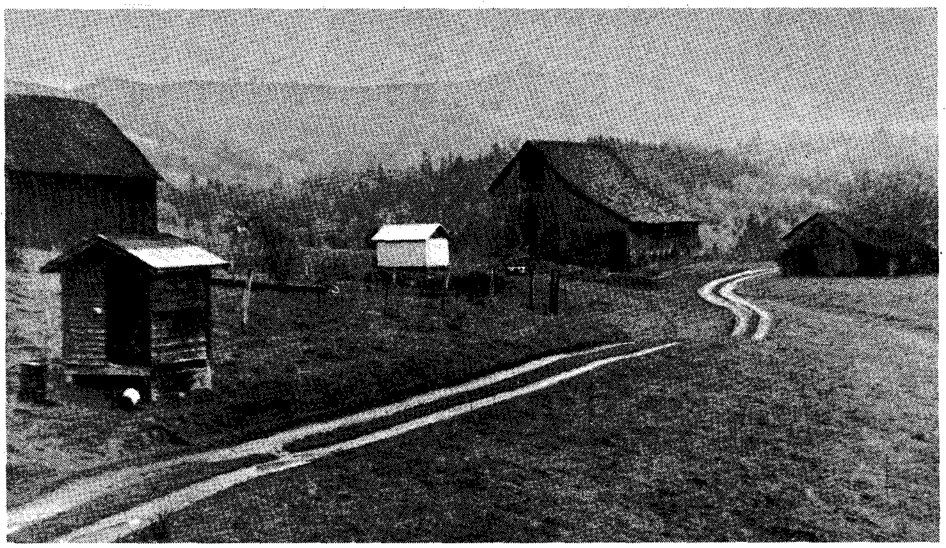
But the military sympathized with the aborigines. One of their intents was to protect the unhappy natives against predatory whites who coveted what little the poor Indian possessed, and the fort, a leased premise, was built near the Luckiamute River in Kings Valley, Benton County. Fort Hoskins commemorated the name of Lieutenant Charles Hoskins, killed in the Mexican War.

It was a shabby commemoration. Fort Hoskins was not really a fort. When Sam Coad completed construction in 1856 the twenty frame buildings were even then considered expendable. The post lacked a blockhouse. The men slept in the unheated loft of their barracks building, and cooked and bathed on the ground floor. Fort Hoskins was never beseiged and action by the soldiers was mostly directed toward rounding up wayward Indians and post deserters.

Life was drab, dull, routine and often debasing. Some of the boys swigged red-eye when they could buy it or obtain it on credit. Others gambled and became belligerent when their luck ran out at seven-up. Some consorted with Indian girls who lived in wikiups along the Luckiamute.

During the chilly and cheerless winter months, soldiers not on the drill field or in the guardhouse hovered around big fireplaces on the ground floor of the barracks. No stoves were issued to this garrison. During cold weather the fireplaces consumed two cords of wood daily. Men not engaged in other duties were sent to the woods to cut the fuel supply. An enlisted man had to be a profound patriot to become reconciled to post routine at Hoskins in 1860.

Years after their term of service was over, some old soldiers returned to visit the site. They found none of the landmarks standing but they were quick to locate the exact site of the guardhouse. For nearly a decade itchy Indians, and cocky soldiers who did not respect their superiors, had been confined there, along with deserters. Today a weatherbeaten pole wired to a scrubby oak tree marks the site of this noble structure.


Courtesy Author

Site of remote Fort Hoskins in the foothills of the Coast Range in the Willamette Valley of Oregon. Here between 1856 and 1865, a company or two, or sometimes only a detachment, was stationed.

From the mid-1850s to the end of the Civil War farmers in Kings Valley suffered from a labor shortage. Wages were high and got higher. Poultry and pigs were filched from farmyards and wound up on messhall tables. But there was a crude retribution. A whispered word reached the unhappy soldiers, exasperated beyond measure with garrison life, that a farmer out in the brush needed a man. Those induced to desert found seclusion and well-paid jobs. The post at Hoskins served both the military and the demands of agriculture.

Food for the garrison was neither abundant nor diversified. Mutiny was sometimes discussed because of the deficiency in rations. When a company of rookies arrived at Hoskins in 1865 they found in storage a number of barrels of pickled pork marked "New York 1852." From this reeking meat, the inexperienced company cooks tried to make soup, adding bean rations and water. They boiled the mess until buzzards were attracted by the stench. The putrid mixture was soon dumped.

William Hilleary, an abstemious volunteer and a Webfoot recruit, recalled that whiskey and cards were not openly sold at Hoskins, but the post sutler was an understanding fellow and would issue them on tick and write down that he had sold pipes and books. Was not whiskey drawn from pipes and were not cards an illustrated history of four kings?

ON MONDAY evening, January 12, 1863, a rowdy group of revelers were whooping it up in the Hodes and Schuck Saloon near the entrance to the garrison. Here redeye cost a dime and a black eye came free. Just as the guard was herding the drunken privates through the garrison gate the Hodes and Schuck groggery exploded and burned to the ground. The sutler was sure the soldiers were responsible for the fire. They denied the charge. Captain Seidenstricker was so happy to be rid of the nuisance that he asked no questions. Civil authorities refused to investigate because, they said, evidence was lacking.

Amorous adventures were a diversion for some of the soldiers and a source of regret for others. Lieutenant H. H. Garber became infatuated with an Indian girl and took her to Fort Vancouver with him, ostensibly as a servant. Her parents on the Siletz learned of her whereabouts and demanded that she be returned to the reservation. This was done. Presently Lieutenant Garber returned to Hoskins and induced the girl to come live with him there. He told his captain that she was his servant but Captain Christopher Colon Augur objected to this violation of post decorum. He told the lieutenant to be rid of his paramour and quickly.

Fort Hoskins musicians at a reunion in years following service. From left: John Loutsenhiser, fifer; Charles Frank, tenor drummer; James Plunkett, bass drummer. Both bass and tenor drums are now in the Horner Museum at Oregon State University, Corvallis.

Courtesy Author

Garber argued with his captain and reminded him that other officers had kept Indian girls without interference. On December 23, 1858, Lieutenant Garber was suspended from rank and pay for a period of six months, not because of his unhappy affair but because he had used improper language toward his superior officer. Garber died in the garrison hospital a few weeks after his period of probation had expired. Cause of his death is not clearly indicated. He is buried in the Kings Valley cemetery, but on the modest monument his name is misspelled "Gasber."

Private William Hilleary recalled that on April 6, 1865, orders were read for his company to proceed to Fort Vancouver. On April 13 the captain of the company and his lieutenant climbed into an ambulance and departed. The company followed in charge of a sergeant. Hilleary left Hoskins without any sigh of regret. After nine years of unhappy and often rowdy life this remote post was officially abandoned. No one mourned its demise.

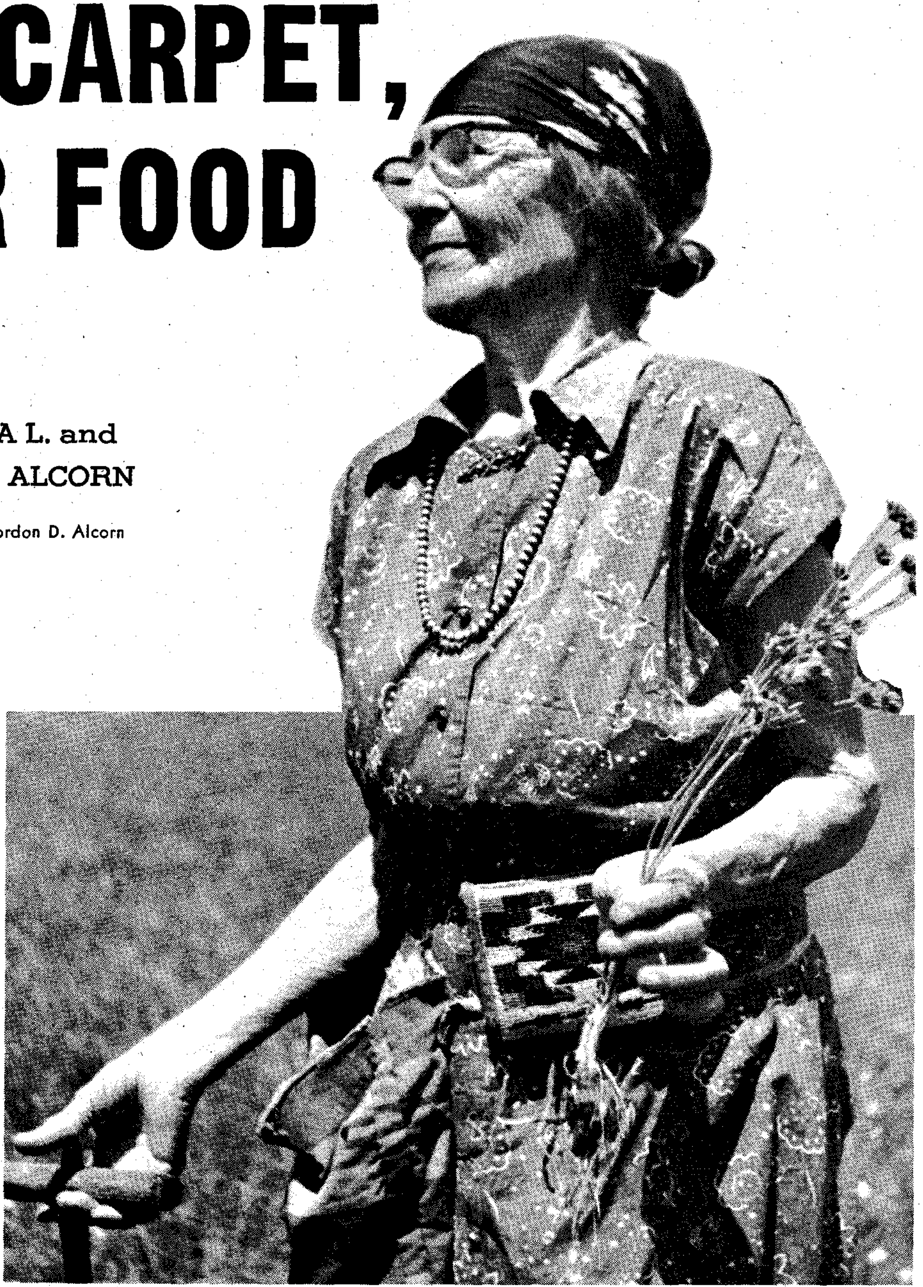
(Continued on page 66)

SUMMER CARPET, WINTER FOOD

By ROWENA L. and
GORDON D. ALCORN

Photos Courtesy Dr. Gordon D. Alcorn

The past can live again in many ways —the things we ate when we were young —a scar on a mountainside made by our warriors



Mrs. Elizabeth Wilson, proud of her Nez Percé heritage, holds a kous root and digging tool.

FOR CENTURIES women of the Nez Percé Indian Nation harvested bulbs of the camas and roots of the kous. These wild foods are so nutritious that two of each could sustain an adult for an entire day.

Before the white man began to cultivate Idaho's expansive and fertile Grangeville Plateau, it became a solid blue carpet of camas flowers (camassia) each spring. Even today camas thrives in a few unplowed fields there.

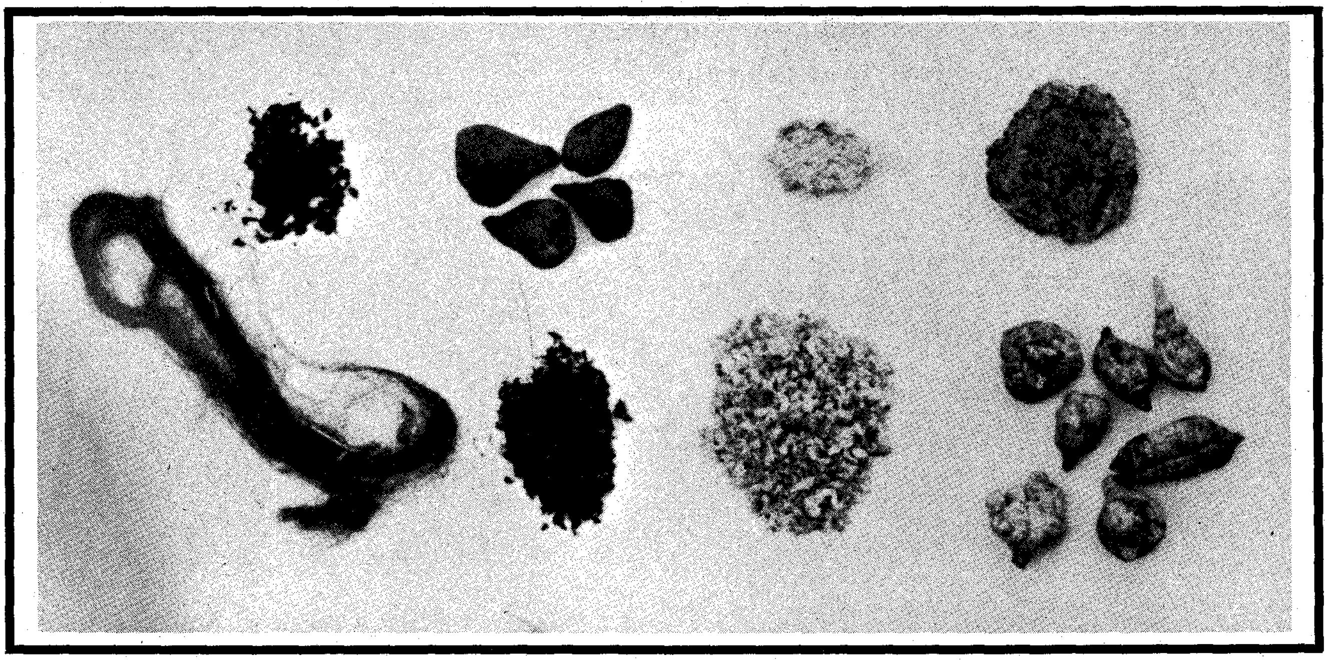
The bulbs, which grow about four to six inches beneath the surface of the ground, were originally dug with camas-hooks fashioned from bones or hardwood sticks. Handles were fastened by thongs. Today, however, curved metal bars two feet long are used. Bulbs are harvested during August and early September. They are washed, peeled and then baked slowly for three days in pits covered with smoldering pinewood. Dark brown, with a clinging sweet fragrance, the camas are ready to be stored, then ground into meal as needed.

Kous (lomatium-kous) is a member of the wild carrot family and is often called "biscuit root." This plant, which grows in stony ground along steep slopes of the canyon country in Idaho and the Grande Ronde of eastern Oregon, is easily identified by a flat umbel of dainty yellow blooms which are gathered as the flowers begin fading during late May and early June.

Kous has a delicious flavor. When eaten fresh, the Nez Percés call it "k'hm-sit." The term "kous" is used only after it has been dried. The skin is easily removed, exposing ivory-colored roots which vary in shape and size. They are spread out and left to dry in the hot sun until they are brittle and ready for storing. Kous can then be ground or pounded into a coarse meal which is usually moistened with water and formed into small patties or "fingerprints." Kous will keep well for as long as two years.

In the old days, Nez Percés used dried kous roots for trading with the Flathead and Crow tribes. Every fall when Chief Looking Glass led his people from their permanent village over the Lolo Trail to hunt buffalo, their saddlebags were loaded with dried kous. When this band returned home to Idaho, the horses carried heavy packs of dried meat, and hides to make new tepees and sleeping robes.

The Looking Glass band was eager to gather wild berries, and net salmon to be smoked or dried. It was such a good life! The Nez Percé Nation was composed of many different bands, ruled by one or sometimes two chieftains, and each band had its own area. The Nez Percés lived in what is now southeastern Washington, central Idaho and in the far northeastern corner of Oregon. They were proud and prosperous.



Top, left to right: crumbled "hop-op" after baking 24 hours; camus bulbs after 72 hours baking; "fingerprint" of kous; patty of dried kous roots. Bottom, left to right: "hop-op" (pine moss), ground camus, ground kous, dried kous roots.

By 1877, Young Chief Joseph (Thunder Rolling Through The Mountains) had succeeded his father, Chief Old Joseph, as head of the Wallowa Band. In May of that year, General O. O. Howard ordered Chief Joseph to take his people and move immediately up to the Lapwai Reservation. They were given one month. Believing that they would return to their beloved "Land of Winding Waters," Chief Joseph permitted his people to hide about two tons of dried kous roots in a Grande Ronde cave. Howard's troops found this cache of food and burned it.

FOR MANY years we have made a trip in June to see our numerous Nez Percé friends in Idaho. Since their traditional wild foods are now gathered only by a few of the older women, we asked Mrs. Elizabeth Wilson if we could make a color film of her digging kous roots. She was enthusiastic.

Her home is in Kamiah, Idaho, but she was at this time visiting her daughter, Christine (Mrs. Archie Lawyer), whose ranch is a few miles from Grangeville. Two of the Lawyers' four sons, Robert and James, were home that day. Their great-great-grandfather was the renowned Chief Lawyer (Hal-Hal-Hots-Tslot), loyal friend of the white man and a signer of the 1855 treaty. As a lad about ten years old, he had seen Lewis and Clark when that exploring party had descended from Lolo Pass onto the Weippe Prairie where hundreds of Nez Percés were harvesting and roasting camas.

We walked a short distance from the Archie Lawyer home to the rim of the Grangeville Plateau. Here Mrs. Wilson expertly pried kous roots with her metal digging tool. "The ground this year is very dry and hard, and the digging is not easy." Interested bystanders were her two grandsons, who remarked that we had come a long way just to see this.

The view was superb. To the south was Buffalo Hump, and Mrs. Wilson pointed out a snowy peak in the east. "That is Cool Water Mountain." Another Nez Percé friend, the late Harry Wheeler of Stites, had told us that several great chieftains lie buried in unmarked graves on this mountain. His own grandfather is there near the summit.

Although that day was hot and cloudless, Mrs. Wilson predicted a thunderstorm within twenty-four hours. She was right, for as we camped near the summit of Lolo Pass on our way over to Montana the next night, a terrific storm lashed the Bitterroot Mountains.

After we had finished taking our short documentary film, we offered to take Mrs. Wilson back to her home in Kamiah, and she accepted. "If you have good brakes, we could go by the shortcut," she said.

This gravel road from Grangeville to Stites is the original old stagecoach route. Steep and narrow, it winds spectacularly from the plateau down the canyon on a "hogback" to the South Fork of the Clearwater River. Fortunately, we did not meet another car until we neared the bottom of that grade. The driver of a large truck had seen us descending and was waiting for us in one of the few places wide enough to pass.

Halfway down, Elizabeth Wilson had pointed across the Clearwater to the canyon walls. "See that cliff over there? That is where my people fought the Army troops in the Battle of the Clearwater in 1877. Since then this has been known as 'Battle Ridge'."

She also called our attention to several long dark streaks on the steep slope. "They were made by a few of our brave warriors as they slid down to join their fleeing tribesmen. They dug their heels in, exposing that black talus when the tall grass was torn away. Amazingly, no grass has ever grown back over these places."

As we drove along the South Fork of the Clearwater River, our friend showed us a bench-meadow on our left where she said the Nez Percés were camped when salvos from howitzers fell in their midst. The Looking Glass band had joined the other "non-treaty" Nez Percés there after their village had been attacked and burned.

Just beyond that meadow we crossed the bridge over the South Fork and drove through the village of Stites and on to Kooskia, where the South Fork joins the Middle Fork of the Clearwater.

A SHORT DISTANCE above Kamiah one passes the historic Indian Presbyterian Church. Still in use today, this church was dedicated by Reverend Henry Harmon Spalding, the pioneer missionary who came west with Dr. Marcus Whitman in 1836.

Chief Lawyer and Chief Tack Ensuitis had eagerly met the Spalding-Whitman missionary party east of the Wyoming rendezvous in 1836, but it was not until 1873 that Lawyer asked to be baptized. He became the first Elder for this Indian Presbyterian Church at Kamiah and when he died in 1876 he was buried in the church cemetery.

As we drove by this church, Mrs. Wilson said, "My mother told me that some Christian Nez Percés who were here, saw the sun glinting on rifle-bayonets of the soldiers as they came down that draw (she indicated a high peak across the river) and they hurried down to Kamiah where the non-treaty Nez Percés were camped after the Battle of the Clearwater, and warned them of this new danger. That peak is known today as 'Mount Misery' for our people kept the troops besieged there during the Battle of Kamiah Crossing. My mother was a witness to all that."

Five bands, numbering over 700, then fled over the Lolo Trail to Montana.

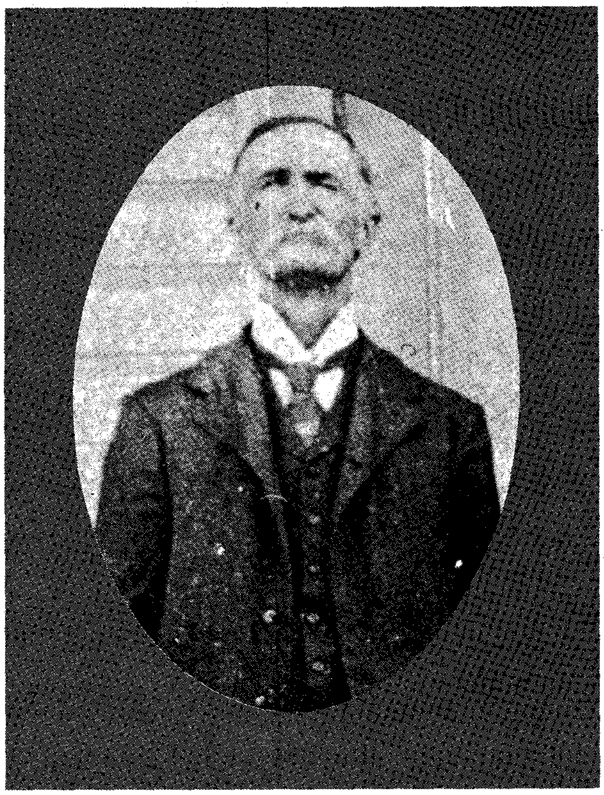
(Continued on page 66)

It wasn't the easiest profession in the world, when your chief competitor "down the street" was an old-time medicine man!

DOCTOR
to the Cheyennes

By F. HORACE HUGHES

Photos Courtesy Author


Doctor E. J. Hughes

WHEN my father, Dr. E. J. Hughes, moved to Cantonment with his family in the winter of 1900 to practice medicine at the big Indian school, blanket Indians were living in tepees all up and down the North Canadian River. All were in a state of semi-starvation although small food rations were doled out twice monthly. That country was new and wild; the only railroad was the Rock Island many miles to the east. We expected the Cheyennes to be quarrelsome since just tweny-one years had passed since Dull Knife's band of malcontents had been captured in the Solomon River valley and returned to the reservation.

Fort Cantonment, in the northwestern corner of Blaine County, Oklahoma, was established by our government in 1879 to hold the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians in suppression. Until then, the closest fort had been Reno, near the present city of El Reno, about seventy miles away.

Our first home at Cantonment was an old stone hospital, constructed by the Army in 1879. It was a gruesome place for a family of children; two rooms had been used for sick wards and the stone walls were covered with notations penciled by ill and wounded soldier boys far from home and friends. One notation which stands out in my memory read: "I am wounded and hurt, never expect to see God's country again." The young man was from Terre Haute, Indiana. Another soldier printed this inscription on the wall: "Wounded and shot all to hell." I am sorry that I failed to copy all of those names and the stories written in pain and loneliness so long ago, but I was only one small white boy and my playmates were little semi-savages who interested me more.

A short while after Father got settled at the school, he noticed that a great many Indians were scratching their bodies and that some of their faces were inflamed. He examined the few educated young Indians who worked at the agency and found that they were suffering from a malady called "Cuban Itch," newly brought to this country from the Spanish-American War. He mixed a preparation to bathe the infected parts and the patients were quickly relieved, but the blanket-wearing, old camp Indians were wary of whites and were kept away from the doctor by their medicine men. Finally, influenced by the boys from the school and getting no relief from their medicine men, a few of them came to the white doctor to be cured. His balm was so effective they soon were coming in numbers, all wanting some of the magic medicine that stopped the terrible itch.

The doctor's prestige rose to such an extent that he was unable to treat them all. He needed experienced help, so Mother was called upon. She found a five-gallon can and mixed great quantities of itch balm. The Indians carried this lotion away in tin cups and cans, so great was the demand and so scarce were bottles.

The Indian medicine men fought hard to keep the doctor from visiting the sick but after the itch scourge, his name and fame made him welcome in the tepees. I was such a child I was worried about my dad's safety. Running through the tepees at play, I had seen that the squaws carried large butcher knives in pouches attached to their belts. One day I asked my father if he were afraid they would harm him and he said no, that he carried a secret weapon. He never had to use it while making sick calls in camp but it did come in handy on another occasion.

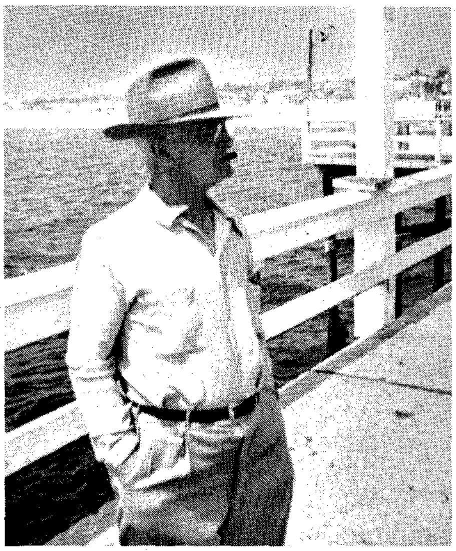
ONE DAY as I was going past the big school, I saw a mob of blanket-wearing, camp Indians milling around. They seemed to be quite unhappy as they jabbered in excited voices. Slipping in close, I saw that the big reception room was full of Indians and they were making quite a fuss. Then suddenly the fuss and palaver ended—bucks and squaws jammed the big door as they all rushed out at the same time. They were coughing, and they sneezed and clawed at their eyes.

When the Indians had left the building and things were quiet, Father came smiling from the room with a handkerchief tied over his nose, followed by three school employees who were similarly masked. Father's secret weapon — a pouchful of hot red pepper—had dispersed the mob.

Some old bucks living a few miles up the river had some children in the sick ward with the flu (called la grippe then). They had been told by the Indian medicine man that the children would die unless taken home. That was the only time the doctor had to use his secret weapon, but he was always ready to get a step ahead of the old medicine men (who did not give up easily).

A few of the young folks in camp had gone to school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, the first Indian school established by the Government. They were used as interpreters around the various offices. Earning a few dollars made those young men happy and they became a good influence among their elders, who slowly had changed their attitude toward whites but had never become actually friendly.

It was quite a feather in Father's cap to be accepted enough that he was able to wait on the sick in the big camp with-



The doctor's son, F. Horace Hughes, on the pier at Santa Monica, California, July, 1967.

out the protection of the Indian police. All whites were not so welcome, especially those who continually were trying to trade worthless gewgaws to the Indians for the wagons, harnesses and good horses the Government had issued them.

About three miles northwest of Cantonment was an Indian graveyard in a thick stand of blackjack timber. I was riding a pony with some Indian boys one Saturday afternoon and I saw platforms made of poles in the treetops. I rode closer to examine them and the Indian boys became frightened and begged me to stay away from the trees. The spirits would become angry and would punish us, they said. Not wishing to make the spirits angry at me, this little white lad made tracks from there in a hurry.

Ernest Black, an educated young Cheyenne who lived in a tepee down by the river, was cordial and liked to have me visit and listen to stories about his people. He was quite a linguist and the best-informed Indian at Cantonment. When an Indian male died, he told me, the members of his family placed his favorite belongings on his grave. If he were placed in a treetop, so the wild animals would be unable to reach the remains, then his choice possessions were left there also. I knew that was true, as I had previously heard some white men talking about stealing horse bridles, knives and blankets from these overhead graves. Naturally, such vandals caused bad relations and the older Indians became soured on all white people.

ONE DAY an old buck came into Father's office suffering from a carbuncle on his wrist. The doctor seated the old fellow beside a table and went into a side room for his lances and bandages. When the Indian saw Father advancing toward him with those long knives, he decided he had business somewhere else. I was standing around as usual and was as surprised as my father to see the old man jump out of the chair and run for the door. Luckily for us, it opened outward or it might have been torn from its hinges. The porch was about four feet high, but the old fellow leaped from its edge, not bothering with the steps. Then a queer thing happened. After running about fifty yards, the frightened Indian suddenly straightened and walked with slow dignity toward camp. The reason for this sudden change was his fear of losing face if he were seen running away from danger, which to an Indian was a sign of cowardice and would have made him the laughing stock of the village. Father hated to see the old fellow leave without being treated but he learned that they dreaded knives so he planned a way to overcome their fear.

Howling Elk, another old-timer who had an allotment a few miles from Cantonment, lived in a tepee beside the frame house the Government had built to try to domesticate him. He had never been to see the doctor but had heard through the grapevine that a new medicine was helping many sick Indians. Father was surprised one day when the old sub-chief made a visit to his office for treatment of a badly inflamed boil on his arm.

The old fellow was seated in a chair beside a window, where he could relax and watch cattle grazing in the nearby pasture. In the meantime Father examined the boil, then went slowly into the anteroom and returned with a lance hidden in his coat sleeve. Telling the old buck to watch the cows, Father took a firm grip on the patient's hand and pretended to look at the boil. When Howling Elk looked out the window, Father slipped the lance from his coat sleeve and ripped open the over-ripe boil, but he had no chance to treat the wound because this patient, too, leaped from the chair and went running.

Dad felt better after being efficient up to fifty per cent but still had to devise some plan whereby he could follow up those operations by treating and bandaging the wounds. Finally he had two of the educated young Indians act as assistants, which they were glad to do upon the promise of a good meal at our table.

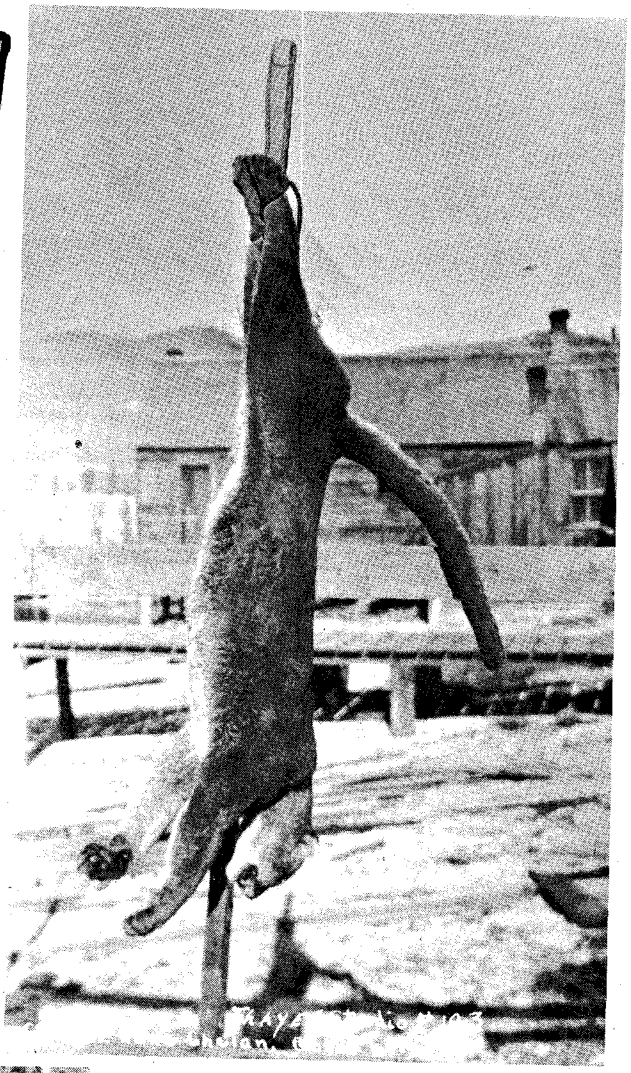
I never quit wondering where those Indians put all the food they ate. Father thought it was fun to watch them, but it soon got tiresome to Mother to prepare such large quantities. Those poor people were confirmed meat eaters and wanted nothing else for a meal as long as there was any meat to consume. Although our food bills ran high, having a few Indians at our table once in awhile made the doctor and our family respected by a people who were not used to kind treatment from the whites.

ONE DAY I was running through the big camp and one of the mothers gave her boy a handful of food. When I asked the lad what he was eating, he said it was Indian candy. Intrigued and hungry, I asked for some of his candy and arrived home chewing the strange food. When my older brother, Loyd, saw me coming up the walk with the little Indian boy, he came to meet us and asked what I was eating. I told Loyd that the little boy called it Indian candy and that it was good. Brother Loyd took a look at my candy and said, "You better throw that stuff away!" Then he told me that it was called pemmican and was made from scraps of meat—perhaps dried dog, old stale beef and sometimes rabbit. The meat base, with dry bread,

(Continued on page 59)

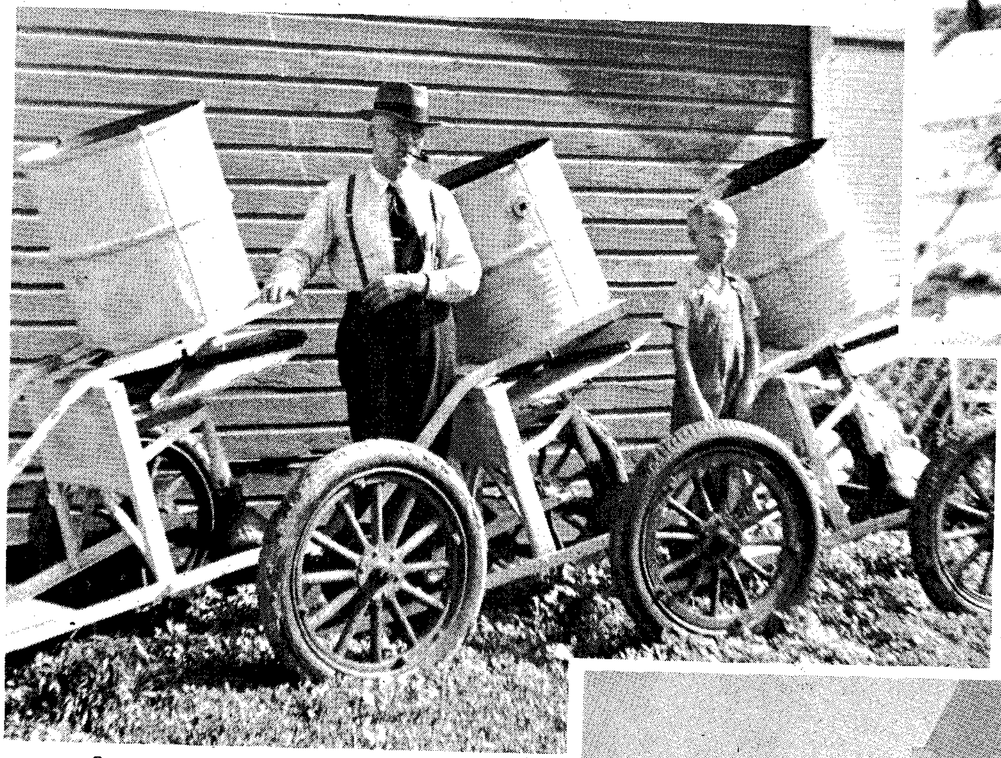
Employees at Indian School, Cantonment, Oklahoma, 1902. From top left: Mrs. Ratzlaffe, Dr. Hughes, Mr. H. E. Wilson (Superintendent), Paul Goodbear (Cheyenne), Peter Ratzlaffe (Farmer). Middle: Mrs. Connelly, Helen Sheahau, Lily Sherman, Mrs. Wilson. Bottom: Julia Plough, Myrtle Maddox, Mrs. Bailey.

Frontier Times Scrapbook



Courtesy Walt Thayer

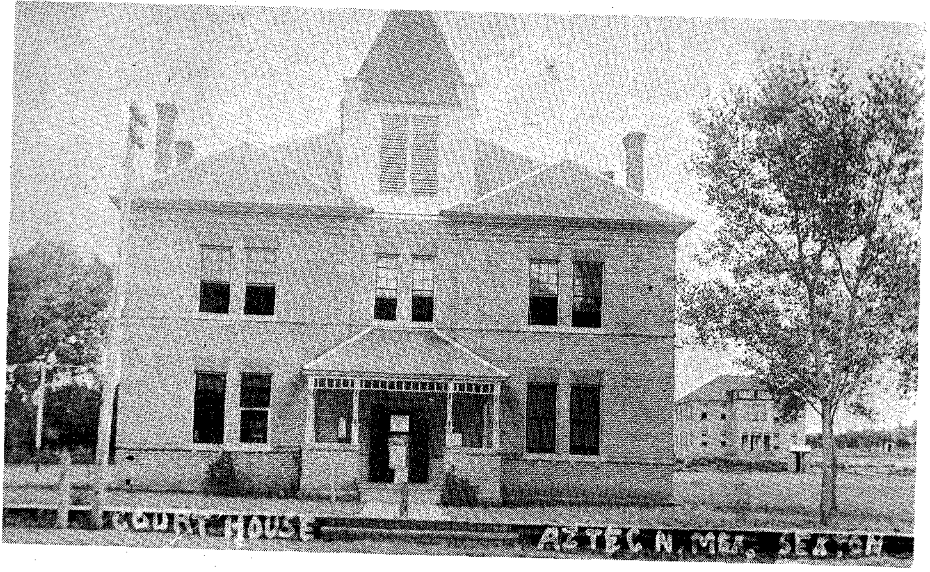
This seven-foot cougar was caught by the late E. L. "Cougar" Stone near Lake Chelan, Washington, about 1900. Stone was an early-day government hunter and had caught over 200 "cats."



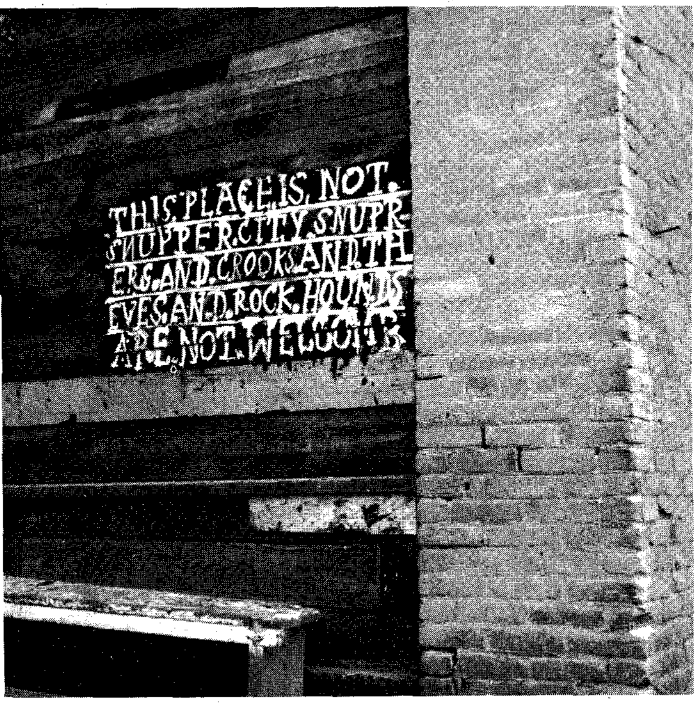
Courtesy Otto Jungnitsch

"Grasshopper machines" used in North Dakota in the "dust bowl" years (1933). The machine was composed of Model T rear ends which actuated rotary spreaders beneath the oil drums. They were hauled behind wagons or trucks and were used to spread poison bran over the fields to kill the grasshoppers which threatened the wheat crop.

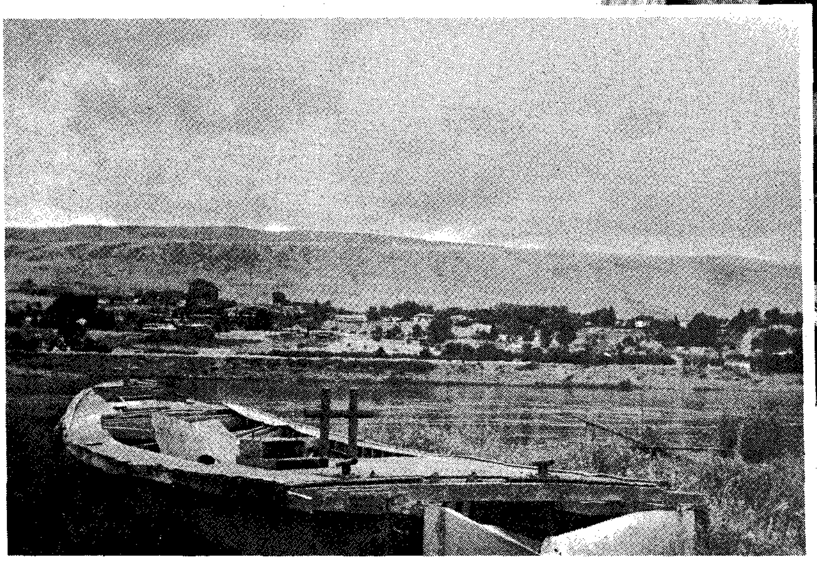
Courthouse, Aztec, New Mexico, shown as it was in June, 1912. Reader Walt Thayer wonders if this old building is still standing.



The lone resident of Courtland, Arizona, apparently doesn't want his privacy invaded. His sign says, "This place is, not. Snupper. [snooper] city. Snuprers. and. theves. [thieves] and. rock. hounds are. not. welcomb."



Courtesy Blair Chamberlain

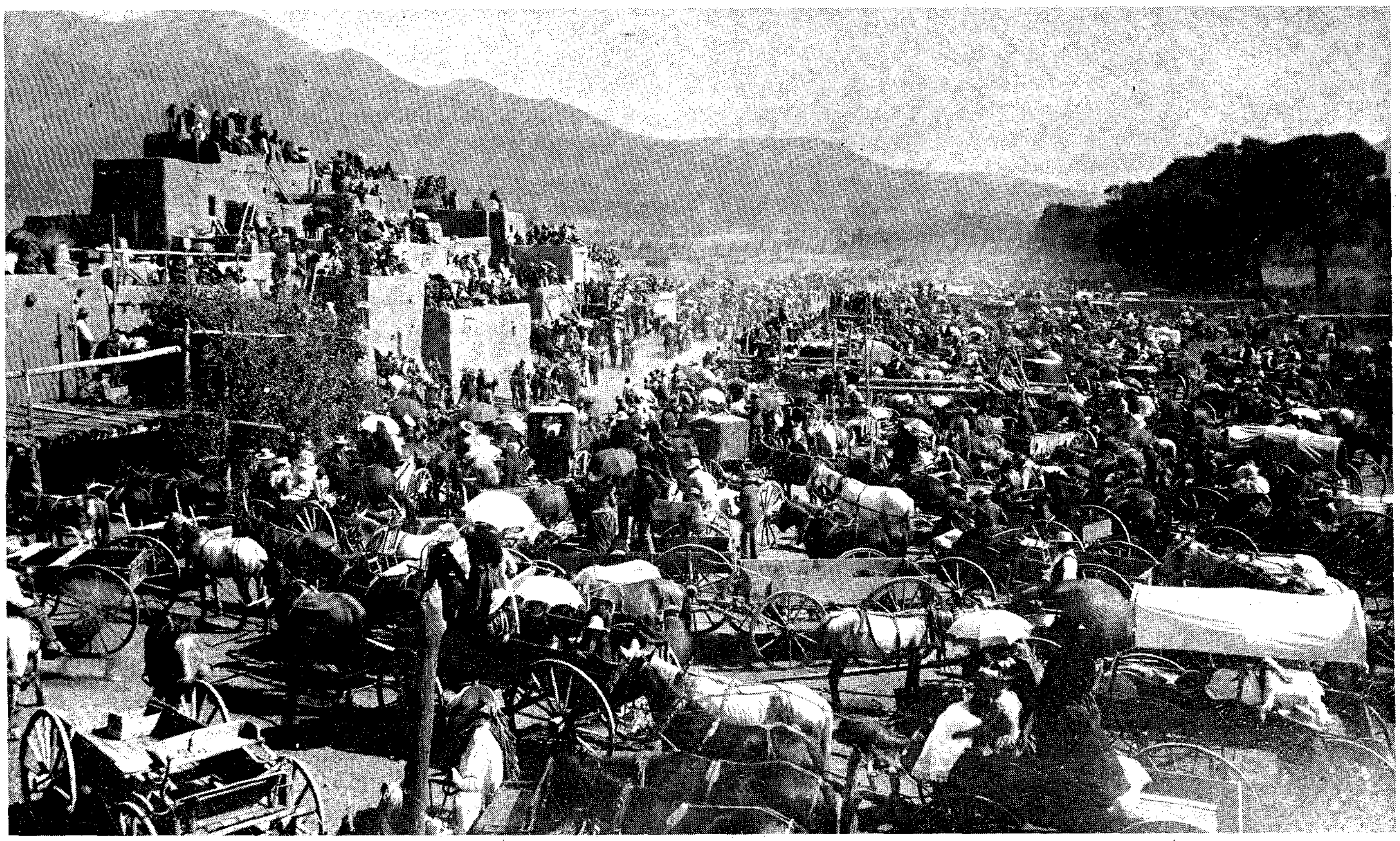


Courtesy Walt Thayer

This riverboat was first used on the Snake River in Idaho. Around 1930, it saw service as a construction barge in building the Rock Island Dam on the Columbia River. About a year ago, it was salvaged from the mud by a Seattle man who died before he could rebuild it. Today, the boat is parked on the bank of the Columbia River in the care of Robert Tyrrel.

Pueblo de Taos, Taos County, New Mexico. On September 30, October 1 and 2, 1897, the pueblo held a fiesta day called "San Geronimo." People came from all parts of the country to join the Indians and Mexicans in this celebration. The picture shows the start of the relay foot race.

Courtesy Fred Lambert



TRAILS
GROWN
DIM

If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

Albert W. Bean

In 1923 my brother, Albert W. Bean, left Barnsdall, Oklahoma, and has not been in touch with his family since. He was born in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, in 1895. He was about five-feet, six-inches tall and weighed about 130 pounds. He is part Cherokee Indian and there is a payment from the Government for him at the Indian Agency at Muskogee, Oklahoma. I heard in 1926 he was working for an oil company at Borger, Texas. I moved to Borger in 1929 and lived around there for fifteen years but could never find any trace of him. Our father's name was Joseph S. Bean and he was killed at Clayton, New Mexico, in 1908. Anyone who knows anything about my brother, please write to me.—Ruby Crow, 1672 Mt. Diablo, Concord, California 94520.

Lofton

My great-grandfather, Kennel P. Lofton, was killed by Indians in 1868. His home at that time was in Wise County, Texas. His death occurred either in Wise County or Montague County. He had come to Texas about 1848-1850 from Illinois and had married Annie Herring in Collin County in 1851. I would like to hear from anyone who knows the names of his parents or brothers and sisters or the location of his grave.—J. E. Williams, Box 1045, Brady, Texas 76825.

Lochery

About two years ago we ran across an old family plot on a hillside in Kentucky. The oldest grave was 135 years old and the newest seventy-nine years old. The names were Squire, Jeremiah and A. K. Lochery, so I can give anyone connected with this family information about these graves. A turnpike is due to be built through this area so I guess the plot will be gone soon.—Mrs. J. R. Luttrell, R.R. #1, Leland, Illinois 60531.

Pyle Mountain

There is a mountain some fifteen miles or so west of McAlester, Oklahoma, called "Pyle Mountain." It is said to have been named for my great-uncle, John Pyle, who went to Indian Territory in the late 1800s and died there around 1906. After his death, his widow married a man named Johnson and they later moved to California. There were Pyle children and I have been in contact with them, but they were small when their father died and they have equally small recollections of their father, who is said to have been buried on Pyle Mountain on the farm which he owned. I would appreciate hearing from any old-timers who might know anything about uncle John, the mountain, or his life there.—Claude W. Pyle, 4930 Fourth Avenue North, St. Petersburg, Florida 33709.

Henry Warren

I would like to hear from any descendant of my grandfather, Henry Warren. He was living in Wabash, Indiana, in the 1850s. My father was born in 1856, the second son of Henry Warren's second wife; his older brother was Will and his younger brother was Richard. I believe there were two sons by a former wife if my information is correct. One was named James and the other Henry. Jim and Henry Warren were living near Wabash when my father migrated to Illinois. I believe my grandfather was a cooper by trade.—Jesse L. Warren, Worden, Montana 59088.

Pennsylvania Wimers

I would appreciate anyone letting me know anything about the family of Jacob Wimer (the name might have been spelled Weimer, Wymar or Wymer). Jacob was married to Catherine Markel at Huntington, Pennsylvania, and they had eleven children: Mary Ann and Adam A., twins Isaac and Jacob, George W., Elizabeth and Catherine (twins), William Jordan, John H., Hamiah, and James W. I have reason to believe that the family lived in Keokuk, Iowa, Mahaska, Iowa, Ray, Missouri, and Seneca, Ohio.

I would also appreciate information regarding the following members of my family:

A Mr. Wright who married Sarah Beegle (they had a daughter named Nancy). A Mr. McElwain who married Nancy Wright. They had a daughter named Lillie Belle who was born and raised around Manhattan, Kansas. Samuel P. Bates and Julius Bates. The former had a son named Henry Clay Bates, born in Meadesville, Pennsylvania, and the latter was a one-armed preacher.—Mrs. Betty I. Andrews, 2071 N.E. Stephens, Space C-4, Roseburg, Oregon 97470.

U. S. Marshal White

My grandfather was a U. S. marshal somewhere around Madill, Oklahoma. His name was James R. White. He was shot, contracted pneumonia, and died in 1905 or 1906, when my dad was two or three years old.

James R. White was born in 1865. I would love to hear anything about him.—Mrs. Frances (White) Watson, 1023 North Auburn, Farmington, New Mexico 87401.

Jarriott P. Hatten

I am trying to locate information about Jarriott P. Hatten. Jarriott and a daughter, Julia, homesteaded in Beaver County, Oklahoma, in 1903. Jarriott married my grandmother, Mrs. Mary Ann (Egbert) Husted in 1906 in Beaver County, Oklahoma. Two daughters were born, Jewel Hatten (1907) and Nell Mae Hatten (1912).

Jerriott was appointed postmaster at Hamilton, Beaver County, in 1910. The name of the town Hamilton was changed to Hatten in 1910. Jarriott and Mary were divorced soon after their second child was born and the post office and the town of Hatten was discontinued in 1913. It was said that Jarriott and Julia returned to Texas. My mother, Nell Mae (Hatten) Davis had always heard that her father had been born in Texas.—Mrs. Joe Leuellen, 19713 East Second Street, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74108.

Moore

I would like to know about my grandfather's early life. He was James (Jim) Moore from Shreveport, Louisiana. His children were Lizzie, William Henry (Caprock), Martin Zachariah (Zack), and James P. (Hardrock); my grandmother was Emma Akin McMullin. They opened a restaurant on Bloody Caddo Street in Ardmore, Oklahoma, about 1890, next door to the Apollis funeral home, where many outlaws were laid to rest.—A. D. McMullin, 904 Third Avenue N.E., Ardmore, Oklahoma 73401.

Frances Chilson

About forty-five years ago a very lovely girl named Frances Chilson lived in Great Falls, Montana, working on ranches in the summer and the drugstore in the winter. Does anyone know her or know what happened to her? This was in the days when Charles M. Russell had his log cabin studio in Great Falls.—Leo Gaudreau, 87 Russell Street, West Peabody, Massachusetts.

Charles Donovan

I would like to locate someone who knew a Charles Donovan in or around Dundee or Springfield, Illinois. He was born in 1857 and went to Indian Territory, farming much land in what is now Osage County. He married an Augustine Chouteau Roberts who owned land on Salt Creek. Charles left and went to Mexico when my father was about nine years old, cleared land at Tampico and lived there until shortly before his death. I would like to know more about his early life.—Mrs. Jessie Donovan Moore, P. O. Box 138, Burbank, Oklahoma 74633.

"Many a Mickle Makes a Muckle"

I am writing concerning "Many a Mickle Makes a Muckle" in your January issue. This story mentions C. O. Corey, a traveling photographer and cabinet worker. I was wondering if any of his relatives are still around, as I know many Corey families in Paulsboro, Port Orchard and Brementon, Washington. I thought maybe they could be related to C. O. or one of his six sons and would appreciate any information anyone has.—Monte Mottern, Star Route 1, Box 370, Bremerton, Washington 98310.

Hotchkiss-Nesch

I am looking for information on a Bible. A King James version, it was found in San Diego, California, last summer. There are some names and dates listed—we believe them to be Aurora Hotchkiss, October 12 or 17, Bethany College, Topeka, Kansas. Also Bob, Jack, Mabel, Oscar, Amy, Alice and what seems to be Herary and Armine Nesch, 1883 and November 5, 1900. If anyone knows these people or have any information that would help us in returning the Bible it would be appreciated.—Jack Sinclair, USS Jason AR-8, FPO San Francisco, California 96601.

William Connor(s)

I am looking for my father, William (Will or Bill) Connor(s), who was born in Indiana about 1875. My father and mother lived in Denver, Colorado, in 1909 and 1910; he worked as a blacksmith at or near the Denver Union Stockyards. They moved to Sidney, Nebraska, where my father worked for Helwing's Blacksmith Shop. My parents separated when I was very small so I don't remember my father at all. Prior to 1909 he had lived in Cozad, Lincoln and Omaha, Nebraska, and in 1941 I have reason to believe he lived at the Lewiston Hotel in Denver. Anyone knowing of him, please write to me.—Carl Clifford Connors, General Delivery, Mendota, California 93640.

Oswoods from Paradise

Back in 1936-1939 my friend Nell Oswood and her husband, Ralph (Ray), and their three children lived in Paradise, California. They left Paradise and moved to Hawthorne, Nevada, and Ralph worked in the ammunition plant there. Ralph had a brother living in Arizona and I think another one in Colorado. I would like very much to hear from anyone who could give me an address or news of Nell or her relatives.—Helen Wheeler, 370 Norman Street, Gridley, California 95948.

Dermith Joseph Fish

I'm trying to locate Dermith Joseph Fish, whose parents were LeRoy Benjamin Fish and Violet Penrose. His mother lived and died in Havre, Montana, sometime between 1950-1960, I believe. He lived at Havre, also.

Dermith Joseph Fish had a brother named LeRoy Anthony Fish, who was my father. I would appreciate any information about my uncle or his parents.—Barbara A. (Fish) Stephens, 4403 N.E. 122nd Avenue, Vancouver, Washington 98662.

Lenardson

Maybe one of your readers remembers my father, Arthur Lenardson? His father and mother, Arthur and Ella (Gleason) Lenardson, moved to Salida, Colorado, in 1881, where Arthur Jr. was born in 1884. Arthur Sr. was an enigneer on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. In 1891 they moved to Grand Junction, Colorado, and homesteaded a fruit ranch at Clifton. Arthur Jr. was in the Navy about 1889. He had relatives named Exeter in Salida, Colorado, and an uncle, Albert H. Gleason, of Salt Lake City or Denver.—Mrs. Margaret Kemp, 4271 Ebell Drive, Dayton Ohio 45439.

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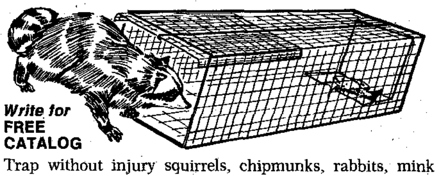

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

TEXAS INDIAN ARTISTS

The Rock Art of Texas Indians (Univ. of Texas Press, $12.50) is really a tremendous memorial volume to artist Forrest Kirkland who spent most of his leisure time for some years in copying the pictographs to scale. The next is by W. W. Newcomb, Jr. of the Texas Memorial Museum, who tackled the job after the University bought the Kirkland collection. The Kirklands spent their vacations in Rattlesnake, Seminole and Lewis Canyons; Panther, Black and Bee Caves, at Paint Rock, Meyers Springs, Hueco Tanks, Rocky Dell and other locations short on creature comforts but near Indian rock art. Mrs. Kirkland was driver, camp cook, explorer, photographer and diarist—Kirkland kept field notes—on these summer expeditions. Kirkland died from a heart attack in 1942, but Mrs. Kirkland has lent a hand in getting the results of their vacation labors into print. This book contains 160 (32 in color) reproductions of the watercolor copies made by the artist. It also is illustrated with nearly 50 photographs and seven maps. There is a bibliography plus an index to enhance this informative and handsome volume.

CHEROKEE MAGIC

Run Toward the Nightland (SMU Press, $5.00) is by the great Cherokee husband and wife research and writing team, Jack F. and Anna Gritts Kilpatrick. In it they explore the magic of the Oklahoma Cherokees—possible only because they were Cherokees and enjoyed the confidence of their fellow tribe members. The Cherokees seem to have had magical incantations for just about every endeavor—hunting, fishing, controlling the weather, winning games, love, war, and on and on. Some of the incantations were used for several different purposes and many are really beautiful. The assistance of birds and animals is often sought in the magical words. "Jack Frederick Kilpatrick, 1915-1967: A Memorial Preface" from the pen of Margaret L. Hartley, Director of the Press, tells us of the untimely death of Jack from a heart attack on February 22, 1967. Dr. Kilpatrick was a member of the Music faculty of SMU for more than twenty years; he was composer, teacher, researcher, historian, folklorist and writer. Much of his leisure time in recent years has been devoted to seeking the half-forgotten and long neglected treasures of his own Cherokee culture. With the help of his wife, a descendant of Sequoya, at least four important books, including this one, recording those treasures have appeared. The Cherokees and all Americans owe the Kilpatricks a debt of gratitude.

LAW BRINGERS

Iron Men (Doubleday, $5.95) is the saga of the Deputy U. S. Marshals who rode the Indian Territory following the Civil War. It is by C. H. McKennon, a free lance writer, whose roots are deep in the Arkansas-Oklahoma country of the *Iron Men.* Only Heck Thomas of The Three Guardsmen (Thomas, Tilghman and Madsen) has a role in this account—it is about an earlier period when Hanging Judge Isaac Parker held Court at Fort Smith. Paden Tolbert, John N. Sarber, Logan Roots and Dave Rusk are among the deputies who took the trail of the lawbreakers of that day. Bud McConnell and Bud Ledbetter also play their parts in this one. The story of Ned Christie, a highly respected Cherokee, who unwittingly shot down a lawman as his first crime, is told in some detail. There is much invented dialogue in this book but somehow it is not too objectionable—perhaps the fact that the author interviewed so many of the old timers (four members of Paden Tolbert's family, for example) makes it sound authentic. There is a good section of photos, a bibliography and an index. Entertaining.

SOUTHWEST SUN SEEKERS

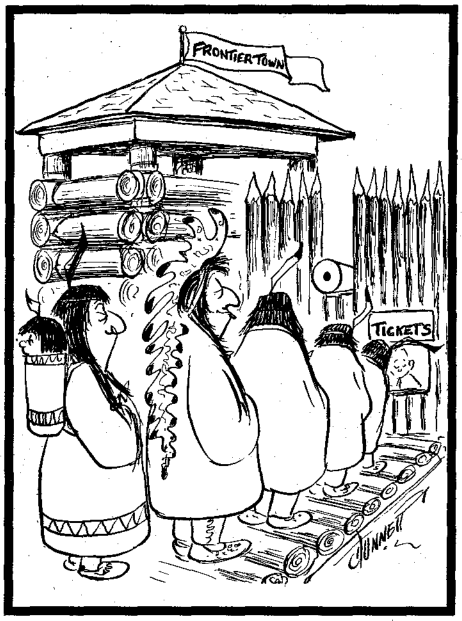
The Southwest became a mecca for health-seekers early in the nineteenth century. Dry climate, hot sulphur springs, wide-open spaces, and mountain scenery were the ingredients often prescribed alone or in combination for many Eastern maladies of which consumption led the lot. *Health-Seekers of the Southwest 1817-1900* (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) by Billy M. Jones is a factual account of the early enthusiasm for the health-giving region. Military assignments were affected, as well as the makeup of early expeditions of explorers. As one bride put it, she "should never have consented to take the trip on the plains had it not been with the view and hope that it would prove beneficial to her health." Josiah Gregg, the famous prairie traveler joined Arkansas volunteers enroute to Texas and Mexico "as well for my health as to endeavor . . . to be of any service to my country." Experiences largely verified early claims to the healthfulness of the Southwest and the numbers of seekers increased. Fear of tuberculosis was allayed by stay-at-home treatment by 1900, but even today, health seekers trek to the golden land by the thousands each year.

KANSAS PRAIRIES

Sod and Stubble (Bison Books, $1.95) by John Ise is the story of a young German couple who homesteaded on the Kansas prairie. From 1873 when they reached Western Kansas until Henry died of cancer at the age of 60, Henry and Rosie tamed the prairie, became stalwart citizens and raised twelve children. Through hard work and devotion, Rosie who had one-half day in school, educated her brood at such places as Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Stanford, the University of California, the University of Chicago, and the University of Zurich, Switzerland. The family endured drought, grasshoppers, prairie fires, debt, illness and dust storms before good times took hold. Through it all, they loved the land and managed to hold on to it. *Sod and Stubble* is the true story of the author's parents and their family. He changed names but presented the story as told to him by his mother and verified in newspaper accounts, other records, and from living neighboring pioneers. The book was first published in 1936 by Wilson-Erickson, Inc.

SPANISH NAVAL CENTER

The Naval Department of San Blas (Clark, $11.00) is by Professor Michael E. Thurman of the faculty of SMU at Dallas, a former Navy man. The heyday of San Blas was 1767 to 1798 when the problem of supplying missions, troops, and yes, perhaps, a few settlers in Alta California, was acute—the land routes all had desert stretches and hostile Indians would surely have taken their toll. So the decision was made, New Spain would supply its outposts in California and north by sea from San Blas. While the port had its drawbacks, its location (in the present State of Nayarit, Mexico) made it the logical choice as a naval center for the Pacific. For a little more than thirty years practically everything and everyone that moved north in the Pacific went through San Blas. Seven naval exploring expeditions originated there and many important officials and missionaries (including Junipero Serra)



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visited San Blas en route to California. It became a commercial and ship building center and many government offices were located there. The Nootka Convention, the growth and wealth of the California missions, English and American smugglers, and political unrest in New Spain contributed to the decline of San Blas at the turn of the century. Dr. Thurman, fortunately, had a command of Spanish and this enabled him to follow his research in the Bancroft Library with visits to the major archives of Spain and Mexico. This is a much neglected phase of Pacific coast history and it seems to this reviewer that Dr. Thurman has gathered the facts, made reasonable interpretations and told the story of San Blas very well indeed. Clark has done its part—fine format, bibliography, index, illustrations and maps—in this Volume XI of Spain in the West.

EARLY FUR TRADE

The Early Trading Companies of New France (Argonaut Press for University Microfilms, $15.00) is by H. P. Biggar, one-time Mackenzie Fellow in Political Science in the University of Toronto. It was first published in 1901 and in recent years has been increasingly expensive and hard to find. The author used the substance of this study of the history of commerce and discovery in North America at Oxford in earning his Bachelor of Letters and later expanded it to book length. Most of the book deals with the French in the valley of the St. Lawrence and is important to any serious study of the early fur trade in the New World. The three-year fur monopoly of Pierre Chauvin is noted and such famous names in French Canadian history as Cartier, Champlain, Monts and the Caens and their influence on commerce receive much attention. Chapter IX (the last) deals with the invasion of the Scottish and English Company and the beginning of the end for France in Canada. Of particular importance in this volume are the appendices covering the sources used by the author—the appendices plus the index cover well over a hundred pages of this book. There is a good folding map inside the back cover. Prime source material.

MAINE TO CALIFORNIA

Last of the Saddle Tramps (Prentice-Hall, $4.95) is by Mesannie Wilkins who had the editorial assistance of free lance feature writer, Mina Titus Sawyer. Mesannie rode horseback from Maine to California, a 7,000 mile trip with her rather winding but ever westward course. She made the ride in the mid-fifties—taking her time and celebrating her sixty-third and sixty-fourth birthdays enroute. She kept a diary and enough happened to this Maine farm woman to make it worthwhile. Her horse, Tarzan, was old and steady; her little dog, Depeche Toi, was young and frisky; Rex, the Tennessee Walking Horse, was an en route gift from her new friends in that State but didn't quite finish the trip—Mesannie rode King, a gift from Art Linkletter, the final stretch. Art had Mesannie on his TV show and he wrote a brief preface for the book. Mesannie had adventures and fun and she met a lot of mighty fine folks along the way. As a matter of fact, this is primarily a book about people—Mesannie told Andrew Wyeth, who sketched Tarzan during her stopover at Chadds Ford, "You should try selling your stuff"; she rode some extra miles to visit the widow of Casey Jones in Tennessee; she turned down a marriage proposal from a Wyoming goat rancher and she delivered a letter from the Governor of Maine to the Governor of Idaho. There are photos of Mesannie, her dog and horses and the book seems to be doing well—we received a second printing for review. It deserves a big sale—it is recommended reading.

IN THE DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC

Fine Texas Horses, Their Pedigrees and Performance, 1830-1845 (TCU Press, Texas Christian University, Ft. Worth, Texas, 76129, $2.50, Texas residents add 5 cents for State tax) is by Dr. Malcolm D. McLean, Professor of Spanish and Associate Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at T.C.U. Dr. McLean had the help of his wife in gathering the fascinating news accounts of "Fine" (racing and breeding stock) horses from the pioneer Texas papers, 1830-1845. The illustrations are facsimiles of ads, agreements, posters, etc. of the period and are alone worth the price of the book. Racing was an early social event in the last days of Mexican rule and the period of the Republic. This is a dandy little book with bibliography and index plus (for the strictly Western buffs) brief chapters on "The Texan Wild Horse"

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and "The Pacing White Steed of the Prairies." There is a preface by our amigo and horseman, Dr. Donald E. Worcester, Chairman of the TCU Department of History. Don is credited with starting the new TCU Press series, Texas Christian University Monographs in History and Culture—*Fine Texas Horses* being Number One. Congratulations!

HISTORIC SITES

Prospector, Cowhand, and Sodbuster (Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C., 20402, $3.00) locates many of the historic places associated with the mining, ranching, and farming frontiers in the Trans-Mississippi West. It is Volume XI, The National Survey of Historic Sites and Buildings of the National Park Service and was prepared under the general supervision of our fellow member of the Potomac Corral, The Westerners, Robert M. Utley, Chief, Division of History Studies. Some 172 sites were considered in the survey and of these 27 were judged to have "exceptional value" for commemorating or illustrating the phases of U.S. history treated in this volume. Eight ranches were among these 27 and all the rest were tied to mining—the sodbusters struck out! The descriptions of these sites are somewhat more detailed than those for the other 127 sites studied. This is no usual Government bulletin—it is bound in cloth, has map end sheets, a suggested reading list, and index, several maps and a number of illustrations from photos and for the Charles M. Russell buffs there is a frontispiece in color from one of his last (1925) oils. A bargain!

GRIZZLY LORE

Grizzly Country (Knopf, $6.95) is by Andy Russell, Alberta rancher, trapper, bronc-buster, hunter, professional guide, wilderness outfitter and photographer-naturalist. It is a highly entertaining book—this reviewer learned about grizzlies from Andy and he thinks you can. Some of Andy's most exciting adventures occurred after he took up the camera as his primary weapon and stalked to learn rather than kill. What he learned about the disposition of grizzlies and their feeding, breeding and hibernating is set forth in easy to understand lay language. Andy is a conservationist—he is concerned with the future of the grizzly and for a change, he does not blame the hunter but those who destroy the wilderness habitat for a quick profit. The photographs (many are spectacular) used to illustrate the book were made by the two oldest Russell sons, Dick and Charlie. Andy does review some grizzly history but this is primarily the Russell look at the great bears—informative, at times thrilling and always interesting. Strongly recommended.

GOOD GUIDE!

California, A Guide to the Golden State (Hastings House, $7.95) is a complete revision of the book first issued under the Federal Writers' Project in 1939. The book was slightly revised and reprinted in 1954 but this new book is almost a complete rewrite. The original historical material has been retained, and new cities, highways, and changes in land use are depicted in maps, illustrations and statistics. This new guide is a storehouse of information, not only to the citizens of our most populous state, but to anyone interested in traveling the Golden State or just learning more about it. The book does justice to the growth and development which has marked California in the last fifteen years. Extensive notes and descriptions on the flora, fauna, recreation areas, agriculture and conservation efforts make the book much more than just an encyclopedia of places and things.

GRAND CANYON

Grand Canyon National Park (David McKay Co., Inc., $3.95) edited by Robert Scharff in cooperation with the National Park Service is a compact guide to the Grand Canyon. This book will help you to know and to understand what is considered by many to be the greatest wonder of the world. The grandeur of the canyon is described in detail including measurements and map. Geologic development, including the massive geologic erosion which carved out the canyon, stream actions, and rock formations are recorded in narrative and charts. Plant life and animal life are explained, and the Indians of the area are traced back through the ages. The final chapter is a useful listing of accommodations in the park, park publications, Grand Canyon place names and an index. This handy book is a must for anyone who has visited the Grand Canyon, who plans to visit it, or is just interested in it.

HISTORY AS YOU LIKE IT

The Glen Haven Story (Joseph G. Knapp, 7119 Fairfax Road, Bethesda, Maryland, 20014, $1.50 postpaid) is a nostalgic narrative of a front range Rockies village in a beautiful little valley where both West and Fox Creeks flow into the North Fork of Big Thompson River in Colorado. The author-publisher, our amigo and fellow member of the Potomac Corral, The Westerners, Dr. Joe Knapp, knows his Glen Haven well and he has told its entertaining story with fidelity. Known first as Knappville—the Knapps operated a sawmill in the valley and were the first real settlers—Glen Haven was a Presbyterian summer vacation center when your reviewer first visited it in the twenties. The Knapps and others had transferred land to the Presbyterian Assembly Association in 1904—part of it through an Angora Goat Company whose incorporators included Joe's father. If anything about the Glen is a mystery to Joe Knapp, it is that Angora Goat Company! Most of the text is devoted to happenings and people known to Joe including many members of his own family. There are a number of good photos and a map. We need more local history like this—recommended.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

to me and I lost no time getting behind it. The animal lost sight of me and continued down the hill, much to my relief.

A short while back I put wall-to-wall carpeting in my mobile home. After finishing the job I decided that the carpet was too light in color so I bought some tangerine-colored dye. Mixing the same in a waterbucket, I shampooed the carpeting from front to back. When I was through I had about a third of a bucket of dye left. I put this on a table in the patio, putting a paper over the top to keep dirt out. I thought I might have to touch up my dye job after it had dried.

About a foot from this bucket was a dish of pecans. The next morning I noticed that the paper was down in the bottom of the bucket and there were little tangerine-colored tracks leading over to the dish of nuts. I figured a squirrel must have jumped onto the paper and fallen into the dye when it gave way.

That evening I was sitting on the patio reading the paper and saw a squirrel drop down inside the fence. Believe it or not, he had a beautiful coat of tangerine-colored fur!—R. D. ("Russ") Underwood, 123 Thirteenth Street, San Antonio, Texas 78215.

Stonewall, Oklahoma, Grave

Dear Sir:

I was looking over the country around Stonewall, Oklahoma, and came across a very interesting grave. It seems the man buried there had lived his entire life in a covered wagon. His name was John Miller, born in 1840, died December, 1896.

The graveyard is called the Selsor Graveyard, named after John Selsor, reputedly a badman. The grave is located about six miles north of Centrahoma and about two miles east of the site of the old town of Globe.—John Davis, 3305 Pleasant, Odessa, Texas.

The Town That Copper Killed

To the Editor:

Your article "The Town That Copper Killed" in a back issue (March, 1963) of FRONTIER TIMES, brought back memories. I was born in Dinkeyville, at the top of the canyon above Copperfield. Dinkeyville got its name from the small engines used to haul the ore out of the pit. At night they were lined along the track in front of the company house my dad rented. My father started to work there in 1905 as a steamshovel operator.

At the Miners' Mercantile Company a man could buy anything from a pair of socks to a grand piano. My father had a mine sign-over there. He would get his paycheck from the store after his monthly bill had been deducted from it.

The old Greek boardinghouse at Highland Boy was on my paper route. The last big snowslide up there put me out of the paper business. Quite a few of my customers were killed.

We used to sneak into the shops and steal carbide and then put it in the ruts of the road and light it. It created quite a sight when you had about a block of it burning.

Another thing to see were the tram buckets full of ore that they used to highline across the mountains to Tooele, about six miles away.—Harry A. Stubbs, 3916 Foothill Boulevard, Oakland 1, California.

Ghost Town Revisited

Howdy Joe:

On June 13 I drove over to the old mining town of Liberty, Washington, to show it to a friend who's never seen it. I got a big disappointment when I got there. Some contractor has a couple of big gravel conveyers and other machinery set up in the stream bed and huge piles of gravel, rock, and crusher chips are piled where the old saloon with its remains of board sidewalks used to be. The creek has been diverted and the old miners' supply store (a large two-story frame building) has been torn down. At least one-third of the town is gone forever and there are "No Trespassing" signs plastered all over the area where the machinery is set up.

The people seem to be hostile to outsiders and the roadside from Liberty out to U. S. #10 is cluttered with campers and trailer-houses. Sooner or later some knothead will start a fire which could easily wipe out the remains of the town.

Some of the best wire-gold in North America comes from Liberty and other Blewett Pass areas but it's hard to find. Some of the old-timers claim to know where there's lots of it but they're either too old to go after it or don't want anyone else to know where it is. I do know that several years ago I saw some beautiful samples of gold ore owned by a fellow whose first name was Clarence but he wouldn't give anybody a clue to where he found it.

A long time back, Liberty Creek was dredged for its gold but I think the last company that dredged it went broke. Now Liberty is being ruined.—Walt Thayer, Wenatchee, Washington.

A Wilder West

Dear Sir:

Just as a matter of interest, have you ever considered publishing a magazine on the 1800s in Australia? It has been said that it is a pity that our periods of unrest, like that of the U. S. West, should be left to fade into obscurity because of a lack of a medium such as TRUE WEST or FRONTIER TIMES.

(Continued on page 72)

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Billy the Kid's Last Christmas

(Continued from page 35)

shackled in irons with his compadre, Dave Rudabaugh, said to be the only man Billy ever feared. The long shadow of the infamous windmill at Las Vegas cast an ominous veil over their immediate future.

Albert Hyde, in an eyewitness account published in the March, 1902 *Century Magazine*, told of the arrival in Las Vegas of the posse and its prisoners. He was lounging on the veranda of the Grand View Hotel overlooking the valley near the Pacific Street entrance to the plaza of the Old Town. He described the scene in this manner:

> **"As the hours passed, the crowds began to grow more impatient and distrustful. All had become skeptical, when from our point of vantage we discerned a cloud of dust in the southwest [sic: southeast]. When the cause of it advanced close enough for the people to descry a wagon outfit accompanied by mounted men, a mighty shout went up. The good news was indeed true. Billy the Kid was a prisoner, and Pat Garrett was a hero.**
>
> **"As the wagon, pulled by four mules, approached, we saw four men sitting in the bed, two on a side, facing each other. The Kid . . . was on the hotel side of the wagon, chained to a fierce-looking, dark-bearded man, who kept his slouch-hat pulled well down over his eyes, and who looked neither to the right nor to the left. This was the daring and dangerous Dave Rudabaugh, who, among many other crimes, had killed the Mexican jailer at Las Vegas a short time before. . . . He feared recognition as well he might, for the Mexican population thirsted for his blood."**

In contrast, Billy the Kid had become something of a Western Robin Hood to most of the citizens of Las Vegas since J. H. Koogler, editor of the Las Vegas *Gazette*, had been publishing a series of articles on the Lincoln County War titled, "The Forty Thieves." With well-chosen words and phrases, Koogler had fashioned a young, dashing and romantic character who was quick-tempered when wronged; quicker with a gun when challenged; and was the owner of the fastest horse in the West. The editor felt that Billy should be punished for his crimes but the romance of the serial made more friends than enemies for The Kid.

With this public sentiment going for him, Billy's capture didn't make him a prime prospect for the hanging windmill in the tough community of Old and New Town of Las Vegas. Old Town was run by a group of *mala gente* and New Town was in the grip of professional killers known as the Dodge City Gang. To them, Billy was a well-meaning, generous kid who spoke Spanish fluently; was fast with a gun; and had an even faster horse. An opportunity to steal Billy's beautiful bay mare was not beyond the felonious intentions of the tougher element.

DAVE RUDABAUGH, however, was a "horse of another color." He had won the door prize for a trip to the windmill when he killed Antonio Lino Valdez, the county jailer, on the afternoon of April 2, 1880. As the news spread through town that Rudabaugh was one of the captured outlaws, the townspeople became aroused.

Pat Garrett sensed the influence of "Judge Lynch" in the wild mob surrounding the plaza as the posse made its entrance. He motioned to the driver of the mule-drawn wagon, and a whip cracked sharply across the teams. In less than a minute the wagon with four prisoners was unloading in front of the jail. The dismounted posse encircled the calaboose and the prisoners were jailed without incident.

The weary group of deputies were given a rousing reception that night at the National Hotel. Spontaneous toasts were drunk to the heroes who recited how they had bellied down in the snow throughout the night to await the proper moment to spring the trap. Their courage and marksmanship were not overlooked and the hardships endured on Christmas Day, traveling around the rugged Caprock to reach Las Vegas, was a sacrifice worthy of generous reward.

Although a day late, the spirit of Christmas prevailed. A collection was started to supplement Governor Wallace's posted reward of $500. Gifts were hurriedly purchased and Mike Cosgrove, the mailman on the Pecos River Route who was well acquainted with Billy the Kid, made arrangements that night for the purchase of four new suits for the prisoners. Billy, however, had already "beat everybody to the draw" in the display of the Christmas spirit. Editor Koogler reported this generosity in the *Gazette* of January 4, 1881.

> **"Everyone who has heard of Billy 'the Kid' has heard of his beautiful bay mare, about whose speed some remarkable stories are told. . . . When Billy was besieged in the old stone house at Stinking Springs by the Stewart-Garrett party, he intended to make a break for liberty . . . and expected that her fleetness would carry him out of harm's reach and from the bullets of the 'dead shots' who were lying in wait for him. But the doorway being blockaded by the dead body of a horse, he was hemmed in. When he was finally rounded-up, he presented the mare to Frank Stewart, knowing that he would appreciate her as he certainly did, and he [Stewart] afterwards rode her in triumph to Vegas."**

(This benevolence on the part of Billy the Kid started a strange chain of events. W. Scott Moore, the proprietor of The Adobe House, six miles northwest of Las Vegas, presented Stewart with an elegant revolver valued at $60. Not to be outdone, Stewart in turn presented Mrs. Moore, a very beautiful and charming woman, with the Kid's mare. Over three months later, on March 12, 1881, Edgar Caypless, a Santa Fe attorney filed suit of replevin against W. Scott Moore for the recovery of the Kid's mare. Billy had need of an attorney when the lawmen brought him into Santa Fe and he "sold" the mare to Caypless for his legal services.)

NO MENTION is made in the Las Vegas papers as to how long the night's festivities continued but on the following morning J. H. Koogler visited the jail to interview Billy Bonney. He was preceded by Mike Cosgrove, the mailman, who was carrying four large bundles. Koogler stood by while the packages were opened by the prisoners, disclosing a good suit of clothes for each man. Cosgrove remarked later that he wanted "to see the boys go away in style."

Koogler reported that during the interview the "Kid was light and chipper and was very communicative, laughing, joking and chatting with the bystanders." He wisecracked about the lousy jail in Las Vegas and about the curiosity exhibited by the crowd. Finally he had to brag that it was the first time ". . . I ever had the bracelets on." His parting remark before being taken to the depot was, "They say, 'a fool for luck and a poor man for children'—Garrett takes them all in."

While the prisoners were guarded overnight in jail, most of the citizens were contemplating the fate of Dave Rudabaugh, but Garrett's plans were a well-kept secret. Rudabaugh outsmarted himself by confessing to a mail robbery which he knew would assure him of a transfer to the Santa Fe jail on a Federal charge. He could have avoided the extra indictment had he known that Garrett had already decided to take his prisoners to Santa Fe because he feared the "lynch justice" of Las Vegas citizens.

Garrett had carefully planned his departure for Santa Fe except for one detail. When he saw the southbound train coming over the rim of Nine Mile Hill he quickly loaded his prisoners in a hack and had them chained in the train's parlor car before the citizens of Old Town could offer any resistance. However, the northbound train was due to pass in Las Vegas at the same time and Garrett's train was put on a siding until the northbound should pass. This was all the time the irate populace needed to muster a mob. Eyewitness accounts reveal a clear picture of the events which followed.

San Miguel County Sheriff Desidero Romero and his deputies were in sympathy with the crowd at the depot. Dave Rudabaugh was fair game and the sheriff, seeing the backing he was getting from the people, ordered the engineer and fireman off the train at gunpoint. He then climbed aboard, demanding Dave Rudabaugh. Garrett met him at the rear platform, his rifle half raised and pointing at the sheriff's midsection. He informed Romero that the sheriff and his friends could have the prisoner over his dead body and those of a few local citizens.

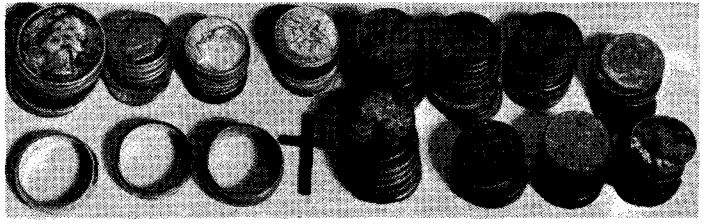
Romero withdrew and conferred with his deputies. In the meantime the crowd increased and a rifle barrel matched every white, wide-brimmed sombrero in the mob. At this point Billy the Kid "smelled gunpowder" and became extremely excited. He leaned out of the parlor car window and began cursing the mob in the native dialect they all knew so well. He then turned to Garrett, and said, "Pat, take these things off (holding up his manacled hands), give me a couple of guns and turn me loose in that crowd of greasers. If you will do that I'll walk right back in here and hold out my hands for the bracelets." Garrett refused and the pressure from the mob continued to mount.

ON THREE separate occasions the milling crowd was spooked by railyard noises similar to gunfire, and it seemed that the battle was on. Albert Hyde, reporter for *Century Magazine*, was literally on top of the final scene. He and a friend were perched on a nearby boxcar peering into the parlor car. He reported:

> **"Then there was a cry of rage. Someone yelled 'Look out' and there was instantly a hurried scattering of the mob.**
>
> **"The Mexicans hastily sought cover. They dropped behind piles of cross-ties, the trucks of the freight cars and other shelter, and then the ugly muzzles of guns covered the smoking-car from all directions.**
>
> **"We thought the battle was squarely on, and quickly flattened ourselves on the top of the car, expecting every minute to hear the roar of guns; but seconds passed, and not a shot disturbed the stillness. Venturing a look into the car, we saw Garrett, his face pale but sternly set, his hand upon the lever of his rifle, awaiting grimly the first shot. Rudabaugh had not moved his position, but was chewing viciously at the stump of his cigar. The Kid, still begging Garrett to turn him loose temporarily, seemed perfectly wild to get actively into the excitement. . . .**
>
> **"Gradually the Mexicans came out and assembled for another parley. Twice more was this stirring scene repeated.**
>
> **"Garrett began to weary, and at last declared that at the first shot he would arm the prisoners. This settled it. A compromise was quickly arranged. Garrett proposed that two citizens, representing the Mexicans of Las Vegas, accompany him to . . . Santa Fe."**

This departure of Billy the Kid and Dave Rudabaugh should have been the last "roundup" for the two desperadoes. But although the death penalty for both was set at separate trials, each escaped jail again to continue his murderous way.

Billy's career was to come to an end before another Christmas came to pass; Dave Rudabaugh escaped the inevitable until February 19, 1886. After his trip to Santa Fe, Dave Rudabaugh was returned to Las Vegas on April 7, 1881, and sentenced to be hanged on April 19, 1881. Judge L. Bradford Prince set the execution date for June 17. An appeal was made and Rudabaugh was awaiting a new trial as of December 3, 1881, when he and six other prisoners escaped from the San Miguel County jail. He met his death several years later at Parral, Mexico, where the citizens shot him and celebrated his death by decapitating him



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and parading around the plaza with Rudabaugh's head impaled on a long pole.

Old-timers of Las Vegas reminisce nostalgically that Billy's mare never left the Vegas Grandes but remained to enliven horse racing circles in the community until her death. As a further sidelight to Billy's last Christmas, Russ Kistler reported in the *Optic* of July 19, 1881:

> **"The revolver that killed 'Billy the Kid,' was from Houghton's [Hardware] establishment. This is not an advertisement, but an interesting fact."**

In the shadow of the "hanging windmill" of the old New Mexican village, Nuestra Senora de los Delores de Las Vegas (Our Lady of Sorrows of the Meadows), Minnie Scott, hostess of Las Vegas Hot Springs, became the owner of Billy's beautiful bay mare; the Kid's Nemesis, Pat Garrett, graciously accepted the "hardware" which was destined to "do the Kid in"; and Mike Cosgrove, the Kid's mailman, provided Billy's "last clean shirt."

The Day the Rogue Ran Red

(Continued from page 14)

cupied on Rogue River. The tract was called "the smallest Indian reservation ever created" and was considered very valuable property.

Mary lived on her one-woman reservation until 1896, fighting occasionally with white men who tried to stake claims on her land. Loneliness eventually caused her to rent her reservation and move with her four children to Grants Pass. There, about six years later, came another date with death—two of Mary's sons died of diptheria.

During her later years, Indian Mary and her little daughters, Rosetta and Lillian, were familiar figures on the streets of Grants Pass. Old-timers in the region recall Mary's marching with the local Salvation Army, complete with uniform. Open-air services were held nightly at the corner of Sixth and G Streets and Mary sang and prayed with the best of them.

Rosetta married a Mr. Johnson, an Indian carpenter from Eugene, and went north. A little later Lillian went to school there.

Then one day in 1922, Lillian and a girl friend drove into Grants Pass in their shining-new roadster. Lillian told the people that her mother had died in Eugene. The daughters wanted a "beautiful funeral" and reportedly spent $500 or $600 for casket, robe, flowers and the service.

Today, a lushly beautiful thirty-acre county park bears the name "Indian Mary Park—Smallest Indian Reservation Ever Created." Old Umpqua Joe, who risked his life one day over one hundred years ago to save the white settlers of southern Oregon, must smile from some distant hunting ground to know that—despite adversity and the curse of firewater—his name and memory is perpetuated even in this atomic age.

The Canyon Springs Robbery

(Continued from page 11)

found hanging from a tree near Jenney Stockade? He was said to have been a former scout with General Custer. Carey first came to Deadwood in 1876 and worked as a taxidermist. According to John McClintock, who lived just across the street from Carey's cabin, his gang at first was "all as good boys as you'd find." McClintock claimed that later Carey stole his shotgun and began a life of banditry.

IN RESPONSE to an appeal from Governor Hoyt, Special Agent Furay, officials of the stage company, and Congressman Corlett, the War Department ordered troops to protect the Cheyenne and Black Hills mail route. Company F of the Fifth Cavalry, in command of Captain Payne, established headquarters at the old Hat Creek barracks, which had been evacuated the previous March.

Monroe Salisbury went to Cincinnati to make arrangements for the construction of a burglar-proof safe to be used in the treasure coach. The safe, designed to weigh one ton, was guaranteed by the manufacturers to withstand the operations of stage robbers for fifty-six hours of uninterrupted work. It was to be delivered in two weeks. Records are not available as to its performance, but a similar safe which was delivered from Cincinnati to the stage company some five months later was opened singlehanded by Superintendent Voorhees in one and one-half hours!

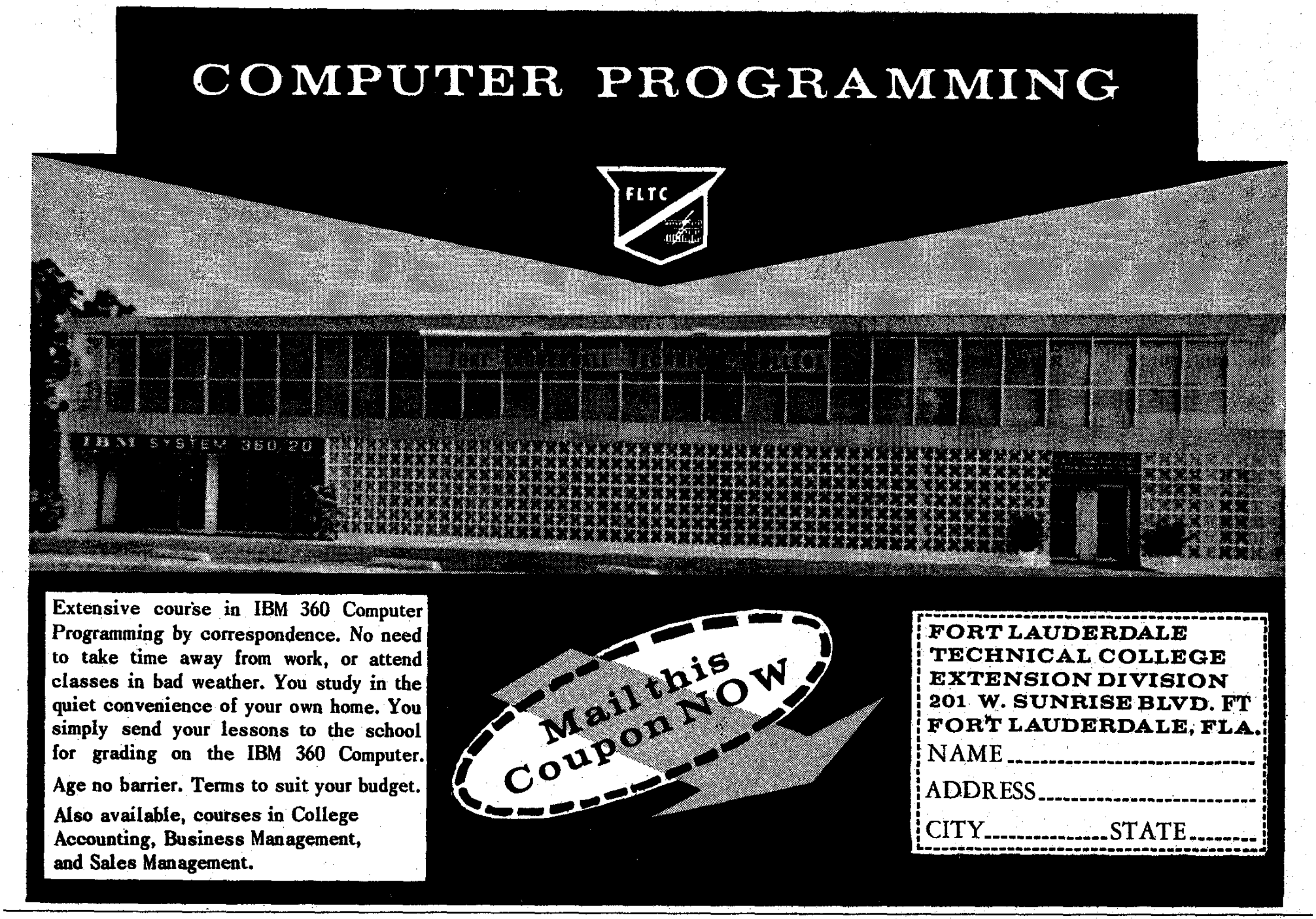
The owners of the stage line gave patrons every assurance that they intended to continue to carry valuable express and registered mail over the Cheyenne and Deadwood route.

Early in December, a letter came to Cheyenne requesting a copy of the *Leader*. Through that letter, one of the road agents, Charley Ross alias James Patrick and by some thought to have been "Jack Campbell," was traced to Eureka, Nevada, and apprehended. He was brought back to Wyoming by Sheriff T. Jeff Carr, was tried and sentenced to twelve years in the penitentiary. He committed suicide while in prison at Lincoln, Nebraska, on February 16, 1885, because of suffering from tuberculosis.

Soon after Ross was brought to Cheyenne from Nevada, a woman named Lurline Monte Verdi, who was lying ill in the "Magic City," sent for a *Sun* reporter and said she had a story that she wished to tell.

The reporter accompanied Dr. J. J. Crook, a physician, to her sickbed and wrote the following for his newspaper, as the woman told it to him:

"I have sent for you for the purpose of telling what I know about Charlie Ross, who has just been arrested and is now in jail here. I had not intended to say anything about it, or to mix myself up in it, but as one of these robbers engaged in that Finn shooting affair (the stage holdup at Whoop Up Canyon. The man referred to as dead was presumably Archie McLaughlin; the one who confessed was John H. Brown.) is dead and one has confessed, I don't think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my oath binds me to silence. I am familiar with nearly all the members of the gang recently engaged in stage robbery. I was not in any way connected with their business; but my restaurant in Deadwood was a place of resort for some of the members of the gang, and there I learned much concerning their actions. But I paid little or no attention to them or their conversation. It was about the middle of last July that I became, reluctantly, connected with the gang. It happened this way.

"One night a particular friend of mine, a young carpenter named Billy Mansfield, poor boy, he has been innocently hung since then, came to my restaurant and told me he must see me at a certain opium-smoking house that night, as a friend of his was sick. I had been in the habit of spending pleasant hours in that opium house with parties of friends, and thought nothing of the appointment. I told my husband where I was going and why, and, at the time appointed, I was there. Billy Mansfield then informed me that his friend was very sick and that I must go and see him. After some argument on my part, I accompanied him down the main street of Deadwood to a small house near the bridge, where I met McLaughlin and another member of the gang, and in the presence of these men I was made to take a solemn oath of secrecy. I was afraid to refuse for a person's life was not worth much in that region.

"I was conducted from the deserted shanty near the bridge to another not far distant, where the pretended sick man lay. There, in a dark corner, upon a pallet or bunk made of pine poles, lay a man whom I at once recognized as Johnny H. Brown, who is now lying in jail here in Cheyenne. The men told me he was not wounded, just sick, but I declined to believe it and insisted upon knowing the truth before I would prescribe. Brown was in a high fever and delirious. Blood and pus were thrown from his mouth during each convulsion. He was raving and would not permit anyone to approach him, saying that the gang wished to poison him or kill him to prevent him 'giving them away.' Finding that 'taffy' and nonsense would not do, the men told me the truth—that Johnny Brown had been engaged in the robbery of the coach on the 3rd (2nd) of July, and had got shot. He had lain there ten days without medical attention, fearing that a regular physician would expose the gang if he were introduced.

"I obtained control over the suspicious sufferer by means of chloroform, which I administered from the wounded man's head, while I held his pulse in my right hand. When I knew that the excitement was reduced sufficiently, I told him what I wanted to do was to save his life. He had a bullet in his side which I wanted to cut out. I asked him if he could stand the pain, or whether I should give him chloroform. He said, 'No. I can trust you, as you are not interested in my death.' I turned him over and found where the bullet had lodged between two of his ribs after passing through his side and liver. I cut out the bullet and inserted a wire loop I had prepared, and in less time than it has taken to tell you, I flipped the bullet out. Johnny, the brave boy, made but one groan during the entire operation. I was then permitted to go home, with the promise to return the following night."

Monte Verdi then told of how she went to see Brown every night until he was out of danger. During her visits she met many of the gang. On the second night she was startled by the discovery that two men were concealed beneath the wounded man's bed. She kept her presence of mind and pretended not to have seen them. It seemed that Charlie Ross and Burris (Borris), members of the gang, were suspicious of the woman and were listening to her conversation with Brown. On the first indication of treachery they intended to kill her. They were in the habit of spending the days in the woods and the nights in the shanty in Deadwood.

During her conversation with the reporter and Doctor Crook, Monte Verdi gave information to the effect that she had been married to a surgeon in the army, with whom she had studied surgery and medicine, and had practiced anatomical studies at the dissecting table. After her husband died, she became a tutor among the Sioux at the Red Cloud Agency, then sat behind a table dealing "Twenty-one" in a fashionable gambling palace in a frontier town. Later she was the proprietor of a restaurant in Deadwood. One record shows that she was billed at the Bella Union Theatre in Cheyenne in January, 1876 as a serio-comic singer, "The favorite of

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the Public."

The New York *Tribune*, January 3, 1878 said: ". . . Then there is Monte Verde, with her dark eyes and tresses, who on her arrival in Deadwood stood upon a board and was borne through the town on the shoulders of four strapping miners and who now deals '21' and dances a jig with a far-off look in her left eye."

The Deadwood *Resident Directory*, 1878-79, lists "Lurline Monte Verdi" as living at Main near Wall. This probably was the location of her restaurant.

Other names assigned to the "woman physician of the road agents" have been: Mme. Vestal (Belle Siddons), and Mrs. Hallet. According to some she was a daughter of a wealthy Missouri family and a one time belle in the society of the state capital, Jefferson City. Some said she was a spy during the Civil War and served a prison sentence.

William B. Thom writing for the Leadville (Colorado) *Herald-Democrat*, August 19, 1937 said in part: "When the Deadwood and other Black Hills gold diggings were creating excitement in 1876, Mme. Vestal (Belle Siddons) chartered a four-horse omnibus in Denver, had it modeled into a beautiful boudoir and bedroom, and attended by several of her attendant sporting men, with wagons loaded with tents and gambling furniture, started for the Black Hills. On her arrival there she opened her gambling palace under canvas. There it was she became acquainted with Archie Cummings, who was a former guerilla on the Kansas border, and with whom this strange woman fell in love."

It was said that D. Boone May, one of the "shotgun messengers," won his way into Monte Verdi's favor and through information obtained from her was able to bring several of the Black Hills road agents to justice.

There are various intriguing stories about this "woman physician," who made headlines in the *Police Gazette*. That she did exist is evident, but which stories one should believe—that is a matter difficult to settle.

IN THIS same month of December, 1878, another person allied with outlaws was moved to "confession." Frank Howard, one of the gang who planned to wreck the Union Pacific train near Medicine Bow in August, told ex-Governor Thayer, who owned a ranch and a hotel at Rock Creek, that a gang was hiding out in the neighborhood getting ready to rob his hotel and to stop a train.

Thayer immediately sent word to Laramie City, but the sheriff of Albany County hesitated to act, because he said he could not get men to go with him to tackle the outlaws. Nathaniel K. Boswell, known as the "Fearless Man of the Plains," acting as a representative of the Rocky Mountain Detective Association, took thirteen men and went to Rock Creek on a special train. Although the weather was about thirty degrees below zero, and the time was after midnight when the men reached Rock Creek, Boswell hastily gathered horses and riding equipment and led his men across a network of ravines and gullies in search of the robbers' camp.

The daring detective captured the following men: Joe Manuse, "Dutch Charley," Frank Ruby, A. C. Douglas, Hank Harrington, and Charles Condon.

Joe Manuse had in his possession an overcoat which had been worn by Boone May on the night of September 13, when the Black Hills stagecoach had been held up.

Shortly after these men were placed in jail in Laramie City, another member of the gang, John Irwin, who had been sent to Cheyenne for provisions, was arrested and detained on a charge of firing his revolver while in McDaniels Theatre. Boswell at once took him to Laramie City, also, as a suspect in the murder of Widdowfield and Tip Vincent the previous August.

Under stress, Joe Manuse told the officers that Dutch Charley had told him that he had shot either Vincent or Widdowfield and that a dozen bullets from the other men's guns had brought down the other man when he tried to escape. This sealed Dutch Charley's fate. It was decided to transfer him from Laramie City to Rawlins for trial, since the murder of which he was accused had occurred in Carbon County. En route, Dutch Charley was taken from the Union Pacific at Carbon, near Elk Mountain, and was hanged by a mob to a telegraph pole.

A similar fate befell his confederate, "Big Nose George," two years later at Rawlins, Wyoming. Having been arrested in Miles City, Montana, in the summer of 1880, Big Nose George was brought to Rawlins, tried and sentenced to be hanged on April 2, 1881. The prisoner made an attack on Sheriff Rankin in attempting to escape from jail. Vigilantes took him from prison and hanged him from a telephone pole. Dr. John E. Osborne, later governor of Wyoming, who was a young physician just newly arrived in Rawlins, was called to pronounce the outlaw dead. Dr. Osborne and a woman physician used the outlaw's corpse for a study in dissection and the former had a pair of shoes made of skin cut from the chest.

In the summer of 1881, the governor of Wyoming Territory received a request to send a transcript or certificate of death to A. Lefaiore, Consul General of France, relating to the "late George Parrot, alias *Au-Groz-Nez*, who was lynched in the beginning of last March at Rawlins. . . . The aforesaid certificate of death is required by the widow of the victim."

Harrington, who was in the round-up staged by N. K. Boswell at Rock Creek, turned state's evidence but was soon afterward shot by a man named Smith when he was on his way to Fort McKinney to identify supposed stage robbers. Smith claimed that Harrington had killed his brother.

A. C. Douglas, who had been employed by the Rock Creek stage line, had not taken part in any robberies but was accused of assisting the stage robbers by notifying them when there was treasure on the coach. He was sentenced to a year in the penitentiary.

Joe Manuse and Ruby each received four years in prison.

Frank Howard was made a detective on the Union Pacific and gave valuable service to the company.

Irwin, the captain, and Condon, "The Kid," were sentenced for life.

While in jail in Laramie, Irwin confessed to Boswell that he had taken part in the Black Hills stagecoach robbery in September when one of his pals, Frank Towle, had been killed. He described where he and another confederate had buried Towle. Boswell relayed the story to D. Boone May, who located the body.

Believing that he was the one who had killed Towle, May hoped to collect the reward money. He amputated the robber's head, put it in a gunnysack, tied it behind his saddle and rode 178 miles to Cheyenne. There he offered his gruesome "evidence" to the county commissioners.

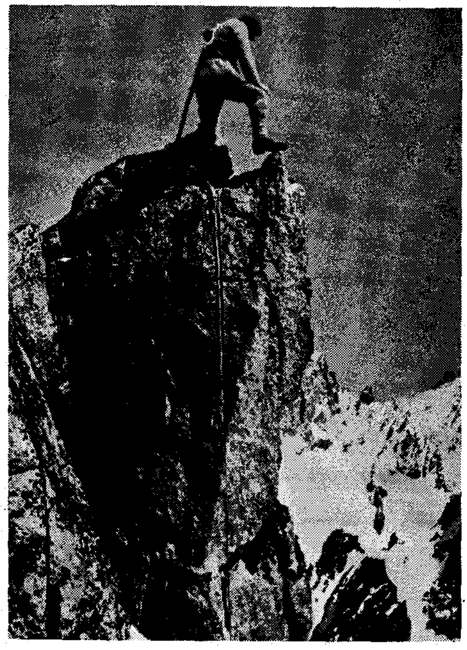
His claim was delayed for some time and then was refused because of the lack of proof that he, May, was the one who had fired the shot that killed Towle. May also filed a claim with the county commissioners of Carbon County, as it was in that county that Widdowfield and Vincent had been killed, presumably by Towle and his gang. The sworn affidavit filed in the court house at Rawlins read:

Territory of Wyoming
Carbon County, Wyo. T.
To Boon May, Dr.
For reward of Frank Toll one of the Murder[er]s of Widdowfield and Vincent.
Territory of Wyoming, County of Albany

Boon May being first duly sworn on oath says: That on the night of 13th of September A.D. 1878 he shot and killed Frank Toll one of the murder[er]s of Widdowfield and Vincent on the Old Womans Fork on the Black Hills Stage road running from Cheyenne to Deadwood that affiant has the head of the said Frank Toll in his possession sufficient to identify him and that affiant is prepared to prove that the man killed by him as above stated is the identical Frank Toll and the murderer of Widdowfield at Elk Mountain in said Carbon County.

George Lathrop, one of the best drivers for the Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage and Express Line.

Courtesy Russell Thorp Collection



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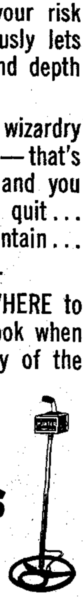

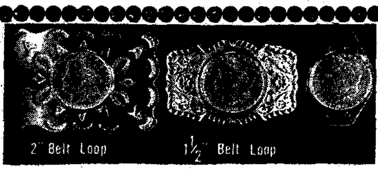

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Boone May
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of January A.D. 1879.
(Seal) John D. Brockway,
Notary Public

The records of the Carbon County commissioners do not show that the reward was ever paid.

There is an oft repeated tale in Cheyenne to the effect that some youngsters in later years who were drowning out prairie dogs or gophers north of town, discovered the bandit's head which had been buried there.

THAT THESE road agents were not the gallant Robin Hoods so often portrayed in western fiction, is shown in the following incident. It seems that John R. Smith, a ranchman on Powder River, who sold beef to Fort McKinney, was reputed to have considerable money at his place. When Frank Towle came to the ranch once and attempted to rob him, Smith shot him. Fearing it would "go hard" with her husband if the robber should die, Mrs. Smith nursed the wounded man back to health. Smith was tried in Cheyenne for the shooting and was exonerated. Later Towle stole Smith's horses, some of which were recovered in the Black Hills.

Despite the swift justice meted out to the road agents who were identified with holdups along the Cheyenne to Deadwood trail in that intensive campaign against outlawry in the late autumn of 1878, the robbing of mails continued on the Fort McKinney route and along the Sidney and Ft. Pierre routes. Road houses were robbed in the Fort Fetterman area and there were holdups in the Green River country.

Horse thieving increased and cattle rustling began in earnest in Wyoming. A large gang of renegades lurked near the mouth of Lightning Creek and along Old Woman's Fork in 1879 and gradually the center of activity for the outlaws shifted away from Robber's Roost and the breaks of the Cheyenne River, toward the Powder River country near Fort McKinney, then to the Hole-in-the-Wall, and even on over into Jackson Hole.

After the big robbery at Canyon Springs, the Black Hills coaches rocked along over the trail unmolested. The stage company continued to transport the bullion from the Homestake and other mining companies until 1881, when the railway from the east was completed into the Hills.

Gold Creek—or Hangtown—or American Fork

(Continued from page 15)

too large to fit in the bucket was encountered he wound the windlass rope around it, climbed out again, and pulled the stone to the surface. To sluice the gravel four boxes were made and put together with wooden pegs. The most Tom ever made out of the thirty-foot hole was $1.50 for a hard day's labor.

AS prospecting continued to expose more evidence of mineral wealth, Thomas, a third Stewart brother who lived in Colorado, was urged to get in on the venture. Tom Stewart started out with a group of sixteen miners but the party got separated and some wound up at Fort Lemhi in the Salmon River country, getting into Gold Creek late in June.

With its log cabin, blacksmith shop, garden and corrals the Stewarts' ranch became something like a half-way station, as well as a clearing house for news from the States, mining news and frontier gossip. Prospectors on their way to Hellgate, Fort Benton, and the Salmon River mines, a whiskey peddler headed for the Blackfoot country to dispose of his wares, or immigrants traveling through found it handy to stop at the Stewarts for repairs and a rest. Henry Plummer and Charlie Reeves spent some time at the Stewarts on Gold Creek (both were hanged later as road agents).

Deep winter meant frozen ground and no water to work the sluices. Heavy snows and temperatures down to 40 degrees below, meant life had to be carried on indoors. Miners traveled many miles to gamble with a deck of cards and drink whiskey. When the whiskey supply got low, the last gallon or two were saved. Some cayenne pepper, a couple of plugs of tobacco and enough mountain water to fill the barrel were added, and the whiskey man was back in business. This served in an emergency and was called "Minie Rifle" Whiskey.

If a fiddler arrived at Gold Creek, dancing helped pass the cold winter nights. Indian wives of the miners got out their best calicoes and war paint. Due to the shortage of the more gentle sex, a piece of bright cloth for an armband tagged a bearded miner as a female.

If a storm blew up, dancers took time out after daylight for a nap. Everyone rolled up in his blanket on the floor and slept the day away. After a hearty supper of jerky and beans, the fiddler tuned up and everyone made merry again until daylight.

At its height the settlement at Gold Creek was known as American Fork, though wealth in gold never materialized. It was also known as Hangtown.

Three horse thieves rode into town on stolen mounts. Two—William Arnett and B. F. Jernagin—entered a saloon. Arnett walked to a card table, eased his feet under the table, unstrapped and laid his gun belt across his lap and proceeded to get involved in a $200 monte bank. The third party, William Spillman, headed for Worden's store.

Hot on their trail were two armed men known only as Bull and Fox, who rounded up the sheriff and a group of miners. Spillman was taken without a fight and placed under armed guard. Bull and Fox entered the saloon and took Arnett and Jernagin by surprise. As Arnett reached for his Colt a charge of buckshot from Bull's double-barrel shotgun sent him to the floor with the full charge striking him in the chest; Spillman paid for his crimes at the end of a rope. Both were buried a short distance from Gold Creek on the Clark Fork River.

News of a new strike on Alder Creek began to reach the town. In a short time there was a stampede of horse buying, gathering up mining tools, and packing grub. Buildings and diggings at Gold Creek stood deserted as the entire camp moved to the new strike.

Today a few of Gold Creek's old log cabins hide behind false fronts put there by another generation of miners; a tiny community grocery and gas pump serves the farming area; a mile away a huge dredge rusts along the creek bank. Gold Creek—or American Fork—or Hangtown, as it was listed on early maps—has joined the other ghosts of Western mining country.

Fastest Gun in Phoenix

(Continued from page 19)

better one than Stanton's.

The Valenzuelas raided remote mining claims and killed prospectors along the Hasayampa River, sometimes close to Wickenburg and Vulture. Then, in 1886, they made the mistake of committing murder in Garfias' bailiwick, Maricopa County.

Several times the Valenzuelas threatened Martin's life. Once they burned his stage horse corral. Fearing for his family's safety, he sold out for $2,500 and loaded his wife, two children and household goods in a wagon and started for Phoenix. Word was sent down the road to a close friend, M. H. Calderwood at Coldwater, that the Martins would reach there on a certain date. When they were several days overdue Calderwood took a posse of riders up the stage road. Near Hot Springs Junction they found wagon tracks and traced them into the hills, where they discovered the charred remains of the Martin family in the ashes of the burned wagon.

Territorial Governor C. M. Zulick offered a reward of $1,000 for apprehension of the murderers. After repeated failures by others, Garfias was assigned to the case by Noah M. Broadway, then sheriff, and retained on it by his successor, Andrew J. Halbert.

It was a cold trail when he took it, yet Garfias managed to trace four riders from the burned wagon. He also found evidence that the family first had been shot to death from ambush.

Posing as a Mexican placer miner, he entered Stanton's store and met the Valenzuelas there. Soon he surmised that Stanton was the brains of the gang. He also learned that Francisco and Ynocente were wanted in San Luis Obispo County, California. Ynocente had been arrested there on a charge of murder. One dark night a friend of the Valenzuelas had slipped a gun to Ynocente in jail. He killed the sheriff and badly wounded the jailer while escaping and he and Francisco had fled immediately to Arizona Territory.

Stanton had planned the murder of the Martin family and had been given most of the money taken from the bodies. With this information in his possession, Garfias returned to Phoenix and the sheriff

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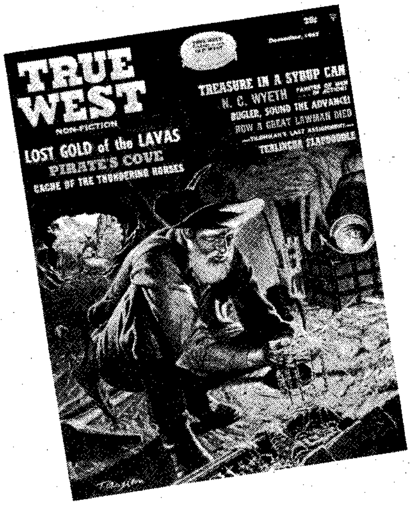

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organized a big posse. It struck the village in the middle of the night but only Stanton fell into the net. Worse, the witnesses against him disappeared. Stanton was jailed but released for lack of evidence.

GARFIAS took this failure to convict the gang very hard. While working on other crimes, he waited for the Valenzuelas to raid into Maricopa County again. They stayed clear until March, 1888, then struck on the Hassayampa again.

Cyrus Gribble, superintendent of the Vulture mine, had started for Phoenix in a buckboard. He had packed a bar of gold valued at $7,000 in a black bag. Riding guard with him and driving was John Johnson. Another guard, Charley Doolittle, rode behind them. Both guards were armed and Gribble carried a double-barreled shotgun.

That afternoon two men in a buggy driving toward Wickenburg found the bodies of the three men in a wash near Nigger Well. Within the hour Garfias, Hi McDonald and James Murphy were racing up the stage road to the murder scene.

Garfias appraised the evidence. Three men, two on foot, had opened fire from concealment. Doolittle had been shot off his horse but, before dying, had fired his gun several times. Knocked out of the buckboard by five bullets, Gribble had managed to trigger one barrel of his shotgun. Johnson had been killed instantly and thrown out.

The bodies were stripped of all valuables and the gold bar was gone. The uninjured buckboard horse had been cut out and Doolittle's horse was gone. The three killers had headed south, apparently for Mexico.

That night a small posse joined the county officers and the next morning two deputy U. S. marshals, Billy Breckenridge and Will Smith, arrived to help. Garfias set off in the lead.

The next day the posse found signs that the three outlaws had separated on the Gila. Two had left their worn-out mounts behind; their tracks led toward the White Tank Mountains. Valenzuela, still mounted, had continued south. Part of the posse under Murphy went after him but lost his trail the next day.

The U. S. marshals declared they should jump ahead and catch the two killers who were on foot as they came out of the mountains towards Phoenix. Garfias was against this move, but the others insisted. At the end of five days' searching, the posse returned to Phoenix and found Murphy and his bunch already there.

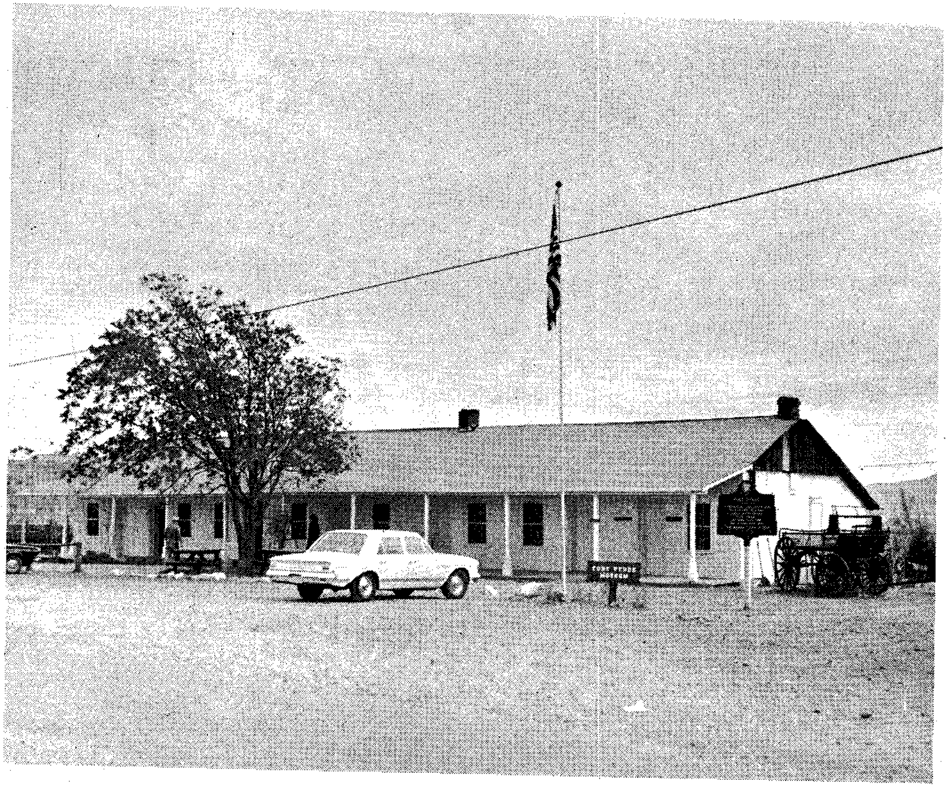
Finally, Garfias learned that one of the two fleeing killers, a young man known as Federico Gonzales, had sought refuge in Phoenix. Thirty minutes after receiving this information, Garfias put the clamp on him.

Jailed, Gonzales confessed and subsequently was able to prove that he had been forced at gunpoint into joining the Valenzuelas for this one foul crime. He was held as a material witness and released when his evidence became unnecessary.

According to Gonzales, Ynocente had caught a strayed horse in the White Tanks and ridden off toward the Vulture mine. Checking there, Garfias learned that the wanted man had bought a supply of grub and departed.

Trailing him back onto the Gila River, Garfias found where Ynocente had dug up a cache. What could it be except the gold bar? Gonzales had told Garfias that

Cavalry barracks at Camp Verde now house the Fort Verde Museum.



the Valenzuelas had disappeared during a rest pause and he had not seen the yellow bar. But a sudden sandstorm wiped out all sign in the desert, forcing Garfias to abandon the search.

Plugging away as best he could the lawman learned that a suspicious character was camped on the Gila near the Powers' dam construction camp. Forming a posse of Murphy, McDonald and three other officers, Garfias went downriver to the dam site. The lone camper was across the river and the posse crossed over during the night.

It was Ynocente and he spotted their approach. Leaping to his feet, he started towards a hobbled horse but the riders overtook him quickly. When he drew a gun they opened fire and sieved him with twenty bullets. Garfias identified the body and Murphy reached down and removed Gribble's watch from Ynocente's vest pocket.

Garfias searched the ground at the camp. Right where Ynocente had been sitting against the tree bole there were traces of new digging. Garfias unearthed the gold bar. It had been crudely chopped with an ax in an attempt to cut off a piece.

Garfias now turned his attention to bringing Francisco to justice. He got a trace of him at Nogales on the border and followed it into Mexico to Altar on the Río de la Concepción. In a cantina, the killer recognized Garfias and went for a gun. Garfias shot and killed him.

Returning to Phoenix, Garfias told the sheriff what had happened and the case against the Villenuevas was closed. However, since publicity might force the Mexican Government to demand that Garfias be handed over on a murder charge, the details of Francisco's shooting were kept secret.

After accounting for the Valenzuela gang, Garfias settled down to routine work as a law enforcement officer. Crime had diminished in Arizona, but during the next several years, Garfias captured or killed several other desperate criminals.

During the final year of the valiant officer's life, he suffered from old gunshot wounds and, in addition, the dreaded tuberculosis. Retiring, he lived quietly at home in Phoenix with his wife and their two children, a daughter twelve years old and a son nine.

On May 2, 1896, he saddled a favorite horse for a short ride. The animal spooked near a canal ditch, started pitching violently, slipped and fell. Garfias, unable to get out of the saddle, was pinned down and badly injured. When he was found and released, the famous lawman was near death, yet somehow he lingered a week longer.

In its obituary on Garfias the *Phoenix Herald* declared, "He had many very narrow escapes from violent death and had the reputation of never going after a man that he did not return with him dead or alive."

Those few words remain virtually the only recognition Arizona has given the man who risked his life to bring law and order to the wild, outlaw-infested territory that became, in 1912, our forty-eighth state.

Doctor to the Cheyennes

(Continued from page 41)

some willow leaves for flavor, along with sweetening, was chopped into small bits with a butcher knife, mixed with water, then chewed by the squaw in her mouth and laid out in the sun on rocks to dry. It was rich in food value, palatable, and would not spoil as it was dehydrated by the sun. The Indians had been making pemmican for ages; no doubt it is the first dehydrated food ever made in America.

Changing their way of life was not an easy process for the Indians. Even after their restriction to the reservation, they were molested by whites, sometimes cheated, and often left to starve. I'm glad my father was not one of those who took advantage of their sad circumstances. He treated them like human beings and they responded to his friendly ways and soon decided he really was concerned about them. They never forgot him and neither have I.

"Git Fer Vegas, Cowboy!"

(Continued from page 21)

rides, first at thirty seconds, then twenty, then ten, and finally at the eight seconds the RCA rodeo rulebook prescribes today.

At the Cowboys' Reunion there were corrals, a grandstand, a half-mile track encircling a huge arena, but no chutes. Critters were turned out through a hand-operated gate in a corral fence. There was no loudspeaker except the announcer's own bellow through a megaphone. Fog Horn Clancy got his nickname via megaphone. At Las Vegas it was usually the buzzsaw voice of an old cowhand named Brite Bagley that kept the crowd posted.

Although as rough and tough as ever, rodeo today is a well regulated sport, usually limited to five or six standard contests, plus exhibition features. In those way-back-yonder days we often also had cowpony flat races, Pony Express races, range relays, pack races, chuckwagon races, potato races, wild horse races, Roman standing races (Burton Brown, now of Santa Fe, starred in that one), wild cow milking, goat roping and even burro roping.

These were all mighty fine for showing the ranch cowboy's workaday skills. Ranch folks liked them. But sometimes they involved a lot of making ready, thus dragging a show out to five or even six hours. A wild horse race, from the saddling up to the finish (if there was a finish) around a half-mile track, often took a half to three-quarters of an hour all by itself. As rodeo developed, it was found that audiences better enjoy the limited number of snap-'em-out-fast events such as you see in most modern rodeos, especially those under Rodeo Cowboys Association rules.

IN the Pony Express race of the old Cowboys' Reunion, the rider changed already saddled horses for each of three or four half-mile laps. In the range relay, he also changed saddles from one horse to the next. In the pack race, the

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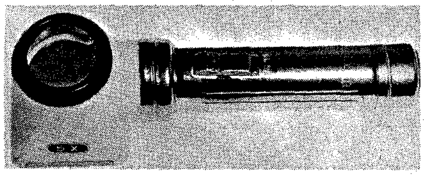

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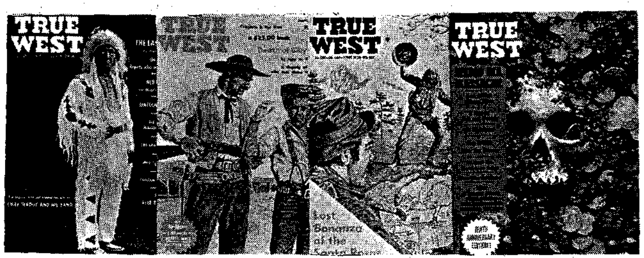

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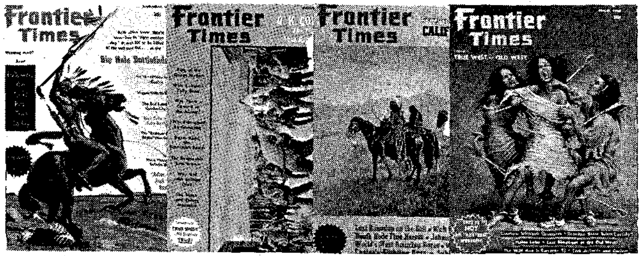

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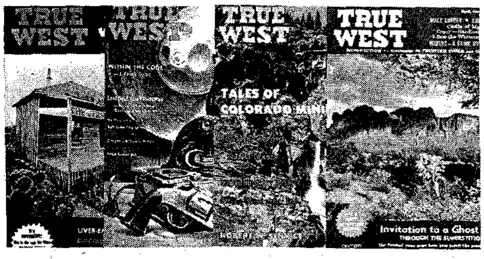

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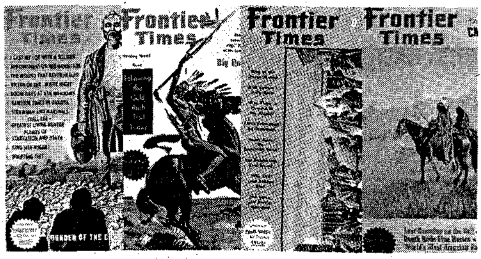

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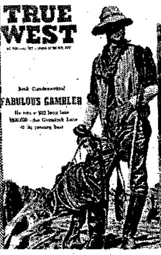
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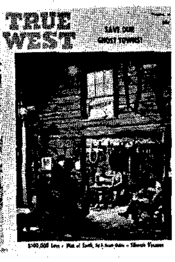

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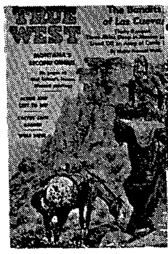

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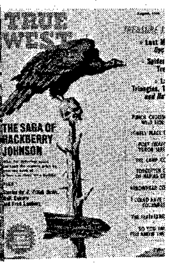
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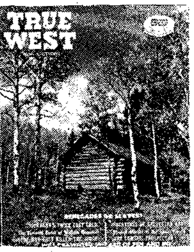

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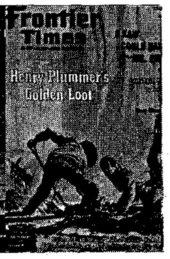
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Champion Bulldogger Dee Bibb of Las Vegas, New Mexico, on Ol' Duckhunter, 1936.

contestant crawled out of his bedroll, pulled on his boots, roped two horses out of a *remuda*, saddled one, packed his bedroll on another, then raced once around the half-mile track leading the pack horse.

Wild cow milking by a two-man team—a roper and a milker—was always good comedy. On one occasion one of the wild cows turned out to be a steer. The cowboy came running to the judges with milk in his bottle just the same, having provided himself with a mouthful of milk at the start!

Shenanigans were not uncommon. One cowboy spent a diligent week at the goat ranch from which the goats were to be rented, sugaring up a certain speckled nanny. He would turn her out of the corral, rope her, then feed her a liberal bait of cube sugar. The nanny soon got so she would run out a little piece, then stop and wait to be roped and sugared. Forehandedly, the cowboy bribed the gateman to be sure and turn out this particular goat for his turn at roping. The gateman did his part but instead of trotting out a few yards and stopping for her sugar as expected, the speckled nanny lit a shuck for the far side of the arena as if the devil were nipping her heels. A couple of other cowboys (Brite Bagley and Sid Dennis, I think) had spied on the sugar cowboy. On several moonlight nights just before the show they had retrained the same nanny by turning her out and whipping her tail clear across the arena time after time. It was this second training that the speckled nanny remembered!

Usually bulldoggers drew their steers by number in the Reunion office the night before each contest. It was rumored, but never proven, that one well-known bulldogger sneaked out to the rodeo park late in the night, located and roped his next day's steer, and proceeded to whale him thoroughly on the neck with a two-by-four. Whether the steer with a sore neck was flopped easier the next day is not in the record.

Once, in the half-mile cowpony race, a prankish cowboy plumb flabbergasted the leading rider by nudging up close behind him, grabbing his pony's tail and giving it a dally around his saddlehorn. By the time he let go, the leading horse was so thoroughly thrown off-pace that he never regained the lead. Of course the trick was pulled at the far turn of the half-mile track where the judges, waiting at the finish line, couldn't see it.

On the home stretch the "hoss-tailed" cowboy evened the score by pulling the same trick on prankster number one. The judges saw that one, and if I remember rightly, they settled the matter by disqualifying both the tail-grabbers.

Cheating? I suppose such shenanigans were, but by their prankish nature they often produced more laughter than fights—and, of course, only a few cowboys ever pulled them. Even under less rigid rules than those in effect today most of the cowboys played it fair all the way.

Since those days rodeo has grown up. No competitive sport operates under more rigid rules or is played more fairly—win, lose or draw.

As a rodeo state, New Mexico has always ranked high and still does. In spreading rodeo all over the map, we can rightly claim special distinction. The late Tex Austin, as a New Mexican, ramrodded the first Madison Square Garden Rodeo 'way back in 1916. He staged dozens of "city" rodeos in Chicago, St. Louis, and elsewhere throughout the Midwest and East, always aided and abetted by a pretty fair contingent of salty New Mexico ranch-raised cowboys.

In 1924, with the late Butch Jones as his *segundo*, Austin took the first rodeo to London, England. There, too, New Mexico was well represented among the contestants. The show made a big hit, but Tex got in trouble with the British S.P.C.A. Answering an uninformed complaint about "turning fierce bulldogs loose on innocent cattle," Tex promised, with a straight face, that there would be no more "bulldogging." He simply changed his billing to "steer wrestling," thus creating a term still used in many rodeos.

Dee Bibb contested in four of the five World Championship Rodeos that Tex Austin staged in Chicago in the late '20s. (All of Tex's rodeos were "World Championship" contests!) For these big shows, Tex usually chartered special railroad cars and loaded them with New Mexico cowboys, their horses, and rodeo fans. Dee Bibb recalls that some who went along one year included George Bibb, Butch Jones, Jim Coffey, Burton Brown, Slim Wasson, Sheriff Lorenzo Delgado, Jack Thorpe (the cowboy poet), cowboy Governor Dick Dillon, and Dee himself.

Rodeo today is a major national sport—the only one in which the competitors pay a stiff entrance fee for competing; but in its arenas, whether east or west, the old-time definition of the cowboy as "a man with a horse, a rope, and guts" still holds. With all its thrills and spills, fanfare and fandango, rodeo still perpetuates the *true* tradition of the cowboy as a horseback man of skill and courage, rather than as a two-gun *hombre* stalking a dusty frontier street looking for somebody to shoot. If that ain't all to the good, I'll put in with you, podner, and you name it!

This Robber Made It Back to His Cache!

(Continued from page 27)

miserable they broke the health of the strongest of men. Few prisoners left there alive, and none ever escaped.

Carver, in very poor health, was granted a parole and left his bleak cell. He was tailed closely for a week by interested parties who never had believed his story about not knowing where all the gold was hidden. Then suddenly, Phil Carver disappeared. Rumors carried him across the border into Old Mexico; others took him as far as merry England, where he supposedly lived out his life in ease. Which—if any—of these stories was true we probably will never know. We do know his trail was picked up south of the Santa Catalina Mountains and followed back into the Rincons and Colossal Cave. This time the posses found three other empty United States canvas mail bags strewn across the sandy cave floor at the campsite. The original paper consignment tickets were still tied to them but the gold was gone. And so was Phil Carver! Whether he took the gold with him, or only found the empty sacks buried by his friends, is problematical.

ON OUR HANDS and knees, Joe Maierhauser and I forged upwards, stumbled into the "Bat Room," and then inched our way up the tall rock chimney. The tunnel was partly blocked by fallen stalactites which had been broken by a series of earthquakes around 1902.

The bandits' escape hole is now partly closed by two iron pipes to prevent an accidental fall. An opening was left to let air circulate through Colossal Cave.

Late in the afternoon we finally made it to the surface, happy to be in the sunlight after so many dark hours. In our hands we carried a completed map of Colossal Cave, including the details of the bandit's escape route. Sitting on the saguaro-covered slope, we decided to come back and close the opening so some unsuspecting hiker wouldn't fall down the rock chimney to his death.

Frank Schmidt, an Arizona pioneer, who had marked the spot in 1922, could rest in peace at last. The beauty spot he preserved for posterity is now open to visitors every day of the year. The small first entrance which visitors once drove to in their 1912 Maxwell "A" Runabouts has been enlarged to a man-sized hole. The cave remains intact, a monument to the four desperate men who dared to enter the unexplored cave and found an escape route in their hour of need.

There are persistent stories that other desperadoes have used this cave and that bones have been found inside, with a pistol lying beside them. There may even be still another escape route, one which leads right on through Colossal Ridge, far to the north. A family of ring-tailed civet, or "miner's cats," lives on that ridge and on rare occasions have been seen inside the cave. There may be a third opening on that remote and rocky hill.

Do *you* know anything about it?

The Varmint

(Continued from page 25)

asked them to return the following morning. His dogs, he told them, could not run down a coyote. How did he know? He'd seen it tried. Coyotes, he explained, were so numerous about his ranch that they were heard every night, and their tracks occasioned no interest whatever.

How could he be sure that The Varmint was a coyote? Or was he sure?

Unmistakably, he told them. He'd known that from the description of the way the sheep were killed. They were welcome to return and, if they wished, bring their dogs, but he would appreciate their keeping them tied. Many men could be used, and especially those familiar with the terrain.

Clell warned that in all probability the animal would make a kill that night, so it might be wise to put their sheep in buildings for what he hoped would be the last time.

"But this is Saturday," said the sheriff, "and these people are religious. They don't hunt on Sunday."

"Neither do I, usually," said Clell. "But we have a fresh scent and may not find one day after tomorrow. I think that I can save you time, money, and sheep by taking the fresh trail in the morning. There is no necessity for my imposing on your hospitality and expense longer than necessary."

MORNING brought reports of two sheep having been killed during the night. They were, Bowen Meeks informed him, the 409th and 410th. He drove Clell to the site of the kill and they found an assembly of over 300 people, including many photographers. Clell thought he'd better get the critter and soon; otherwise he might be run out of the country.

Again the game warden announced that only the Lee pack would be released. Men determined to put their dogs on the trail turned away in disgust to tie them in trucks. This time Clell chose to be alone with his dogs; and after looking over the terrain he stationed Jones, armed with a rifle, and Cox, similarly equipped, on either side of an old cemetery. Other armed hunters were placed at strategic points.

When Clell released the pack, Lightning quietly picked up the scent. This time he offered no objection to following the coyote, and boldly led the pack. The animal had left a long and devious trail and at times Lightning lost it. The dogs circled, picked it up, and followed for several hours before circling the open spaces along the edges of which men lay in hiding. Several shots told Clell that The Varmint had been sighted but the baying of the pack informed him that it had not been hit.

The animal approached the old graveyard from which a succession of shots, both from rifle and shotgun were fired. That someone had killed it Clell knew by Lightning's responses. He hurried on foot to find the coyote dead and surrounded by a throng. The sheriff had already taken its fangs. Several were claiming the distinction of having fired the fatal bullet. Because it had been hit several times by both rifle and shotgun, any of several might have made the kill.

For Tazewell County, which had offered $2,500 for its capture, the sheriff claimed the skin. It would be mounted and placed on display in the courthouse, he said.

The game warden made elaborate measurements and said that the coyote was four feet, five inches long, and about five years old. It weighed thirty-five pounds and its fangs were an inch long in a mouth-spread of six inches.

The atmosphere cleared magically. Men asked to be photographed with the pack—and Clell. They asked for his autograph. They wanted the names of the hounds. Somebody even remembered that Clell had a name—Lee, wasn't it?

Yes, his name was Lee. Any relation to Robert E.? Light-Horse Harry, Clell told them. Well, that meant he was a relative of the General, too.

"Possibly," Clell admitted. And he asked what difference it made.

"Much. Blood tells," he was assured.

Clell was eager to leave, and asked if he might pick up his check and expense account.

"Not today," said the sheriff. "Mr. Lee, this is Sunday." *Mr. Lee!*

"Besides, I want you to have dinner with us. Spend the night, and stay a week or two."

CLELL estimated that he had eighty invitations to dinner. He accepted that of the sheriff and learned that the country club was giving a party for him on Tuesday evening. Clell doubted he possessed any suitable clothes his hosts would consider suitable for dinner. He thought of the dark business suit in which he'd been

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married and which he's never worn since. Well, thank Heaven, it was in Arizona. He'd brought his best Western clothes, tailored by Porter's.

There was both a dinner and a dance. At the table one of the local dignitaries read a long paper in which he provided Clell with a pedigree which established his relation to General Lee, and they ate according to his mother's rules, and danced according to his father's, so it was not a bad evening. Clell had to admit that he really enjoyed that shindig.

When he went to the courthouse for his check he was surprised to find a celebration in progress. The town was full of cars, many of which were from out of state. People had driven hundreds of miles to see The Varmint of Burkes Garden, just a measly little ol' coyote. They took pictures of it and of him. They shook hands, and not a few claimed kinship. No kissing kin, thank Heaven! And they urged him to come back and bring his hounds. Some even mentioned his family. And wouldn't he and his brother—he must bring his brother—bring a film of their lion hunts and put on a show? Could he bring a live lion? And was it true that he roped and tied them? Couldn't he give a lecture on wild animals? With a lion in a cage to attract a crowd it would go over well.

Sorry, he had no lion just then. But if and when he roped another, he and Dale might grant their request provided the proceeds were given to charity. But it might be some time before they got another lion. He'd sold the last one to a zoo. In spite of what people think, lions do not grow on trees and there is no knowing when one can be captured. Lions, he told them, are sprinters, and for that reason climb to escape the hounds.

Over 7,500 people signed the register that day. All had come to see The Varmint.

When Clell Lee makes a promise he keeps it. He and Dale did rope a big male and take it to Virginia. They also took moving pictures of the capture and lectured before many audiences, opening at Tazewell and for two months exhibiting their lion.

How much of the interest manifested they owed to their pedigree Clell never knew, but suspected that it was the main attraction. And that kill—The Varmint—entailing no danger, little work, and very little time, became by far the most noted animal Clell Lee has ever been called on to exterminate.

Old Dinah of Death Valley

(Continued from page 33)

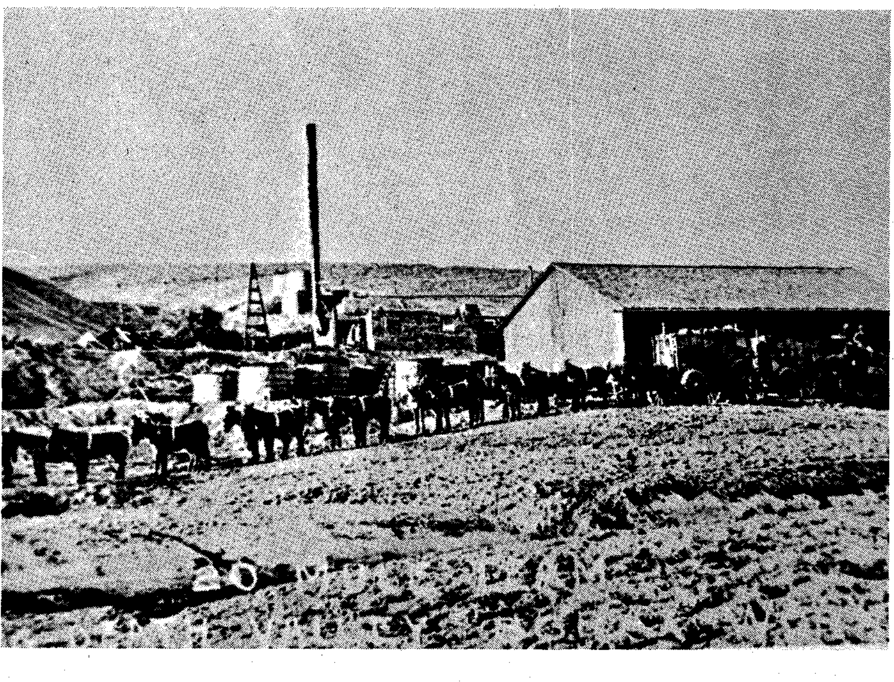
Pass it blew sky high! Twenty mules hauled the battered remains off the road into the sagebrush, but it was still a traffic hazard, for every muleskinner who passed it nearly killed himself laughing. Frank Tilton laughed louder than all the rest. He would even drive out of his way just to taunt the monster in its shame.

Jim Vance went back East and became a locomotive engineer on the Wabash Railway. He never said much about his Death Valley days.

Years later, about 1932, after the Valley became a winter tourist attraction, Ed Grimes and Harry Gower of the Pacific Coast Borax Company dragged the steam tractor to Furnace Creek Ranch. She stands there today, a silent tribute to the twenty-mule teams. Those long-eared beasts beat her fair and square, with a little help from the desert.

A twenty-mule team loading borax at Harmony Borax Works in Death Valley, 1885.

Courtesy U. S. Borax Company



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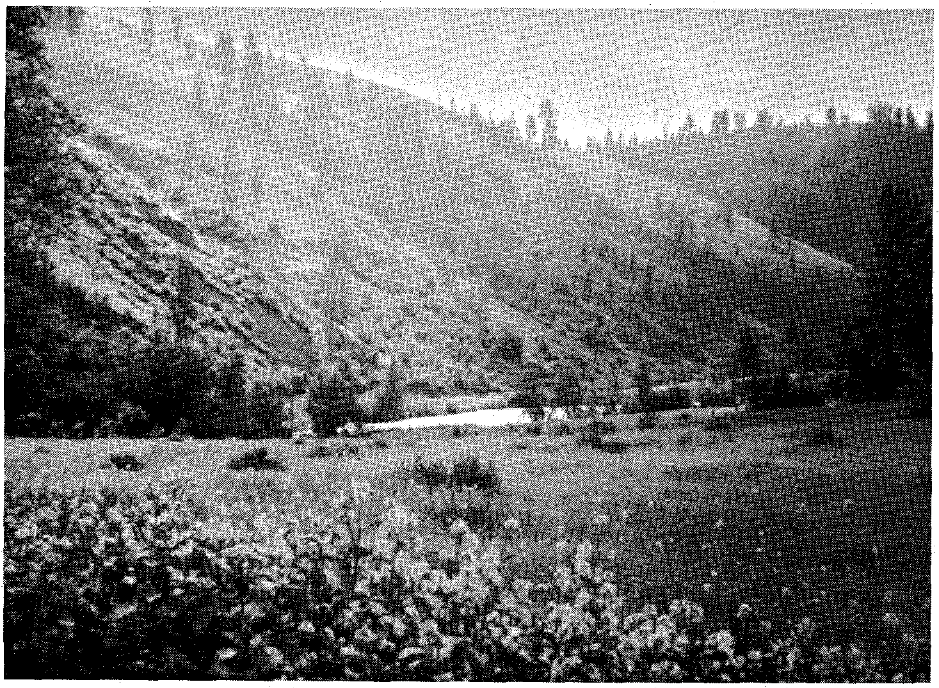

"Battle Ridge," south fork of the Clearwater River, showing the hillside streaks made by the Nez Percé warriors.

Summer Carpet, Winter Food

(Continued from page 39)

After crossing the Bitterroots, the Nez Percés thought they were safe from "Howard's War" in Idaho and so they did not hurry as they headed for the Big Hole, which they reached on August 7. Eighty-nine tepees were pitched and the women went out to gather some much-needed camas. Roasting pits were smoldering when, just before dawn on August 9, the sleeping encampment was attacked by Colonel Gibbon's men.

Although severe casualties were suffered by the Indians, their warriors pinned the troops in shallow rifle-pits on the promontory above. Four of the greatest Nez Percé fighting men died here: Five Wounds, Rainbow, Red Moccasin Tops and Shore Crossing. Wounded Head (Husis-Owyeen) tallied sixty-two Nez Percé dead by notches on his buffalo drinking-horn after that Battle of the Big Hole.

A camas-hook found where the Nez Percé encampment was located is now displayed in the museum of the Big Hole National Monument in Montana.

On a table in her spacious yard at Kamiah, Mrs. Wilson spread out samples of the many wild foods she gathers each year for her own use. She showed us some black material.

"This is what my people call 'hop-op' (pine moss). When we bake our camas, we often place a layer of this on the top for the last twenty-four hours. It is then crumbled and stored. It is very good for dessert."

This lichen, which grows on certain pine trees at about 2,500 foot altitude in the Columbia River Plateau region, was also used by some of the other Indians. Mary Walker, wife of a Presbyterian missionary in the Spokane area, mentioned in her diary that during one severe winter the Indians there were saved from starving by eating the "pine moss."

Elizabeth Wilson is a handsome and intelligent woman. In her mid-eighties, she is slender, erect and very proud of her Nez Percé heritage. Hers is a distinguished family. One of her sons, Angus Wilson, has served several terms as Chairman of the Nez Percé Indian Council.

Older women of this tribe wear their hair hanging in two braids with brightly-colored scarves on their heads. Mrs. Wilson, whom we have never seen bareheaded, wears her hair caught up under her scarf.

Anthropologists and historians come frequently to interview this Nez Percé matriarch who speaks her language with authority, gathers wild foods, and goes camping whenever she likes.

A botany student from the University of Montana, who had just driven over Lolo Pass from Missoula, made notes as she explained to us in detail about the various plants and roots her people used for their staple foods in the "old days." We have another tape which we cherish. This was made several years ago. She and her sister (Mrs. Dan Arthur) sang an ancient love song of their people and when we played it back to them, tears welled in their eyes.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 37)

A CONTROVERSIAL FIGURE

By Laura Trowbridge

FOR several decades the Sioux Indians of the Standing Rock Reservation in South Dakota had been badgering the North Dakota State Health Department for permission to move the remains of several members of that tribe buried in North Dakota. Usually they filled out the requests using the Indian name, but in the case of Sitting Bull, buried near Fort Yates in the Military Cemetery, they listed the Anglican translation. While their applications for removal of other Indians had been almost automatically approved, this request was refused.

In the summer of 1953 a group of people residing around Mobridge, South Dakota, took matters into their own hands and, under cover of darkness, invaded the sanctity of the old military cemetery at Fort Yates, hurriedly dug up Sitting Bull's bones, and hauled them to Mobridge, where they were reburied under a hastily poured concrete slab. A verbal battle of several months' durations followed, during which legal action was threatened but never taken. However, many things came to light about the famous chief.

North Dakotans made it known that the vandals had obtained only a portion of the remains, as the main parts were buried deeper and had been overlooked by the diggers. South Dakotans complained that their sister state had not properly preserved the grave, and that it had not had a fitting headstone. Those of the North replied that the grave had at one time had a white headboard, painted with black letters which read, "Sitting Bull, Died December 15, 1890," but that the Indian Agent at Fort Yates had removed it because tourists were picking it to pieces for souvenirs.

The late Frank Fiske, photographer and historian of Indian lore, stated in his book, *Life and Death of Sitting Bull,* that he attended a midnight excavation of the old Chief's grave several years previously, so he knew that the bones had been disturbed. Members of the North Dakota State Historical Society made it known that they had repeatedly petitioned the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington, without success, for permission to erect a suitable monument to his memory. South Dakotans contended that they were justified in removing the remains because that state had been Sitting Bull's home and many of his relatives still resided there.

Various authors, in writing the story of Custer's defeat, have pictured Sitting Bull according to their own opinions. Some say he was only a popular medicine man and others portray him as a coward with little real influence. This latter opinion was fostered by many South Dakota writers of the past, and even the State Historical Society followed the line of Chief Gall, who made an extreme effort after Sitting Bull's surrender at Fort Buford in 1881 to discredit him and consequently enhance his own reputation. The Royal Mounted Police in Canada had strived to belittle Sitting Bull in order to control the several hundred warriors in his company while they were up there. But when others were falling for Chief Gall's line, the North Dakota Historical Society was giving Sitting Bull credit for astuteness and bravery, even in grade-school textbooks.

Some of the stories related how Sitting Bull and his braves ran off the mule herd at Fort Totten in North Dakota in

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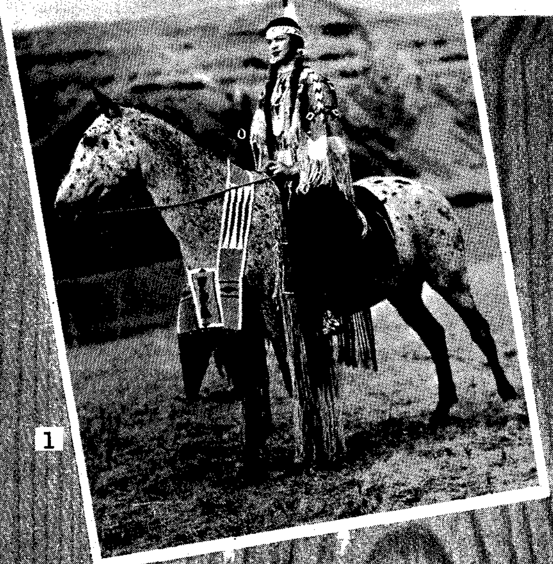
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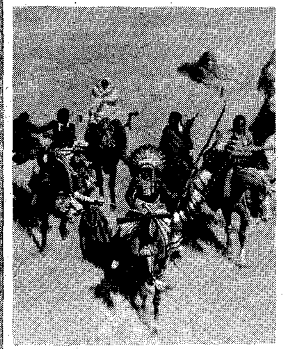
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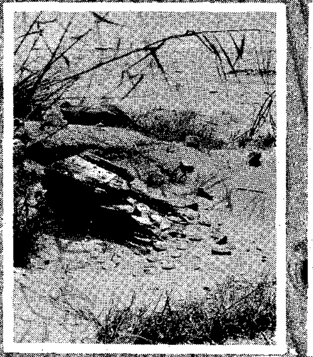
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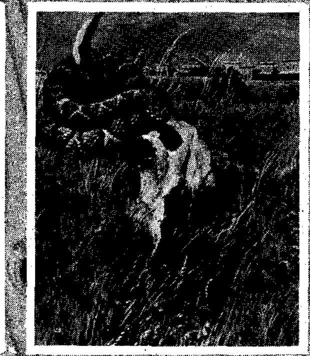
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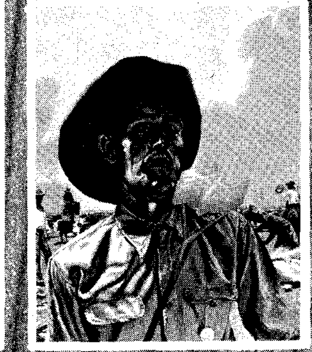
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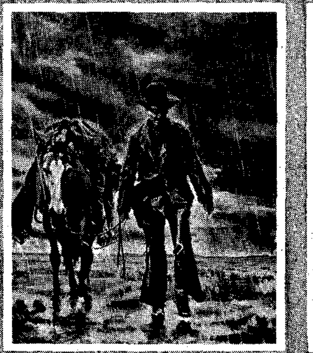
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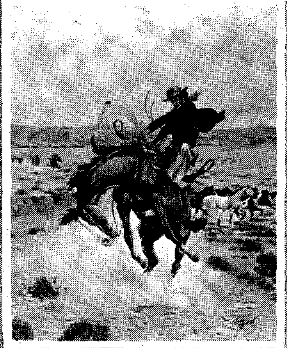
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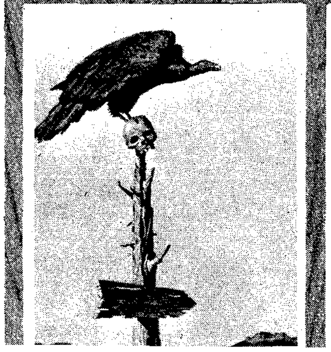

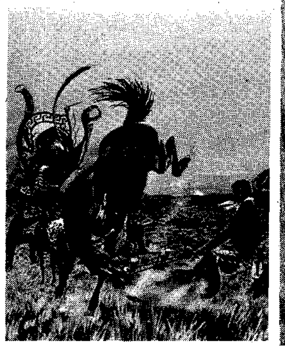

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full view of a garrison of soldiers. They made life miserable for the mail carriers between North Dakota Forts Totten, Stevenson, Buford and Abraham Lincoln. Those were not the antics of a mere medicine man. For three years (1866 to 1869) Sitting Bull kept Fort Buford on the Yellowstone in a state of tension and even expropriated its large circular saw to use as a war drum. If he were a coward, Sitting Bull certainly ran a successful bluff on the military all through the '60s and '70s.

Some speculators thought that Sitting Bull's return to "residence" in South Dakota would make people there recognize him as the brave chief that he was, but this hasn't been the case thus far. Still, in both States, he is the symbol of Indian resistance to the white man's aggression and will be remembered as long as history continues to be written about the West.

WELLS FARGO'S WANDERING SHOE

By Mary Bowen

"My mate I'm on this journey to seek
Though it may take many a week
But when found and returned to home
My reception'll be cordial and second
to none."
(unsigned, June 4, 1896)

THIS NOTE was pinned to a petite lady's shoe one warm afternoon in early summer of 1896 at the Wells Fargo station in the somnolent town of Vacaville in California's Central Valley. With the poetic note attached and a dainty stocking and garter stuffed inside, the shoes began a three-year tour of more than eighty-five Wells Fargo agencies in California and Oregon.

Some of the verses attached to the shoes indicate that it was a joke; former Wells Fargo agent Alvert C. Pfunder of Seattle thought so too when he saw the shoe in a museum display. Pfunder recalls that it was a common practice among freight agents to toss some item into the bin with a label indicating that it was "lost" just to see how far and how long it would travel.

One freight agent in Kansas City, for example, tossed in his hat. Before the hat found its way back to its owner it had traveled all the way to Panama, as well as to a number of closer—though less exotic—way-stations.

The Wells Fargo shoe apparently never did find its way back to Vacaville but wound up instead in the hands of a collector, Grahame Hardy of Carson City. Hardy has the shoe up for sale for $500 but while it waits for a buyer it is on display in the museum at the Wells Fargo Bank's San Francisco headquarters.

The story of the shoe's travels can be determined from the tags attached to it. Some bewail the shoe's plight with mock seriousness:

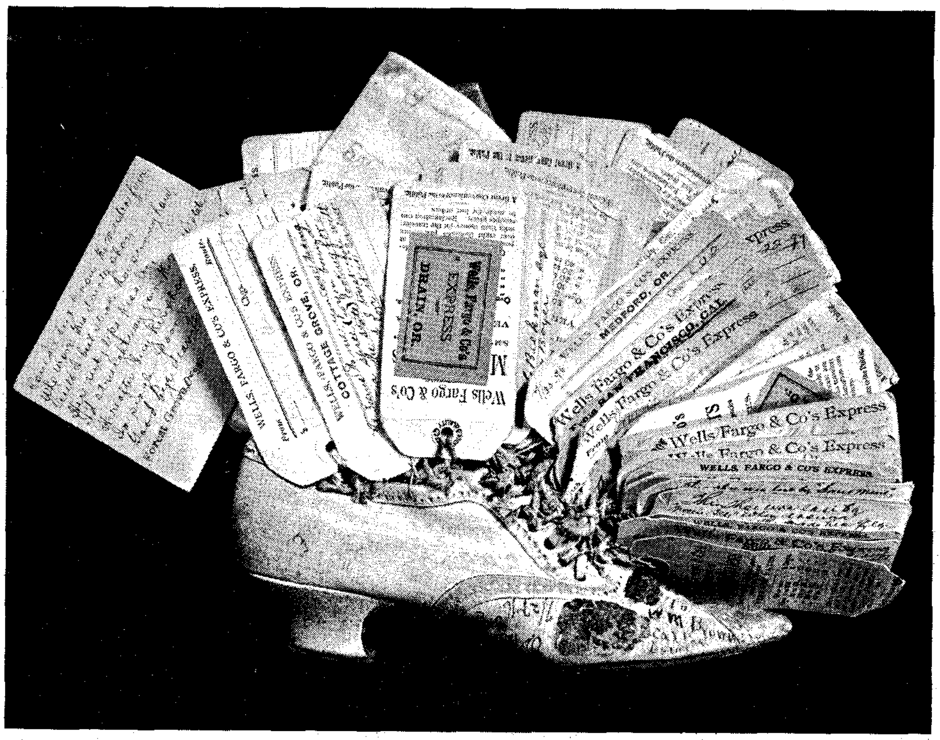
"Take me up gently, handle me with
care.
I'm only a slipper and don't pay any
fare.
The foot of a maiden I once did
adorn,
Now I am lonely, sad and forlorn."

Other messages took the situation more lightly.

"Judging from this shoe's appearance
And the tags its friends attach,

This shoe went on a three-year tour of more than eighty-five Wells Fargo agencies in California and Oregon.

Courtesy Wells Fargo Bank, San Francisco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The owner, once upon her travels,
Must have run across her match.
Now her boot to follow suit
Is trying with a deal of pluck
But no other calls its brother—
That's what I call darn hard luck."

Sometimes the verses reflected the situation of the lonely freight agent who attached his note. The tersest of this sort said simply:

"No good to me—nothing in it!"

Other versifiers commented on the issues of the day.

"We often hear people
Talking through their hat,
Of having wheels in their head
And things like that.

But this is a new departure
And I ask what shall we do
With a dainty little maiden
Who comes talking through her shoe?

She may be the 'New Woman'
Who every man should scorn
As she insists upon all occasions
On wearing her husband's uniform.

Judging from the size of this
She can't well be a fairy
But if she ever needs a friend
She can call on
F. C. Cary."

Mr. F. C. Cary may not have been alone in his opinions about the "New Woman" but he was one of the few to incorporate his name into the message.

AMONG the unsigned bits of wisdom and wit attached to the shoe were the following.

"I'm sure you'll find it true
No lady with a good sized head
Could wear so small a shoe."

"Tell me ye gentle winds
That through the valleys play
Is there no quiet nook
Where I can hide away
From fool expressmen who must write
Verses for their soul's delight?"

"Life is a jest.
These things show it.
Thought so once,
Now I know it."

One Wells Fargo agent chose to affix to his offering the signature used by the versifying bandit Black Bart, who often robbed Wells Fargo stages and left behind pun-filled doggerel. The "PO-8" left behind this verse, along with a drawing of a leg and a foot.

"This little shoe, if truth was known
Perhaps by cyclone it was blown
From St. Louis to this state,
And now is looking for a mate."

Another agent with time on his hands and an inclination to puns wrote a lengthy offering, taking pity on the poor shoe because "no sunshine can come to thy sole."

Another agent, apparently speaking both for himself and for the shoe, announced:

"Help me early, help me late.
Help me quickly to get a mate."

Whether the agent ever found himself a mate is not known; the shoe obviously never did.

Its journey began June 4, 1896. It traveled to Oregon via Glen Ellen, Santa Rosa, Oroville, Chico and Red Bluff. The tags attacked to it indicate that its travels continued until September, 1897. The next tag (from The Dalles, Oregon) bears the date July 5, 1899, and the notation, "I found it on the beach and will start it again."

The shoe was received at Vina, California, in the Sacramento Valley foothills, on July 27 of the same year. Apparently it then came to rest—having traveled quite far enough for any shoe.

Or any joke, for that matter.

"I HAVE SEEN THE BEAUTIFUL STARS . . ."

By Dan Woods

Author's Note: My good friend, Don Pedro Gonzales, whom I met for the first time in the State of Michoacan, Mexico, used to stop at the home of Juan Jesus y Mariá on his trips to the gulf city of San Andres Tuxtla, where he and his father bought bananas from boats arriving from Central America. Mr. Gonzales was truly *un hombre de campo* (an outdoor man). I have seen him pick a live coal out of the fire with his bare hands and light his brown paper *cigarro* with it. He is the source for this story.

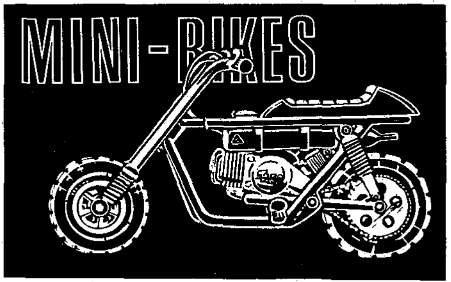
MANY many years ago, a little Indian boy named Juan Jesus y María lived in the tiny Mexican village of Inditos Blancos. He had been named after his father, who in turn had been named after the Blessed Saviour. His father, of pure Andalusian blood from old Spain, was known to the people as "the Castellano Puro." But there was a hint of gossip that perhaps in his veins there also flowed the blood of the dark and sloe-eyed Aztec Indian. Who knows?

Little Juan Jesus y María was also named after his mother, María, who had been named after the Blessed Virgin. Mother María was from the Oaxaca nation. Thus little Juancito was what the people called *una cruz de sangres*, meaning a person of crossed blood.

When the *ojos claros* (or white people) came to fish, everyone ate well. But as the tourists began to leave, eating became a problem. Little Juancito would gather the eggs of the slow tortugas, and catch small birds and minnows for his family.

Early one morning little Juancito went to look for the goats. They seemed to have strayed and in his search he happened upon a quaint settlement some distance from his village. Behold! When

(*Continued on page 72*)



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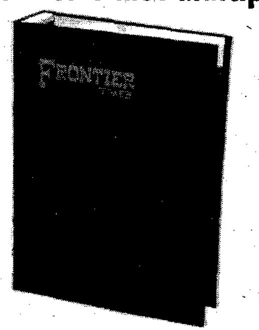

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Nuggets

(Continued from page 69)

he came to the outskirts he saw a big carnival, so beautiful he could not take his eyes away from it. He had a few pennies in his little pocket so he timidly got on the ferris wheel and he rode and rode until his money was all gone.

Very small for his age, Juancito did not seem like the other boys of his village. The natives called him "El Loco." What they really meant was: he is odd but harmless. The old ones said, "The Blessed Lord in His infinite mercy and wisdom had prepared a very special little world for him to live in so he would not offend the strangers."

When all his pennies were gone, little Juancito fell asleep beside the ferris wheel. It was fall of the year, and bitter cold, but Juan had three of his little dogs with him. Shivering, they cuddled together until the morning sun came. The dogs were named Señor Juan, Señor María and Pablo Rodriquez.

THAT NIGHT Juancito had a vision. The dogs also saw it, or at least they raised up from their cold bed, sniffed and growled, then snuggled up closer to him. In this vision he saw a carnival man offering him a job as caretaker of the wheel. Early the next morning, as the sun warmed him, his courage became stronger and he asked the man for permission to stay. The man, being a kind soul, granted Juan permission to crank the wheel, and make it run, and sleep near it at night. Juancito was overjoyed! At once he decided to write to his father and tell him of his good fortune (as the Mexicans say, *"buena suerte"*).

Since he could not write, for he had no education, Juancito had to rely on the men who were known as scribes. They were of noble character and would write what you told them. These men were also town criers. They would stand on street corners and shout out the news, as the town had no newspapers. Little Juancito told the scribes to write his father and tell him that he could never return home.

He said, "I have seen the beautiful stars and I can never return to our village.

"Father, I want you to give my pig to the old woman who sat with me when I had the fever. Give my little dog, the one with no hair on the end of his tail, to the little boy and girl who live down by the beach. I know they loved him and I think he loves them, too. Father, I want you to give my sandals and my bongos to the children who live behind our house. And for you, Father, look under my pallet where I sleep. You will find a box of *cigarros*. I found them in front of the saloon. So, Father, I will say *vaya con Dios*. I can never return."

Juancito's father was an important man, the assistant alcalde (or Mayor) of the little village called Inditos Blancos. Once, when the *gringos* had wanted to put in a railroad, Juan's father had objected, saying, "If a railroad came to our village, it would kill all our goats and besides, when the little boys grew up they would ride away and never come back."

Later, a statue was erected in honor of the old man for saving all the goats and keeping the village's boys at home. If you ever happen to visit the little pueblo of Inditos Blancos you will see the statue looking across a green park at the feeding goats. To this day there is no railroad in this little village. Never have the little Indians heard the shrill whistle of a train, nor has little Juan Jesus y María ever returned.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 49)

Historians from many countries and, I believe, the late Zane Grey, have stated that the "West" of Australia could compare in any way with that of the U. S. Just for kicks, compare official statistics of the gold rush to California to the gold rushes of Kalgoorlie - Coolgardie, or Bendigo, Ballhardt; or the population of Abilene, Deadwood and their numbers of hotels and sin spots to those of some of Australia's gold towns.

As for robberies and outlaws, compare the record of Jesse James with the names, Hall, Morgan, Captain Starlight. I'd bet 99% of Americans have never heard of Ned Helly, an armor-plated cop shooter. This guy hammered plough blades into armor which was bullet proof though bloody heavy. Incidentally, this led to his downfall and subsequent hanging.

This may be beside the point but do you know of anybody interested in writing to me like pen friend style? An American soldier would just be best, but I'm not particular. I'm twenty years old. I guess this letter is about the only thing I've had to do with "Yankee-land," if you'll pardon my expression; 99.9% of our TV programs are U. S. and I got rather interested in your way of life.—B. M. Lambert, 20 Field Park Sqdn., Royal Aust. Engineers, Milpo, Liverpool, N.S.W., Australia.

Info Wanted

Dear Sir:

May one who has really been bitten by the old history bug compliment you on a real magazine.

I have been spending a few weeks at a miner's cabin in the Stanislaus Forest. It has rained and the caves I'd like to get into sound like rivers rushing "down somewhere." So confined to the cabin, I got into the wood-box and what do you think? I found your magazine—first one I'd seen. I forgot to eat till I had read it cover to cover.

Then the idea hit me, maybe the old-timers among your readers who know where unusual historical sites are, would drop me a note. Right now I'm looking for Indian picture writing.

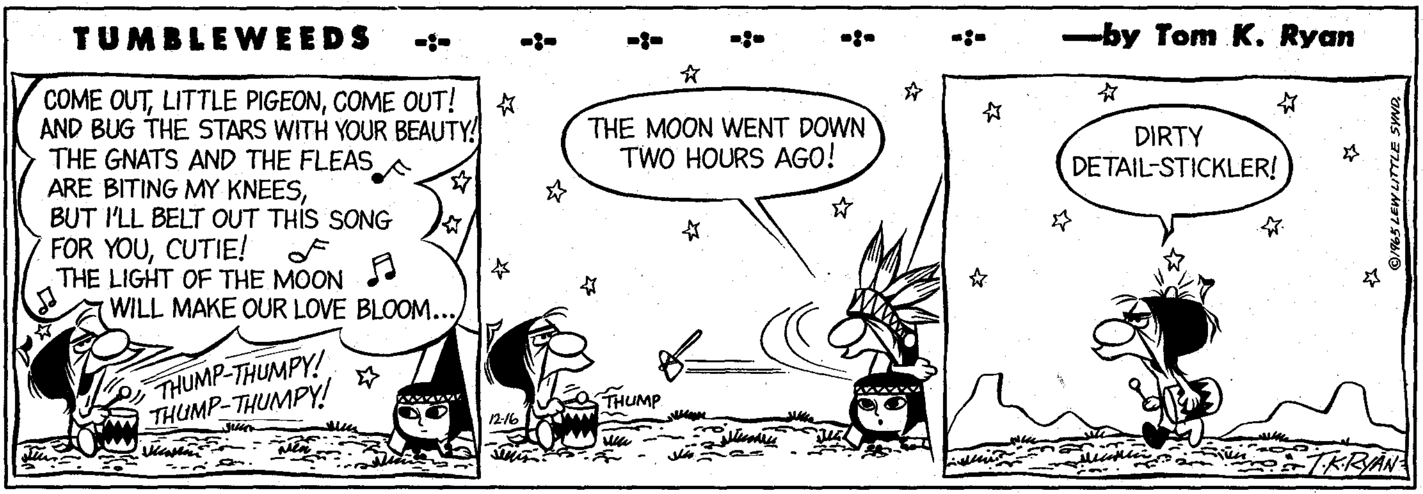
Do any of the readers know anything about ghost towns in my camping area? —Mrs. Mello Rhyie, 205 Star Rt., Groveland, California 95321.

About the Cover

Let us introduce White Buffalo (Bobby Hill), whose painting "Kiowa Winter Burial Scene" graces this issue's cover. Of Kiowa-Apache descent, the artist grew up near Anadarko, Oklahoma, and has adopted his great-grandfather's Indian name for genre work.

This is the first painting he has submitted to any publication. It is something of a departure from our regular style and may incorporate more artistic license than we usually prefer, but Western Publications is happy to have a part in furthering this young man's desire to perpetuate the old ways of his tribe.

The Kiowas were originally centered in Montana but by 1840 had migrated to the Arkansas River area where they formed a confederation with the Comanches. They were known as ferocious and brave warriors and probably accounted for more white soldiers and settlers than any other tribe of equivalent size. Since 1868 they have made their home between the Washita and Red Rivers in Southwestern Oklahoma.


TUMBLEWEEDS —by Tom K. Ryan
COME OUT, LITTLE PIGEON, COME OUT! AND BUG THE STARS WITH YOUR BEAUTY! THE GNATS AND THE FLEAS ARE BITING MY KNEES, BUT I'LL BELT OUT THIS SONG FOR YOU, CUTIE! THE LIGHT OF THE MOON WILL MAKE OUR LOVE BLOOM...
THUMP-THUMPY! THUMP-THUMPY!
THE MOON WENT DOWN TWO HOURS AGO!
THUMP
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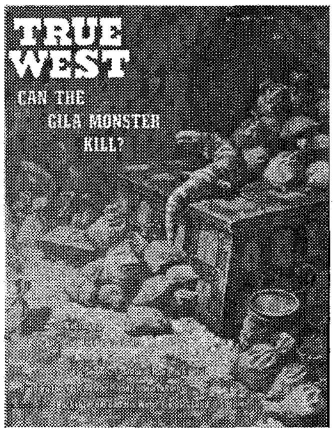

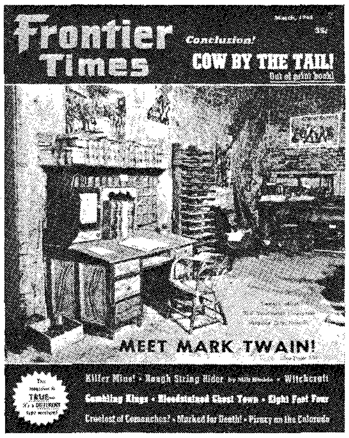

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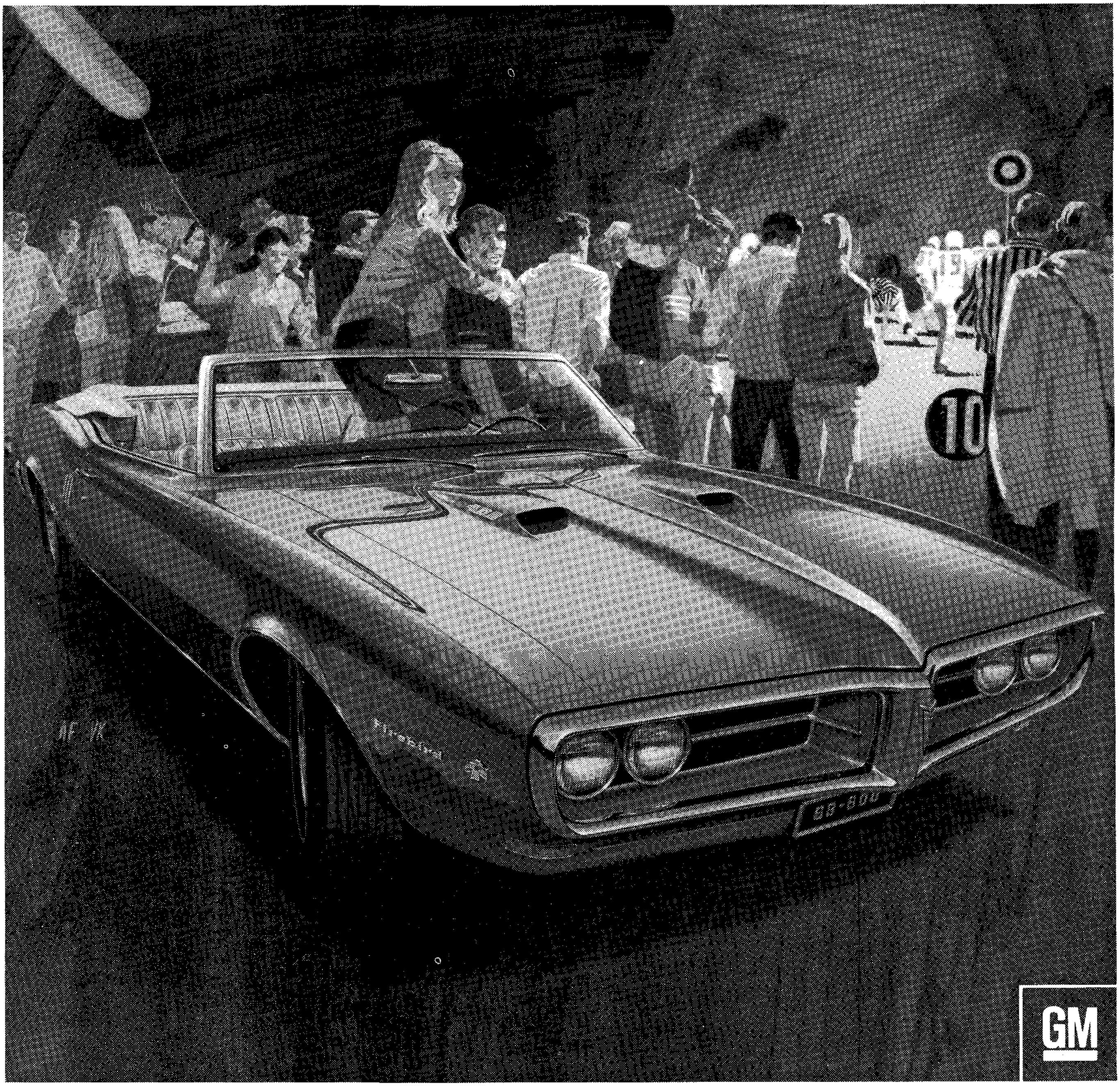

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